THE

BOSTON MUSICAL INSTITUTE'S COLLECTION

OF

CHURCH MUSIC:

COMPRISING A GREAT VARIETY OF

PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, SENTENCES,

AND OTHER

SET PIECES;

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED FROM THE MOST EMINENT COMPOSERS;

THE WHOLE INTENDED AND CALCULATED FOR CONGREGATIONAL AND THE CHURCH SERVICE, WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT ADAPTED TO THE ORGAN AND PIANO-FORTE.

ARRANGED AND COMPOSED

BY T. COMER,

ORGANIST OF KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON,—AND DIRECTOR OF MUSIC TO THE BOSTON MUSICAL INSTITUTE.

BOSTON:

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CINCINNATI: E. LUCAS & CO.—LOUISVILLE: MORTON & GRISWOLD.—NEW ORLEANS: J. A. NOBLE.

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1840.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1840, by
E. W. CHAMPNEY,
Secretary of the Boston Musical Institute.
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts

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32 Congress Street.

May 11, 1840.

"At a meeting of the government of the Boston Musical Institute in relation to publishing a Book of Psalmody, articles of agreement having been drawn up between the Society and Mr. Thomas Comer as Editor, and Messrs. Otis, Broaders and Co. as publishers, the same were accepted, and Messrs. E. W. Champney, L. Marshall, and W. H. Oakes were appointed a Committee to superintend the publication."

Attest. E. W. Champney, *Sec'y.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Institute here offer to tne public a collection of sacred music comprising many of the best standard tunes now in use, without which no compilation would be entirely acceptable, and also a good proportion selected from foreign books and authors not in common or general use in this country. A number of the Tunes and longer pieces are entirely new or never before published, of which some have been composed expressly for this work. It has been a leading object in the publication to meet the improved taste, and the advanced state of cultivation to which music has arrived in this country, and if possible to promote its advancement. It is hoped it may have some influence in furthering the progress of the art among us, and of elevating the style and character of our public and social performance, already rising into some notoriety and respectability. The work is intended for schools and principally with reference to the service of the sanctuary.

Should it answer all or any of these purposes and satisfy in any measure the wants of the public, and particularly the wishes and expectations of those kind friends in different and distant parts of the country, by whose advice and request the publication has been undertaken, the labor and expense of it will be amply rewarded. No further patronage is desired or can be expected than its real merits deserve.

A. *In*, with, for, to, &c, as A tempo, in time.
Ad libitum. *At pleasure.*
Adagio. *Slow.*
Affetto, con affetto, or affettuoso. *With affection* and feeling.
Allegretto. *Somewhat quick* like *Allegro.*
Allegro. *Quick.*
Amoroso. *Amorously* and tenderly.
Andante. *Slow* and *distinct*, like stepping.
Andantino. Somewhat *like* or approaching *Andante.*
Animato. With life and *animation.*
Aria. An *air*, or song.
Arioso. *Airy* and melodious.
Assai. *Enough*, or more, as Adagio assai, slowly.

Brilliante. *Brilliant* and lively.
Brio, or con Brio. *With life* and spirit.

Calando. A gradual *diminution* of time.
Cantabile. In a *song like* and melodious manner.
Cantus, or Canto. The air, *song*, or melody.
Chorus. The whole *choir* united.
Coda. An *addition* of a few bars at a close.
Commodo, or con commodo. *With ease* and grace.
Crescendo. *Increasing* gradually.

Da Capo. *To the beginning*, ending with the first strain
Dal or Al Segno. *To the sign* or mark of repeat.
Diminuendo. *Diminishing* gradually.
Divoto. In a *devout* manner.
Dolce. *Sweet* and pleasant.
Doloroso, or con dolore. *With grief*, plaintive.

E, or *è*. *And.*
Espressivo, or con espressione. *With expression.*

Forte, or F. *Loud.* Fortissimo, or FF. *Very loud.*
Forzando, or Rinforzando. *With force* and strength

Giubilo, or con giubilo. *With joy* and triumph.
Giusto, or con giusto. *With just* or precise time.
Grazioso. In a *graceful* and tasteful manner.

Lamente, Lamentavole, or con Lamento. *With lamentation*
Languamente. *Languishingly.*
Larghetto. *Somewhat slow* like Largo.
Largo. *Slow.*
Legati, or Legato. In a smooth and *united* manner.

Lentando, slentando, or Rallentando. *Slackening* gradually.
Lentamente. *Somewhat slow*, like Lento.
Lento. *Slow.*

Maestoso. *With majesty* and power.
Mesto. *With sadness* and sorrow.
Mezzo. *Middling*, as mezzo voce, not loud.
Moderato. *Moderate*, slow.
Moto, or con moto. *With emotion*, and agitation.

Octaves. All parts alike, in unison and octaves.

Pastorale. In a *pastoral* or rural manner.
Piano, or Pia. *Soft;* Pianissimo or P. P. *very soft.*
Pieno. As Pieno Choro, in *full chorus.*
Piu. *More* as Piu Lento, *slower*, Piu Forte, *louder.*
Pizzicato, or Pizz. Strings *snapped* with the fingers.
Poco. *Little* as Poco Lento, *rather slow.*
Pompono. In a *pompous* or grand manner.
Presto. *Quick.* Prestissimo. *Very fast.*

Risoluto. *Resolutely.*

Semi. *Half*, as semi Choro, *half the choir.*
Sempre. *Always, throughout* the Tune.
Senza. *Without*, as Senza Replica, no *repeat.*
Siciliano. Tender and soothing, in the *Sicilian* style.
Soave. *Sweet*, like Dolce.
Solo. A *single* voice. Soli. *One voice* to a part.
Sostenuto. In a *sustained* and gliding manner.
Sotto voce. *Under tone*, or with a moderate voice.
Spiritoso, or con Spirito. *With spirit* and boldness.
Staccato. *Touched* distinctly—the opposite of Legato.
Supplica, or con Suppplicazione. In a *suppliant* manner.
Symphony. With instruments or *sound* only, no words.

Tasto Solo, or T. S. All parts alike, *tasteful solo.*
Tempo Primo. In the *original* time.
Tutti. *All* together, after a solo.

Unison. All parts *in unison*, no chords.

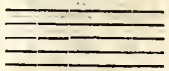
Veloce. *Swift* or *quick.*
Verse. Single voices, not in chorus.
Vigoroso. *Vigorously* and with energy.
Vivace, or Vivo. *Lively* and briskly.
Voce. *With the voice*, after an organ part.
Volti. *Turn.* Volti subito. *Turn over quick.*

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

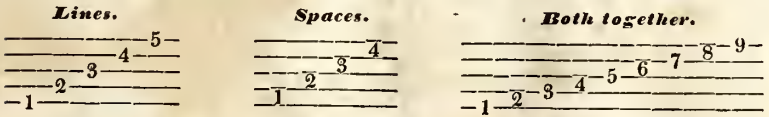
CHAPTER I.

OF THE STAFF AND CLEFS.

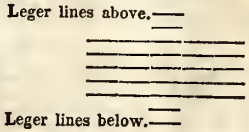
All musical characters, properly called the language of music, are written upon parallel lines, which are therefore figuratively called the staff, being their *support*. These usually consist of five, thus:



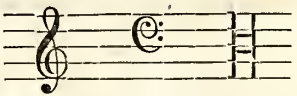
The spaces between the lines, as well as the lines themselves, are occupied by the notes and other characters, which together give nine places, that is, five lines and four spaces, thus:



When more places, or degrees, are wanted *short* or leger lines are added, and thus the number may be increased at pleasure, thus:



A Clef is prefixed to each staff, to designate the parts, as *Treble*, *Base*, and *Alto* or *Tenor*. In modern music three clefs only are used, namely, Treble, Alto or Tenor, and Base, thus:



These are commonly called the Treble, Base, and Tenor, or Alto, or Counter Clefs, but more properly take the literal names of the lines on which they stand, which will be explained hereafter in the proper place. The Alto, Tenor, or Counter Clef is wholly omitted in this work, and is fast passing out of use, as being altogether unnecessary.

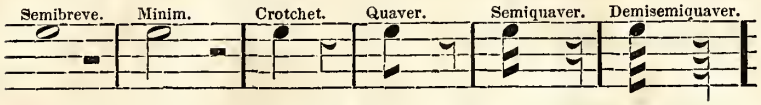
Clefs are very essential. The term is derived from the latin word *clavis*, that is, *key*. It is very appropriate, as it *opens* to the musician the whole arrangement of the composition. With the aid of other characters it fixes what in another sense is called the key or *tonic*, and exhibits at one view to each performer the part he is to take, and the order in which the octave in regular gradual ascent and descent is to be applied to the staff.

CHAPTER II.

OF NOTES AND RESTS.

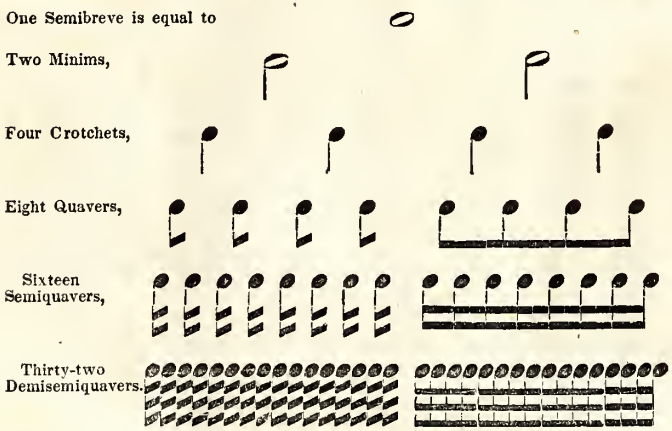
Notation is the most important part of musical language, and like every other language enables the performer to give utterance to the intentions, feelings, and sentiments of the writer. The notes, now in

use, by which all musical thoughts are represented, are the following, with the rests corresponding and peculiar to each.



Rests are marks of silence, which in each case is to be continued as long time as would be required to express its corresponding note.

The following is the proportion which these notes bear to each other.



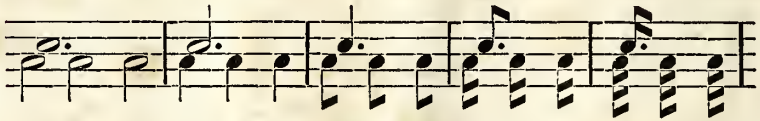
There were anciently other notes, now disused; as a *Large*, a *Long*, a *Breve*. Semibreve, as its name implies, is one half the Breve, which is still to be seen in old music, and compositions of higher order, and was formed after this manner, ♯ or ♯. The Minim, as its name imports, was once the shortest note used.

The semibreve rest is commonly used to fill a bar in all cases, whatever the measure may be; and when it fills the whole space and unites two lines it is called a double bar rest; and when it occupies two spaces and unites three lines it is called a four bar rest; and when longer silence is required several may be used in the same bar.

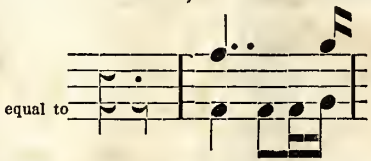
CHAPTER III.

OTHER CHARACTERS NOTED AND EXPLAINED.

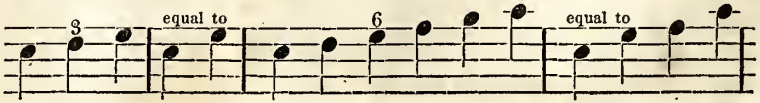
A *Point* of *Addition*, or dot after a note, adds to it one half of its length or duration; thus:



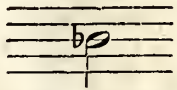
A *Pointed Semibreve* is equal to three minims; a pointed minim, to three crotchets, and so on as above represented. A point after a rest, or one point after another, has the same effect, thus:



A *Figure* of *Diminution*, is a figure 3 placed over or under three notes, or a 6 over or under six notes, and diminishes, or takes from their length, one third part, making the three equal to two only, or the six equal to four only, of the same denomination. Thus:

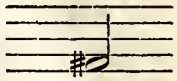


A *Flat* is the letter *b* placed before a note to show that it is to be sunk or lowered one half when sounded, thus:



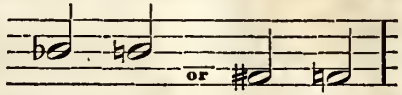
The ♭ came into use for this purpose in consequence of the note designated by the letter *b* being the first that was flatted, and for a long while the only one. In the old scale of the Hexachord therefore it was denominated in England *fa be mi*, that is *fa* ♭ *mi*, or *fa flat* instead of *mi*, which last was the name of the note in the natural scale.

A *Sharp* is a double cross before a note to show it is to be raised in performance half a tone. Thus:



This character was not in use till long after the *flat*, and is intended to signify *division*, and hence is called by the French *diesis*, which is a Greek term for division, because a note is thus divided into two distinct sounds in point of intensity. The quarter tone in the enharmonic scale was first called *Diesis*. A note twice sharped has a single cross prefixed to it thus × and is called a double sharp. It would be more appropriate if the single sharp and half tone were denoted by a single cross. × and the double sharp and quarter tone by a double cross, ♯ or common sharp.

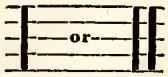
A *Natural* is a character placed before a note to show it is restored to its *natural* state, and hence is used only after a note on the same line or space has been made subject to a *flat* or sharp. Thus:



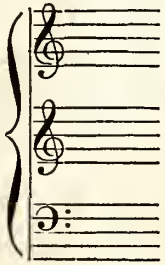
This character is the *b* square, or the Gothic ♮ introduced for the same reason the ♭ was, that is, because it was used only at first on the note indicated by the letter *b*.—It has of course the double office of sinking a sound one half after a *sharp*, and of raising it in like manner after a *flat;* the one was formerly called *b round* and the other ♮ *square*.

A *Bar*, is a line or score drawn perpendicularly across the staff to divide the tune into equal measures or parts according to its appropriate movement. Thus:

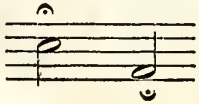
A *Double Bar* is a similar line, but larger, and sometimes two such lines, denoting the end of a strain, or of a line of poetry. Thus:



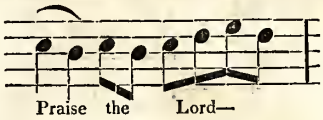
A *Brace* is drawn at the beginning of a piece or tune to show the number of parts connected and composing the score. Thus:



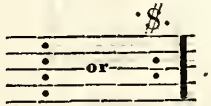
A *Hold* is a point covered by a curve placed over or under a note requiring a pause, to be continued at pleasure for a longer or shorter space of time. Thus:



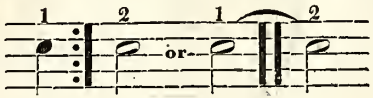
A *Slur* or *Tie* is a curve over or under several notes, showing that they are to be sung to one syllable. Quavers and smaller notes appropriated to a single syllable are united by a line at the end of their stems, and need no other tie, and are called groups. Thus:



A *Repeat* is a perpendicular row of points, or sometimes points with a dotted ·$. over them, denoting that the preceding strain is to be repeated or sung again. Thus:

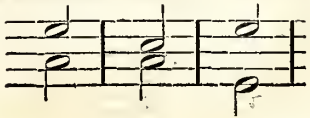


A *Double Ending* occurs when after a repeat the close or ending varies, showing how it is to be sung each time. Thus:

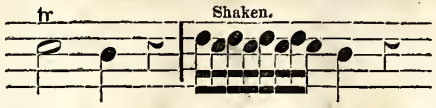


The first time the note only under figure 1; the second time the note only under figure 2 is to be taken. When the two are slurred, as in the last example, both are to be heard the second time.

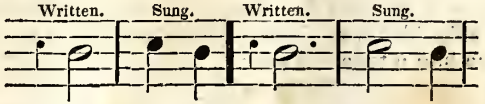
Choice Notes, are such as stand in different places on the staff in the same part of the measure, either of which may be taken by the performer, or both by different performers or by the organ. Thus:



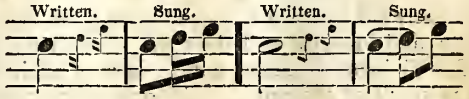
A *Trill* or *tr* is a character over a note implying it is to be shaken in the performance. Thus:



An *Appogiatura* is a small note preceding a larger, and taking half of its time. If the principal note be pointed the small one takes the time of the principal, while that takes only the time of the point or small note. Thus:



After notes are small ones following a larger note taking half of its time. Thus:

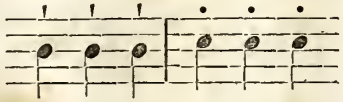


Syncopation, or *Driving Note*, is a note commencing on the weak and terminating on the strong part of the measure, and such notes often succeed each other through a whole bar or measure, and may extend to any length. Thus:

A *Direct* is a character at the end of the staff intended to show where the first note on the next staff on the next page will be found. Thus:

Staccato, implies a short and distinct manner of performing certain notes, over which are sometimes placed dots, and sometimes marks.

Thus:



Staccato is opposed to *Legato*, which implies a smooth and gliding manner of performance, indicated often by the word itself, and sometimes by a large curve line or slur over the whole passage or group intended to be so performed.

Diminuendo is a mark of gradual diminution placed over a note, or passage—Thus: >

A *Crescendo* is the opposite of the above, and signifies increasing. <

A *Swell* comprehends both of the above, first *increasing*, then *diminishing*. <>

A *Close*, indicates the end of the Tune or Piece. Thus: ||

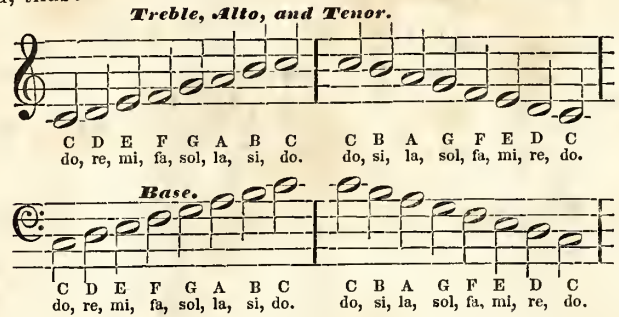
CHAPTER IV.

OF THE GAMUT.

The word Gamut is derived from the letter G. called in Greek *Gamma*, and from the syllable *ut*, which in solmization was applied to it. It was the lowest note in the Aretine scale, which consisted only of the hexachord, and hence by compounding the letter and syllable the word *Gammaut*, or by abbreviation, *Gamut*, was formed, and applied to the scale or hexachord, and which we now use to characterise the modern scale of the octave. The most ancient, and what may in fact be termed the scale of nature, was the scale of the Tetrachord, consisting of four sounds only, three whole tones and a half tone; and five of these scales arranged in their peculiar manner, constituted what they called their great system. After three full tones comes naturally a semitone, and hence it is called the scale of nature. To these Guido added two more tones making six, which has therefore been denominated the hexachord. This was advancing but half way to the modern scale of the octave, which now consists of two entire Tetrachords, both of which are mathematically and in all respects perfectly alike.

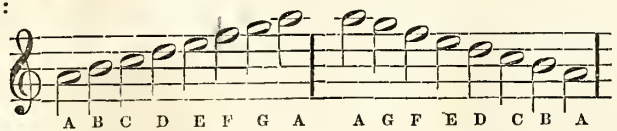
In the modern scale there are seven distinct original sounds, to which are applied the seven first letters of the alphabet. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. To complete the octave A is repeated, being an octave to the first A. To these sounds it is usual to apply certain syllables. To the ancient Hexachord the six following syllables were applied. *Ut. re. mi. fa. sol, la.* And in collating the several hexachords it appeared that *fa. sol. la.* were used for six of the sounds; with repeating them therefore and adding the *mi*, the whole seven sounds were provided for. Consequently in England as early as 1597, and long before probably, the *ut.* and *re* were exploded, and the other four only retained, standing in this order *mi, fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la:* the *mi* representing what we denominate the sensible note. There are many things to be said in favor of this practice, which was adopted by the first English musicians of the age, as Morley, Charles Butler, Dr. Holder, Dr. Wallis, and every writer on the subject of music in the kingdom, and Singing masters universally adopted it, and retained it even after writers began to change it. Dr. Pepusch, in 1731, more than 135 years afterwards, was the first, who proposed to have the discarded *ut* and *re* again "received into the pale of the church." But it was a long time before it generally obtained, all English treatises almost to the present time still rejecting them. It is questionable if music as a practical art has gained much by the modern changes in this respect. The first change was the introduction of *si*, from the French, to represent or express the sensible, or leading note. The next was the changing of *ut* into *do*, which had also a French origin. And the rage for augmenting the syllables increased till one was proposed for each of the tones and semitones in the scale to the number of twelve, but this has never been generally adopted. The syllables now used therefore are *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si*, giving one to each of the seven natural sounds of the scale. The modern

scale therefore, with the notes, letters, and syllables may be represented, thus:



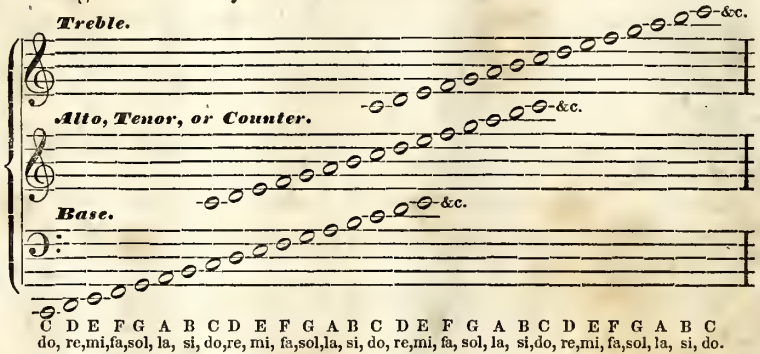
Ut. re. mi. fa. sol. la. were the first syllables in each line of a latin hymn in honor of *St John* the baptist; and the *si*, afterwards adopted was compounded of the initial letters of *St John.* The *do* was substituted for *ut*, solely on account of euphony.

Anciently when the letters were first applied to the notes music was generally plaintive and written in a minor key, and A was therefore a principal tonic, as C in the major key is now; and it is on that account that the letters commenced at A, instead of C as they now do. Thus:



By these examples it will be seen that the Treble Clef stands on the line represented by the letter G. and hence it is called the G. clef, and as it answers to the syllable *sol*, the form of it is only a corruption of G. S. that is G. *sol.* Thus; ℊ or G with an S drawn through it. And hence it has sometimes been written *gs.* And the Base Clef, or F, is intended to represent an 𝒻: And so also the Counter or Alto Clef, on C, is intended to represent a Gothic C, which was made in this manner ⊏, corrupted only by perpendicular lines; thus: ⊏.

The following example will show the relation of the several parts of music, and the comparison they bear to each other with regard to the height or intensity of sound. Thus:



Here the relative bearing of the several parts is clearly exhibited. The second C in the base ascending is in unison with the first C in the Alto; and the *third* C in the base and the second in the Alto are in unison with the first C in the Treble. This furnishes us with the etymology, or origin, of the word *Treble*, as applied to music. It is generally found to be in the *third* octave from the base, that is *threefold*, or *treble* the base. In ancient times the part was often denominated *Triplex*, which is the latin word for Treble. The Base furnishes its own etymology, as it is the *base*, lower part, and foundation, as it were, of music. *Tenor* is derived from the latin *teneo* to hold; as it occupies a middle course between the other parts and *keeps* or *holds* on "the even *tenor* of its way." The Alto means *high*, that is high Tenor, or *Contra* Tenor, as in ancient counterpoint it was pricked down *against* the Tenor, and hence called *Contra Tenor*, and sometimes *Counter* only; as the Tenor was also sometimes, in reference to the *Counter*, called, by contraction, *Cont'ralto.* High base is

sometimes called *Baritone*. But the names of the several parts of music have in the course of time, and in different countries, been so variously denominated, that it would be almost an endless, and at least a useless, labor, to attempt to enumerate them. The Italian names are very appropriate and simple, namely, Soprano, Mezzo Soprano, Tenor, and Base, which answer to our terms, as they are applied to the parts in this work, Treble, Second Treble, Tenor, and Base. And in all languages and at all times nearly the same thing is meant however various and multiplied have been the names assigned to the different parts. The first part, air or Tune, as it may be called, is for the highest female voices; the second part is for the lower female, or highest male voices, or boys; the third for male voices high, clear and sonorous, but not the very highest: the fourth and last for the most common and lowest voices of men.

The natural order of the parts is such as we have here considered and exhibited it; the Treble first, then, in descending, the second Treble or Alto; then the Tenor; and the Base, as its name implies, at the bottom. But it is more convenient for the Organists and Pianists to have the Treble and Base next to each other, and it is therefore usual thus to place them, as has therefore been done in this work. We have given no examples of the Counter or Tenor Clef, so called, as it is not used at all in this book, and it is sufficient therefore to say that this once favorite Clef was removable, and might be placed at pleasure upon any Line in the Staff, and as it was the C Clef so it always carried C with it and all the other letters in a conformable and relative order. When on the middle line it was called *Counter*, or Alto, when on the upper line but one it was called *Tenor Clef*.

In all that has yet been said of the scale, or seven sounds with the surperaddition or repetition of the first, making the eighth, and thus forming what we now call an octave, has been considered only in its natural state, as we say, that is as commencing on C; but for a greater variety, and for the purpose of bringing different parts of it into more immediate use, this same order of the notes may be transferred to other and all parts of the staff, by which, for all musical purposes great and essential advantages are obtained. This is effected by means of *flats* and *sharps*, which have already been described, and which for this purpose are placed at the commencement of the staff, on such lines or spaces as are necessary to be altered in order to effect the removal intended; and these thus placed are called the *signature*, that is they *signify*, or *designate* what the order of the tones and semitones is, and of course the leading note, tonic, or as we commonly say, the key.—In the Octave there are two half tones, or semitones, which are always found between the third and fourth, and the seventh and eighth sounds in ascending; and therefore in every modulation, or change of key, these two half tones must be made to fall in their proper places. In the natural scale as above exhibited these half tones are from E to F, that is from *mi* to *fa*, and from B to C, that is, from *si* to *do*.

When modulated or removed, in order to ascertain their places, the first object is to find the leading note *si*, which is a guide to all the rest, as they must fall in their usual and natural order. And in this respect *si* is a leading note in somewhat of a different sense from its usual application, as it fixes the key note, or tonic, whether the music be major or minor. The rule for this purpose is as follows:

The natural place of *si* is on B.

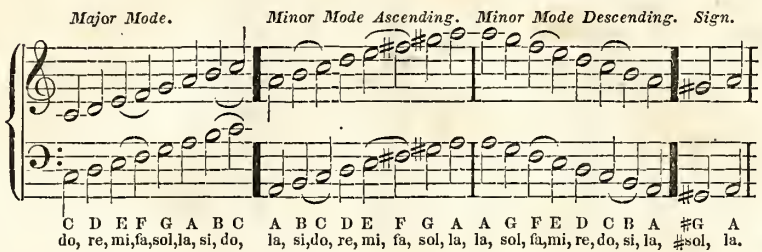
But If B only be flatted	*si* is on	E.	If F only be sharped	*si* is on	F.
If B & E	it is on	A.	If F & C	it is on	C.
If B E & A	it is on	D.	If F C & G	it is on	G.
If B E A & D	it is on	G.	If F C G & D	it is on	D.

By observing on what lines or spaces, that is on what letters (these never change) the flats or sharps are placed at the Signature, it will be easy by the application of the above rule to ascertain where the *si* falls, and of course the other notes, the order of which has already been given and explained. Each line or space on which a *flat* or *sharp* is placed at the beginning of the staff, or at the Signature, is affected by it accordingly throughout the Tune, unless counteracted by a ♮. And here it is to be noted, that occasional, or partial modulation, often occurs in the course of a Tune or Piece, which is produced by the interposition of a flat, sharp, or natural, which effects only the subsequent notes on the same line or space throughout the same bar, and, if the change is intended to be prolonged, the flat,

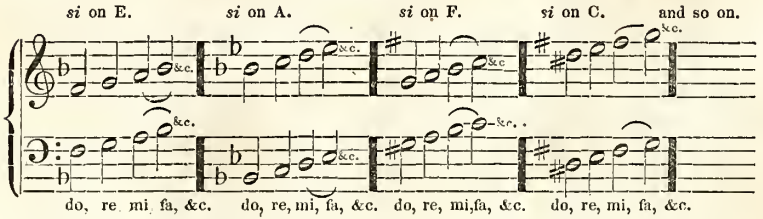
sharp, or natural must be repeated on each bar, so long as it continues. Sometimes however a sharp or natural is only the *sign* or indication of what is called the minor mode, and produces no actual change of the key or tonic. This will be made plain and familiar by practice. The tonic, or key note, in the major mode, is the first note above *si;* in the minor mode, it is the first below *si.*

The following examples present the place of *si*, the key note or tonic, the semitones, and the major and minor mode. Thus:

EXAMPLE I.



EXAMPLE II.



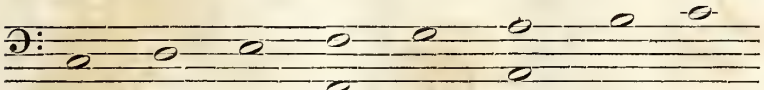
By the first example *si* is in its natural place, namely, on B, and of course in the major mode the tonic is on C, designated by *do*, being the first note above *si;* and the semitones occur in their natural order between E, F, and B, C, as shewn by the curved lines, or slurs. In the minor mode the tonic is on A. designated by *la*, being the first note below *si.* A peculiarity in the minor mode ascending is the # before F and G. This is not absolutely necessary, and was not so originally, but a refinement adopted in after times, not only to confirm to the natural arrangement of the major mode, but as a real and important improvement both in harmony and melody. It occurs only in ascending; in descending, as is seen above, the natural order is preserved. G is sharped, as the *sign* of the minor mode, and the F preceding it is by custom sharped also in comformity to it, otherwise a tone and a half would remain between them. This is however somewhat of an equivocal and unmanageable note.

The *sign*, that is the sharped G. or # *sol*, at the end of the first example, shows the usual ending or close of a Tune in the minor mode, and is one of its characteristics, and necessary as the proper *sensible* note, leading to the tonic. The principal characteristic however is the minor third, in ascending, which gives it the name of *minor* mode. It will be perceived that in the major mode the scale rises gradually by two whole tones and then comes the half tone, constituting the the three first notes a *major* third, which gives the name *major* to this mode; the additional half tone completes the first tetrachord; and the second is precisely like it, the two first sounds rising by whole tones and the third by a half tone, the three first forming the *major* third and the additional half tone completing the second tetrachord and octave. In the minor mode, on the contrary, we rise one whole tone and the third is a half tone, making a *minor* third, which gives it the name of *minor*, and then comes a whole tone to complete the first tetrachord. The upper tetrachord, by the artificial arrangement already mentioned, is in ascending the same as the major mode.—Naturally, taking away the sharp from F, the minor mode rises by two successive *minor* thirds, as the *major* does by two *major* thirds; and in the descending scale it is reversed, the minor descending by two *major* and the major by two *minor* thirds. More will be shown on this head in treating of the chromatic and enharmonic arrangements.

By the second example some idea of modulation is presented. First, there being a flat on B, the nature of B is changed by being made a *half tone* in ascending instead of a *tone* as it was in its natural state, that is, *fa* instead of *si*, and to bring the other notes into their relative order *si*, the leading note, must be looked for in some other place, and

the Rule directs us to E; and by trial we find it is so, and *do* or the tonic, is on F, and by proceeding with the other notes in their usual and relative order *fa* will fall on B, which is the only note in the scale changed from its natural sound, names only being changed. Then again finding two flats at the signature, on B and E, the Rule directs us to A, for *si* or the leading note, which by trial as before we find to be correct and so of the rest. In this way the tonic may be carried to every *tone* and *half tone* of the octave; but four flats and four sharps are sufficient for all necessary and practical purposes. Occasionally however five and sometimes more are employed, but not often in the signature. The above examples are applied only to the major mode; but when the mode is *minor* the tonic will be the first note under the *si* or leading note and will be *la*, and all the other notes will fall in their natural and relative order.—In regular modulation, it will be perceived, when effected by flats, it is done by rising fourths or falling fifths, when effected by sharps, it is done by rising fifths or falling fourths.

The eight notes in the octave have distinct names as follows.



Tonic. Supertonic. Mediant. Subdominant. Dominant. Submediant. Leading note. Octave.

Tonic is the key note or principal *tone* or pitch of the tune.

Supertonic is the next above the tonic.

Mediant is the third above the tonic and third below the dominant, being in the *middle* way between them.

Subdominant is the under dominant or fifth *below*, as the dominant is the fifth above.

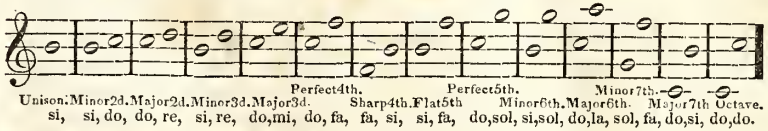
Dominant generally precedes and leads to the tonic, especially at a close, and is therefore said to *govern* it.

Submediant is the third below the tonic and the third above the subdominant *below*, being in the *middle* way between them.

Leading note so called from its *leading*, or naturally guiding the ear, to the tonic; it is also commonly called the sensible note.

Octave is the *eighth* note, or the first note doubled or repeated an eighth higher to complete the scale.

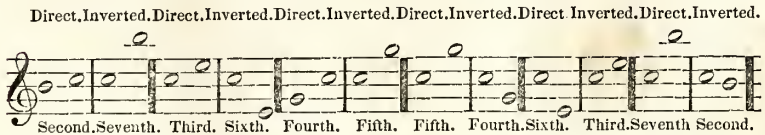
The following are the names of the Intervals, that is, the distances from one note to another.



It requires more notes than *tones* to measure an interval; as a *second* requires two notes, but the distance or interval consists of only one tone or semitone; a third, three notes, but the interval is only two tones or one tone and a semitone; a fourth, four notes, but the interval is only three tones, or two tones, and a semitone, and so on. Thus to describe an interval on paper we use one more note than the numerical name of the interval supposes, as the interval is only the distance or difference between them, measured by sounds. And here, it may be remarked, the change of terms, and the various senses in which the same terms are used by different writers, and especially by different nations, has created great confusion, and great difficulty in comprehending precisely the meaning of different authors. Now *tone* and *sound* are in reality, and etymologically precisely the same, yet we use them differently. Thus we say *half tone* and *semitone*, but never say *half sound* and *semisound*. There is no such thing, in itself considered, as a half tone or half sound, one tone or sound being as *whole* as another. It is only in comparison with some other tone or sound, that it can be considered *half* only. We used to say *half note*, which was thought extremely incorrect, and therefore *tone* was substituted; but what was gained by it? a *note*, which is always the representative of a sound, may as well be said to be, in respect to some other note, only a *half*, as a *tone* can be. All our technical language is figurative, and changes only serve to perplex. A tune is only a figurative application of the word tone. In ancient publications the tunes are called Tones. It is very fashionable to go to other countries after our terms of art, as well as language generally; which is much to be

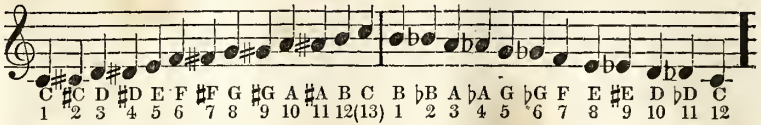
lamented. Custom should take a different route, and endeavor to find words in our own vernacular tongue to express our ideas, excepting where foreign words have become incorporated into the language and fully understood as our own. How many foreign technical terms respecting time, and other parts of music, are constantly in use, of which common singers know nothing and care nothing. Besides the nations themselves differ, with respect to the meaning of the same terms, and use also very different terms for the same thing; and therefore how much better would it be for us to use our own language, which we understand, than to be culling and choosing between foreign dialects what at last our readers will never generally comprehend? Singing by note, as we say, that is by *fa, la,* and which the Italians call *solfeggio,* and others *solmization,* we have at last reduced after the Italians to *do, re, mi,* and so on, and yet we are as far from them in the use we make of them, as east from west. They could not possibly use them in our way, nor we in theirs. With them they are as fixed, and stable, as the letters themselves, C always being *do,* and B always being *si,* let the key or tonic, be what it may, and are of no more use for *solfaing* according to our system, than the letters would be, excepting that they may be easier of enunciation, and even this is doubtful.

Any two Intervals are inverted when the lower one is raised an octave or the higher one placed an octave below. Thus:

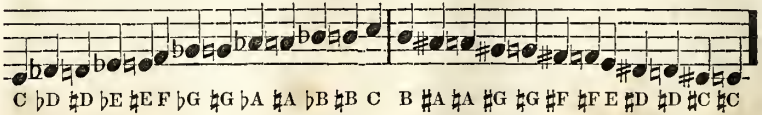


Here it is seen that a 2d, by inversion becomes a 7th—a 3d, becomes a 6th—and a 4th, becomes a 5th—a 5th, becomes a 4th—a 6th, becomes a 3d—a 7th, becomes a 2d.—Subtract any interval from 9 and the remainder will be its inversion, as a 2d, from 9 leaves 7, its inversion, and so of the rest.

The scale by the following artificial arrangement may be divided into semitones.



The same ascending by flats and descending by sharps.

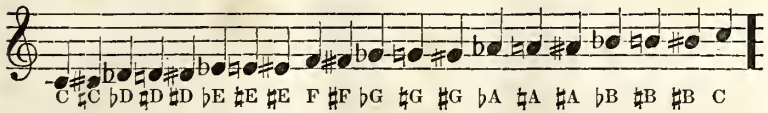


Thus it appears the scale or octave consists of 12 intervals or semitones, two of which are called natural, to wit, between E and F, and B and C, the other ten are called artificial, being produced by flats or sharps. The 13th, or C, is only a repetition of the first C. In ascending by flats or descending by sharps, a natural is necessarily interposed after each to restore the note to its natural state. There is no *natural* difference between a natural and artificial semitone.

On keyed instruments any note sharped is the same to all practical purposes as the next one above when flatted, as ♯D, and ♭E, and ♯E is the same as F natural, and ♯B the same as C natural. The above arrangement is commonly called *chromatic,* a word derived from the Greek word *chroma* signifying color; because in ancient times two colored lines were made use of to designate and point out the two half tones. These were used instead of Clefs, or rather before clefs were invented, for the very purpose for which clefs and signatures are now employed, that is, to ascertain the places occupied by the two semitones and of course the order of the notes. A yellow line was C, and a red line was F. This semitonic arrangement was hence called chromatic, as is every passage of music in which flats and sharps are incidentally used. This arrangement has given rise to other denominations of intervals, all called extremes, as the extreme semitone, extreme sharp 2d, extreme flat 3d,

extreme flat 4th, extreme sharp 2d, extreme sharp 6th, extreme flat 7th, and extreme flat 8th; these are principally however theoretic, and not distinguishable on keyed instruments, except in names only, from certain other intervals.

There is also a further subdivision of the scale called Enharmonic, producing quarter tones, anciently called *dieses*, by the alternate use of flats and sharps. Thus:



This is a theoretic distinction, making a difference of nearly a quarter tone between C sharp and D flat, G sharp and A flat, and so on, which are the same on keyed instruments, and to all practical purposes.

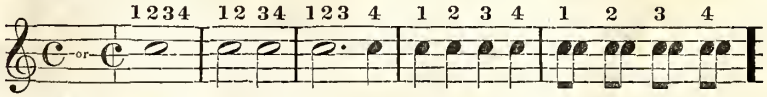
These divisional arrangements of the scale are sometimes called scales, as the Chromatic, and Enharmonic scales. But they are no more properly scales than every interposition of a flat or sharp may be said to produce a scale. The Chromatic division is nothing but a continued modulation, introducing a new tonic at every step, a mere representation of the black and white keys, on the key board. Our scale is diatonic, and the only real scale in use, and is the same as the most ancient diatonic scale. It is so called because it admits whole tones in gradual succession, as well as semitones; whereas neither of the other ancient scales admitted whole tones in that manner. Their *chromatic* and *enharmonic* were really, and might with propriety perhaps be called distinct scales, strictly confined to an entire different progression, which is not the case with ours, as they are intermixed with our diatonic scale, and do not therefore form distinct scales of themselves. These ancient scales besides had no reference to harmony, but to melody only; and the characteristics were that the *Enharmonic*, which was the most ancient, *harmonious*, (melodious,) and simple, proceeded by major thirds, and thechromatic by minor thirds. And notwithstanding the pother that has been made for a thousand years about them, they were unquestionably very simple things. Will any one tell us what the modern enharmonic is?

CHAPTER V.

OF TIME.

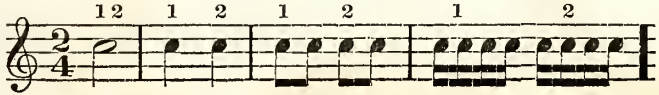
Time in music is very important, and there can be no good performance without a strict observance of it. It is the mode of measuring sound with regard to its duration. It is divided into bars or measures, all contained between two bars being called a bar or measure.

There are three kinds of time, *Common*, *Treble*, and *Compound*. Common time is expressed usually by a C, with or without a bar through it, and has the amount of a semibreve in each bar or measure and is usually observed by four motions or beats of the hand, or otherwise. Thus:



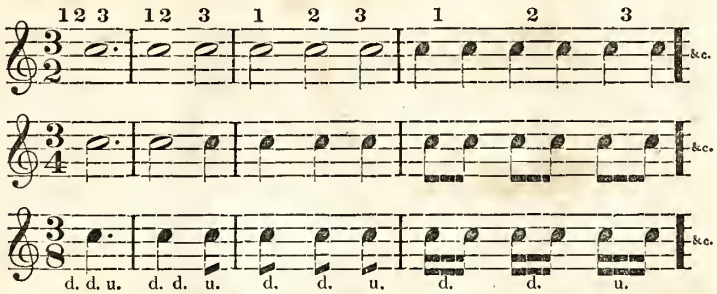
These motions of the hand may be made in various ways, as the leader or master may direct; sometimes it is done by making two motions downward and then two up: sometimes by one down, one to the left, one to the right, and the last up, and students when beating the time without singing, are sometimes taught to say, downward beat—hither beat—thither beat—upward beat. In public performance however, except in schools when the Instructer directs it, none should openly beat the time, but the Master, Leader, or Director. The degree of quickness or rapidity of the movement, is usually marked by some proper term placed over the Tune at the commencement. When the movement is quick, the time may be kept by only two beats in each bar or measure. The accent is on the first and third parts of the bar.

There is another movement in common time marked by $\frac{2}{4}$ and sometimes called half time, and it is really nothing else, containing only a minim or two crotchets, or an equivalent, in each bar, Thus:



This has only two motions or beats to a bar; one down, and one up.

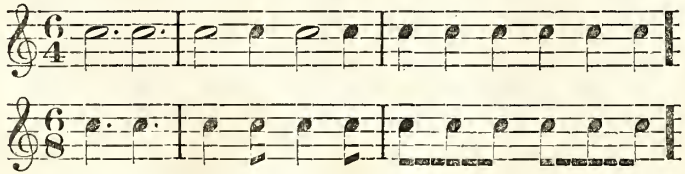
Treble Time is marked usually by three characters, namely, $\frac{3}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, and $\frac{3}{8}$, and has three motions or beats in a bar. Thus:



Figures, marking the mode of time, denote the quantity contained in each bar, being a fractional part of a semibreve, as $\frac{3}{2}$ are 3 halves, or three minims—$\frac{3}{4}$ are 3 quarters, or 3 crotchets, and $\frac{3}{8}$ are 3 quavers.—$\frac{6}{4}$ are 6 crotchets—and $\frac{6}{8}$ are 6 quavers.

In Treble Time it is obvious there must be three motions or beats to each bar, two down and one up, and the accent is principally on the first part of the bar,—and slightly on the last part.

Compound Time has two characters, to wit, $\frac{6}{4}$ and $\frac{6}{8}$. Thus:

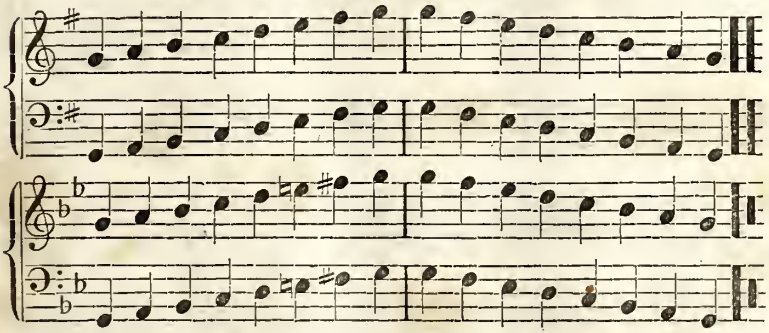


This time is compounded of Common and Treble, having two beats, and often three notes to a beat; or it may be treated as double treble time, (as it really is) and have twice three beats: the first, that is $\frac{6}{4}$ like $\frac{3}{4}$ time, and the last or $\frac{6}{8}$ like $\frac{3}{8}$ time, doubled, giving 6 beats to a bar. There are but two accents, one on the first part of each half of the bar.

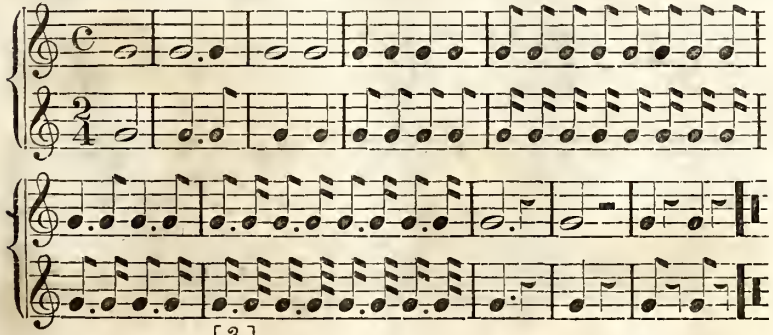
The foregoing are all the rules common schools need. It is not well to crowd the mind of a young beginner with too many rules; he cannot comprehend them, so as to apply them, till practice shall have made them intelligible. It is only necessary he should be acquainted with the staff so far as to apply the 7 letters to it; learn the order and names of the notes; be able to find the leading note, and of course the tonic; know something of the different modes of time, and how they are to be observed and kept, by what motions or beats; but it is of little use to spend so much time as some do in *beating* time separately and without singing or sounding the notes at the same time. Singing is a practical art and is to be learnt altogether by practice. Singing and keeping time are much better learnt both together than separately. Intervals are learnt insensibly without any loss of time while the scholar is learning to sing. In short all parts of the rudiments are learnt better and sooner by practice under the direction of a competent master than by reading and studying grammars. Indeed experience will testify that a young school, under the direction of an apt master, will sooner learn to perform common psalmody at sight by practice, than they can learn and comprehend by reading and study the modern multiplicity and cumbrous load of rules that are now usually laid upon them. Any mechanic art or trade may as well be learned by book, without the practical use of the tools, as the art of singing. Time, to be sure, may be learned by itself, but the art is to apply it to musical sounds, as the scholar goes along in his singing. The object is to make *singing* and *beating* go together, and so one aids the other, and both are obtained at one and the same time. After some little competence, those who wish to be well grounded and skilled in the art, or science of music, and of such there are but few, will find books and grammars enough, *and enough*, to gratify the curiosity, and supply all the wants of the most enthusiastic enquirer. But in a church, or sunday book, a very few and simple rules are all that are needed. Most of the modern collections in Europe contain no rules. We have often thought that a skilful Teacher might accomplish more in a given time, without written rules than with them.

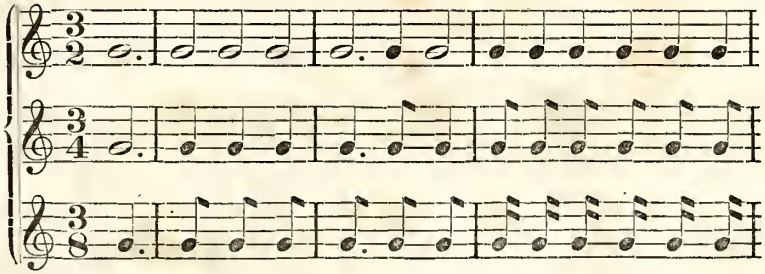
by imparting to his scholars gradually such rules and information only from time to time as their progress might require, accompanied and explained at the same time by visible or audible examples. It should be recollected that generally, in the country, schools are kept annually about six weeks only, for five or six evenings in a week and often less. They have therefore but little or no time to waste in poring over long and to them unintelligible rules.

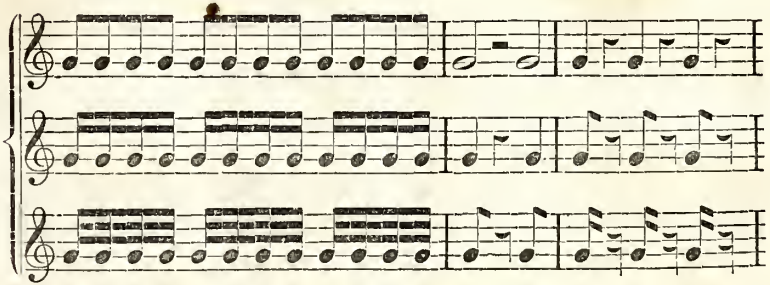
EXERCISES FOR THE VOICE.

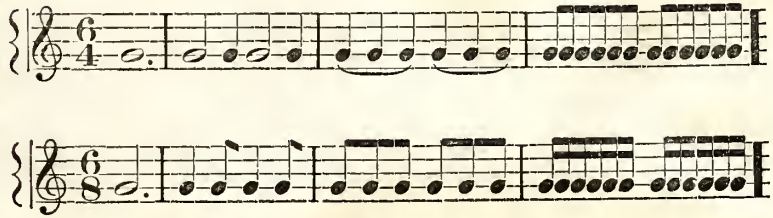


EXERCISES FOR TIME.



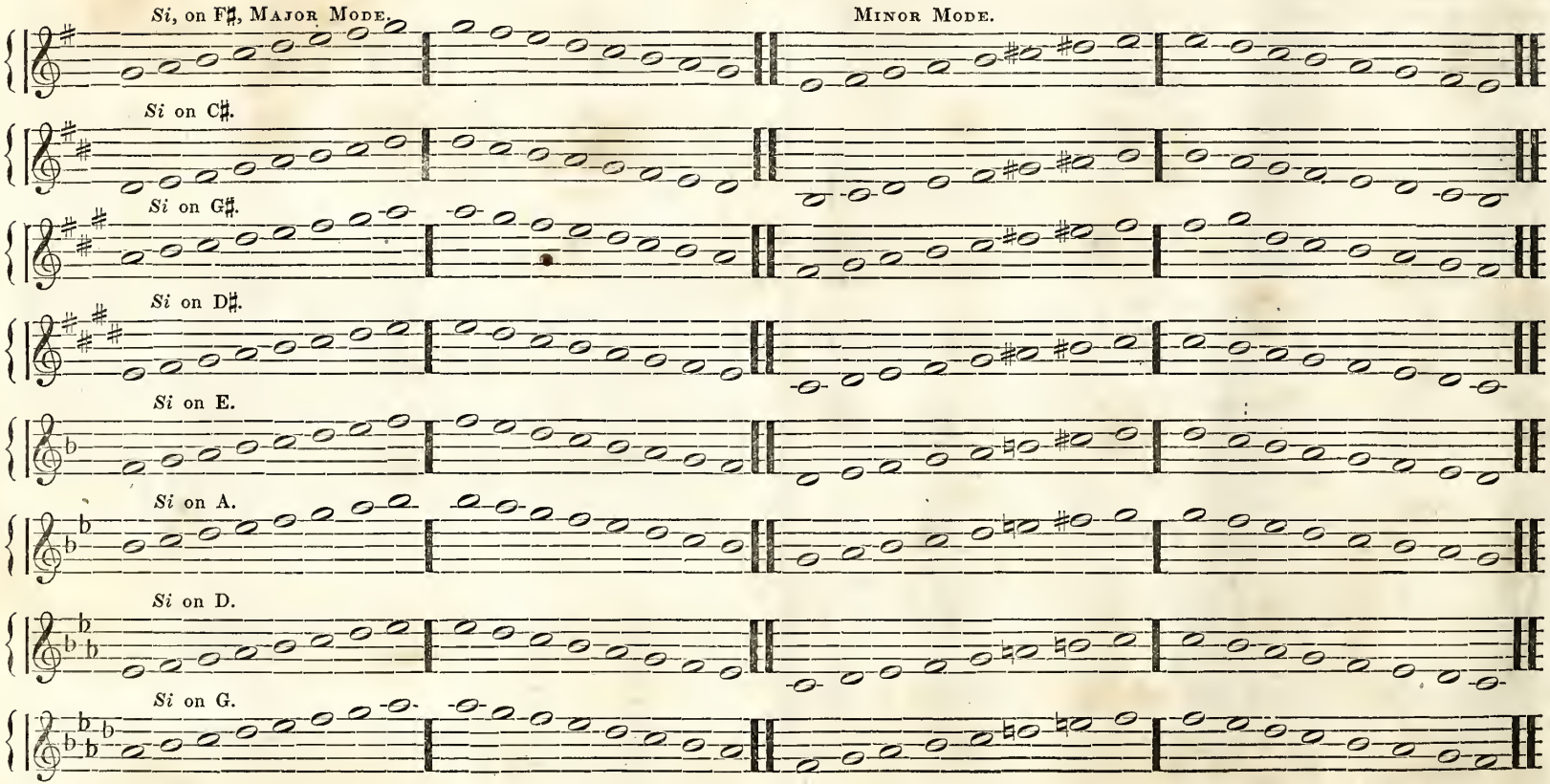






A VIEW OF ALL THE USUAL KEYS.

The two natural keys of C and A, with *si* on B have already been given.



THE

BOSTON MUSICAL INSTITUTE'S COLLECTION

OF

CHURCH MUSIC.

KENSINGTON. L. M.

HARMONIZED BY T. COMER.

f *Maestoso.* *f* *f* *mf* *f* *f*

O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Almigh-ty King; For we our voi-ces high should raise, When our sal - va - tion's rock we praise.

f *f* *f* *f* *mf* *f*

* This passage in the repeat to be sung by Tenor and Bass

EATON. L. M.

WYVILL.

Allegretto.

2. To him whose wis-dom, love and pow'r, Pre-serves us in temp - ta - tion's hour, Who will pre - sent our souls com -

1. A - wake my soul to hymns of praise, To God the song of tri-umph raise; A - dorn'd with ma - - - jes - - ty di - - -

- plete, Be - fore the glo - ry of his seat; To God, the Sa - - viour, on - ly wise, Let songs of praise and hon - or rise.

- vine. What pomp, what glo - ry, Lord, are thine, A-dorn'd with ma - - jes - ty di - vine, What pomp, what glo - ry, Lord, are thine!

EUPHRATES. L. M.

Andante.

2. Our harps, that when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With si - lent strings neglect - ed hung On wil-low trees that wither'd there.

1. When we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphra-tes' stream, We wept, with dole-ful thoughts oppress'd, And Zi- on was our mournful theme.

JUDAH. L. M.

VIOTTI.

Adagio.

2. Though faintly swell thy notes sublime; Far distant, down the stream of time; Yet to our ears the sounds are giv'n; And e'en thy e - cho tells of heav'n.

1. Sweet harp of Ju-dah, shall thy sound No more be heard on earth-ly ground, Nor mortal raise the lay a-gain, That rung through Judah's saint-ed reign?

ATTEIRNEH. L. M.

COMER.

Andante.

mf *Cres.* *p* *Cres.* *f* *p*

Supreme and U - ni - ver - sal light, Fountain of rea-son, judge of right, Parent of good, whose bless - ings flow, On all a - bove and all be-low.

mf *Cres.* *p* *Cres.* *f* *p*

LANSDOWN. L. M.

COMER.

Andante.

p *f* *p*

Like shadows gliding o'er the plain, Or clouds that roll successive on; Man's busy gen - e - ra-tions pass, And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

p *f* *p*

p *f* *p*

SALFORD. L. M.

A German Melody
from WM. SHORE'S Coll.

Commodo.

2d. Verse.—Then, &c.

When mild re - li - gion from a- bove, De-scends a sweet en - gag -ing form, The mes- sen- ger of heavenly love, The bow of prom-ise in a storm;

BATHFORD. L. M.

ALCOTT.

Andante.

O thou who art above all height,

O thou, who art a - bove all height, Our God, our Fa - ther, and our Friend; Beneath thy throne of love and light, Let thine adoring children bend.

CLAVERTON. L. M.

COMER.

f *Allegro.*

f *f* *f* *f*

Sing to the Lord, who loud proclaims His various and his sav-ing names; O may they not be heard a - lone, But by our sure ex - - perience known.

f *f* *f* *f*

EAST HAYES. L. M.

COMER.

Andante.

All- see - ing God! 'tis thine to know The springs whence wrong opinions flow; To judge from princi-ples with-in, When frailty errs, and when we sin.

GROSVENOR. L. M.

COMER.

f *Allegro.*

f

For thee, O God, our con - stant praise, In Si-on waits thy cho-sen race; Our promised altars there we'll raise, And all our zeal-ous vows complete.

f

f

BATHWICK. L. M.

COMER.

f *Allegro.*

f

The God of Is - rael is our Lord, Great is his name, his power di - vine; In Christian temples now a - dored, As once in Ju - dah's ho - ly shrine.

f

f

EASTER. L. M.

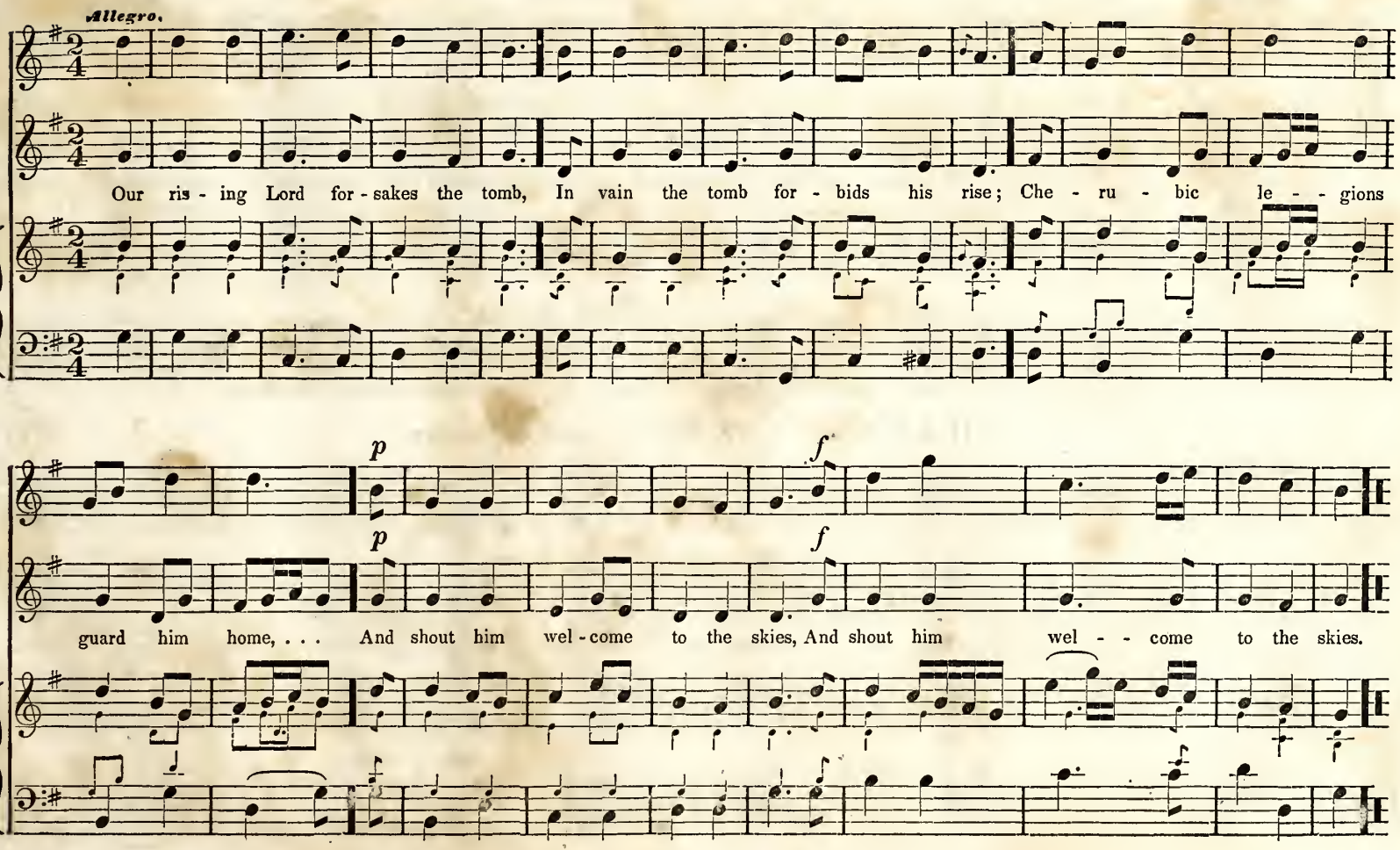
DR. MADAN.

Affetuoso. *Animato.*

Here's love and grief be - - yond de - - gree! The Lord of glo - ry dies for men! But lo! what

p *f*

sud-den joys we see! Je - sus, the dead, re - vives a - gain, Je - sus, the dead, re - vives a - gain.


Allegro.
Our ris - ing Lord for - sakes the tomb, In vain the tomb for - bids his rise; Che - ru - bic le - - gions
p
f
p
f
guard him home, . . . And shout him wel - come to the skies, And shout him wel - - come to the skies.

SHELDON. L. M.

DR. MADAN.

Allegro. *p* *Repeat Forte.*

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great deliverer reigns ; Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell, And led the mon - ster death in chains.

These 3 last tunes may be sung, at pleasure, as separate and distinct tunes, or altogether as one tune consisting of three verses.

HAVEN. L. M. HYMN CHANT.

All'o Moderato.

In this dark world of sin and pain, We on-ly meet to part a - gain ; But when we reach the heav'nly shore, We then shall meet to part no more.

Allegro.

A - wake our souls, a - way our fears, Let ev - ery tremb - ling thought be gone; A - wake and

run the heaven - ly road, And put a cheer - ful cour - age on, And put a cheer - ful cour - age on.

CHAMBER STREET CHANT. L. M.

L. MARSHALL.

Moderato.

f

Let Si-on praise the mighty God, And make his hon-ors known a-broad; For sweet the joy our songs to raise, And glorious is the work of praise.

f

BOSTON. L. M.

COMER.

Andantino.

p

God is the re - fuge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in-vade; Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Behold him pre - sent with his aid.

fz

p

FESCA. L. M.

T. BRICHER.

Maestoso.

f

The King of saints, how fair his face, Adorn'd with ma - jes - ty and grace; He comes, with blessings from above, And wins the na-tions to his love.

f

ENILEDA. L. M.

COMER.

Andante.

p *Cres.* *p* *f*

How blest are they who dai - ly prove, By acts of char- i - ty and love, The fer - vent grat- i - tude we owe, To him from whom all blessings flow.

p *Cres.* *p* *f*

TIVERTON. L. M.

BIRD.

Allegro.

f

Great God, at whose all powerful call, At first a - rose this beauteous frame, Thou bidst the seasons change, and all The changing seasons speak thy name.

f

MILSOM. L. M.

BATTISHALL.

Andantino.

p

How sweetly flowed the gos - pel's sound, From lips of gen - tle - ness and grace, When listening thousands gath - ered round, And joy and reverence filled the place.

p

BURDLEIP. L. M.

BLAKE.

Andante.

To thee, O God! we homage pay, Source of the light that rules the day, Who while he gilds all na - ture's frame, Reflects thy rays and speaks thy name.

WIDCOMB. L. M.

ALTERED FROM W. BIRD.

Allegro Moderato.

High in the heavens E - ter - nal God, Thy goodness in full glory shines; Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud That veils and darkens thy designs.

WESTGATE. L. M.

BLAKE.

To thee O God, we homage pay, Source of the light that rules by day, Who, while he gilds all nature's frame, Reflects thy rays and speaks thy name.

SYDNEY. L. M.

NEUKOMM.

Andante Affetuoso.

p *f* *p*

O God whose presence glows in all With - in, around us, and above, Thy word we bless, thy name we call, Whose word is truth, whose name is love.

p *f* *p*

ROXBURY. L. M.

My God, how end-less is thy love, Thy gifts are eve - ry evening new; And morning mer-cies from a - bove, More gently fall than ear - ly dew.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

Allegro Moderato.

Sing to the Lord, who loud pro-claims, His various and his sav-ing names; O may they not be heard a - lone, But by our sure experience known.

SIDON. L. M.

G. A. NAUMANN.

Andantino.

How blest the sa-cred tie that binds, In union sweet according minds; How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

ARGOS. L. M.

ROUSSEAU.
FROM WM. SHORE'S COLL.

Andante.

While here as wandering sheep we stray, Teach us, O teach us, Lord, thy way; Dispose our hearts, with sacred awe, To love thy word, to keep thy law.

Allegro Moderato.

Now let my soul march bold - ly on; Press for-ward to the heavenly gate. There peace and

Org.

joy e - ter - - nal reign, And glittering robes for conquerors wait, And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

Voce.

SOUTH STREET. L. M.

HAYDN.

Andante.

Soft - ly the shade of eve - ning falls, Sprinkling the earth with dew - - y tears; While na - ture's

voice to slum - - ber calls And si - lence reigns a - mid the spheres, a - mid the spheres.

TRENT. L. M.

S. WEBBE, Sen.

Andantino.

Happy the meek, whose gentle breast, Clear as the summer's evening ray, Calm as the re-gion of the blest, Enjoys on earth ce - - les-tial day.

BENSON. L. M.

W. ARNOLD.

Andante.

"I know that my Redeemer lives." What comfort this sweet sentence gives! He lives, he lives, who once was dead, He lives my ev - er liv-ing head.

RAWSON. L. M.

A FRENCH AIR.

Andantino.

Descend ye hosts of an-gels bright, And bear us on your guar - dian wings, Thro' regions of ce - les- tial light, A-bove the reach of earth-ly things.

GILFORD. L. M.

S. WEBBE.

Dolce e Lentamente.

2. Yes, while I sleep, or when I wake, Thy care doth still unchanged remain; If wandering, I thy ways for - sake, O gent - ly lead me back a - gain.

1. Father of mercies, at the dawn, I'll pay my ear - ly vows to thee; Like in-cense on the breath of morn, My heart-felt praise to heaven shall be.

ORLAND. L. M.

W. ARNOLD.

Allegro Moderato.

Till suns shall

E - ter-nal are thy mercies, Lord, E-ternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise . . . and set no more.

Till suns shall

STANHOPE. L. M.

J. GILDON.

Con spirito.

Loud let the tune - ful trum-pet sound, And spread the joy - ful ti-dings round; Let every soul with transport hear, And hail the Lord's accepted year.

STERLING. L. M. HYMN CHANT. HARRISON.

High in the heavens e - ter-nal God, Thy goodness in full glo-ry shines; Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud, That veils and darkens thy designs.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Be thou O God ex - alt - ed high, And as thy glo - ry fills the sky, So let it be on earth display'd, Till thou art here as there o-bey'd.

Allegro Moderato.

O, thou my Fa - ther and my friend, On whom I cast my con - stant care; On whom for all things

I de - pend; To thee I breathe my hum - ble prayer, To thee I breathe my hum - ble prayer.

ASHFORD. L. M.

W. BILLINGS.

Andante.

Lord, let my soul for- ev - er share The bliss of thy pa - ter-nal care. 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above, To see thy face, and sing thy love.

RELIANCE. L. M.

W. DIXON.

Allegretto.

No change of time shall ev - er shock, My firm af - fec - tion, Lord to thee; For thou hast always been a rock, A fortress and de - fence to me.

Allegretto.

Thou, whom my soul ad - mires a - - bove All earth - - ly joys and earth - ly love, Tell me dear

shep - herd, let . . . me know, Where do thy sweet-est pas - tures grow, Where do . . . thy sweet - est pas - tures grow.

COSTELLOW. L. M.

COSTELLOW.

Allegro Moderato.

Great God, at whose all powerful call, At first a - rose this beauteous frame Thou bid'st the seasons change, and all The changing seasons speak thy name.

NASHUA. L. M.

L. MARSHALL.

Andante.

He guides our feet, he guards our way, His morning smiles bless all the day ; He spreads the evening veil, and keeps The si-lent hours while Israel sleeps.

Allegro Moderato.

The Lord, how rich his com - forts are, How wide they spread, how high they rise! He pours in

balm to bleed - ing hearts, And wipes the tears from flow - ing eyes, And wipes the tears from flow - ing eyes.

LANSING. L. M.

T. CLARK.

Allegro.

On wings of faith and strong de-sire, O may our spir-its dai-ly rise; And reach at last that shining choir, In the bright mansions of the skies.

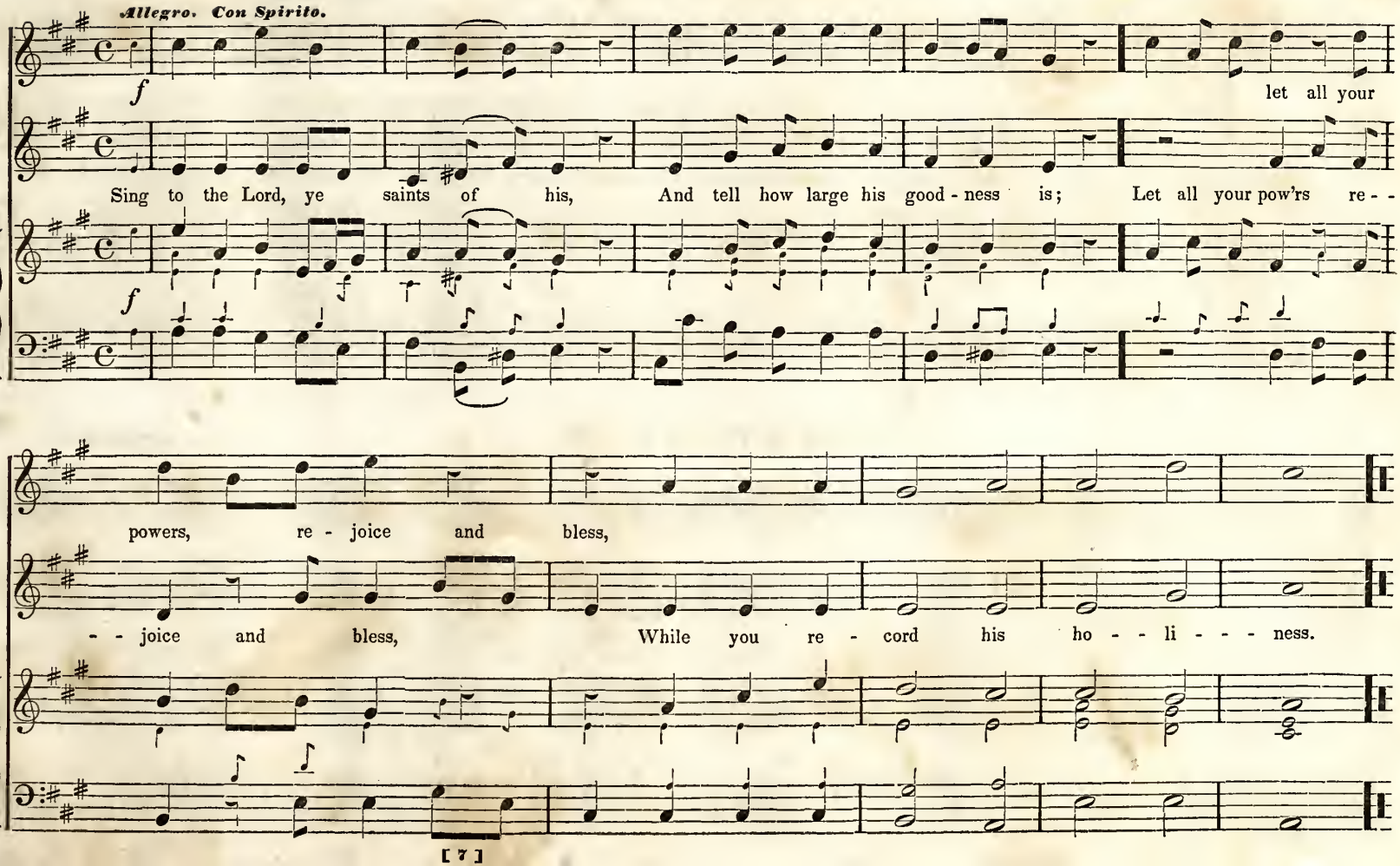
Org. Vo.

ALFRETON. L. M.

W. BEASTALL.

Andante.

Through ev' - ry age, E - ter-nal God, thou art our zeal, our safe a - bode; High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or earth thy humble footstool laid.


Allegro. Con Spirito.
f
let all your
Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his, And tell how large his good - ness is; Let all your pow'rs re - -
f
powers, re - joice and bless,
- - joice and bless, While you re - cord his ho - - li - - - ness.
[7]

DUNSTAN. L. M.

DR. MADAN.

Allegro Moderato.

Repeat Forte.

1 2

Awake my soul to hymns of praise, To God the song of triumph raise: Adorn'd with majes - ty divine, What pomp, what glo-ry, Lord, are thine!

SURRY. L. M.

COSTELLOW.

Commodo.

No more fatigue, no more distress, Nor sin nor death shall reach the place; No groan shall mingle with the songs, That war - ble from im-mor-tal tongues.

Moderato.

So let our lips and lives ex - press, The ho - - ly gos - pel we pro - - fess, So let our

works and vir - tues shine, To prove the doc - trine all di - vine, To prove the doc-trine all di - vine.

PERRYMEAD. L. M.

R. COOKE.

All see-ing God, 'tis thine to know, The springs whence wrong opinions flow; To judge from principles with - in, When frailty errs, and when we sin.

NAZARETH. L. M.

WEBBE.

Andantino.

Fa - ther a dored in worlds a - bove, Thy glorious name be hallowed still; Thy kingdom come in truth and love, And earth like heaven obey thy will.

CLIFTON. L. M.

W. J. WHITE.

Siciliano.

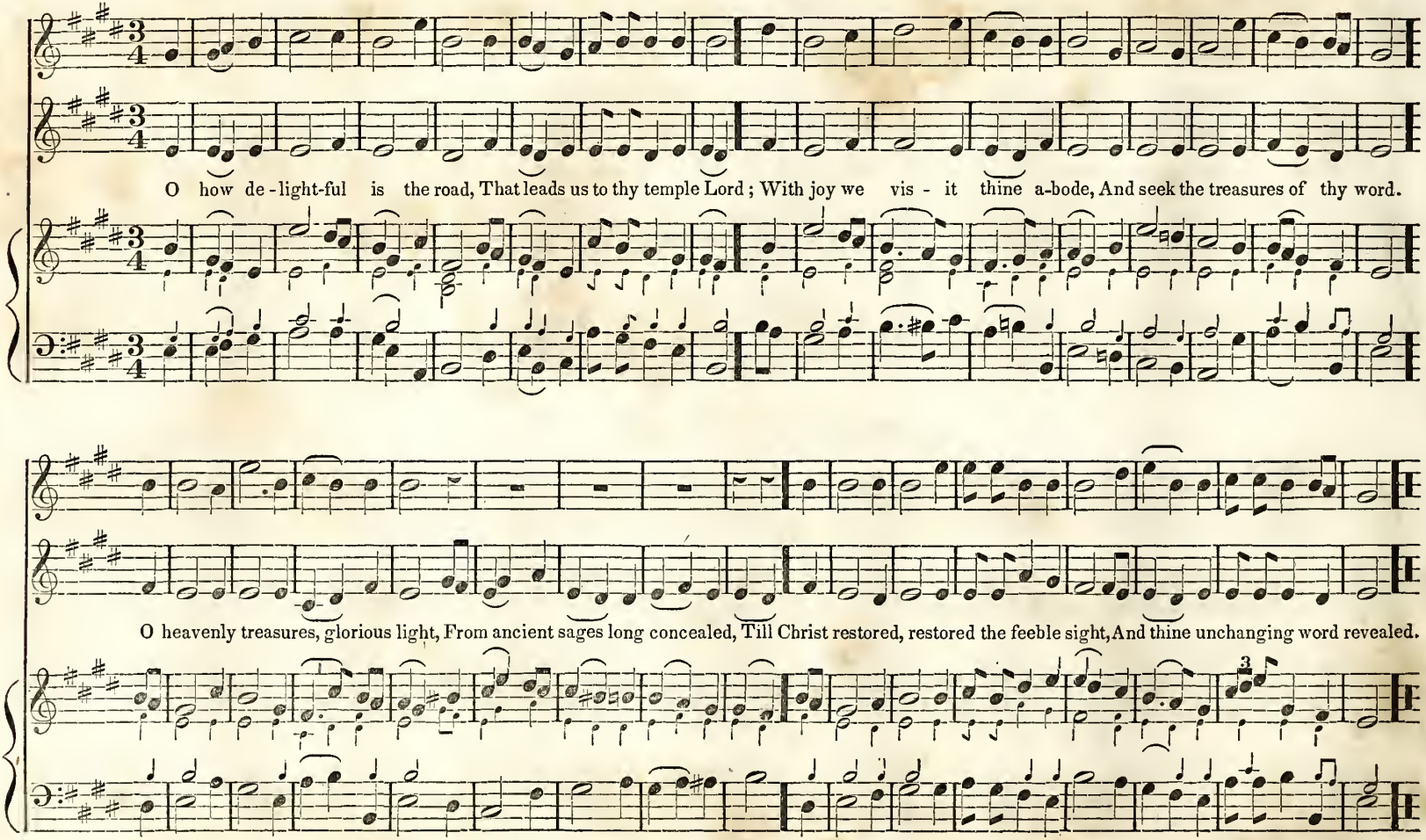
Happy the man, whom strength divine, With ar - dent love and zeal in - spires; Whose steps to thy blest way in-cline, With willing heart and warm desires.

SICILY. L. M.

W. J. WHITE.

Siciliano.

How plea-sant, how di- - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwell-ings are; With long desire my spir - it faints, To meet th'assemblies of thy saints.


O how de-light-ful is the road, That leads us to thy temple Lord; With joy we vis-it thine a-bode, And seek the treasures of thy word.
O heavenly treasures, glorious light, From ancient sages long concealed, Till Christ restored, restored the feeble sight, And thine unchanging word revealed.

HOSANNA. L. M.

Allegro Moderato.

Ho-san-na, Lord thy an-gels cry; Ho-san-na, Lord, thy saints reply. To our Cre - a-tor, Savior, King, Let earth and heav'n Ho-san - na sing.

2nd. time. Ho-san-na, Lord; Hosanna, Lord; Ho-san - na, in the highest, Lord.

ANTIGUA. L. M.

SMITH.

Allegro Moderato.

The King of saints, how fair his face, Adorn'd with maj-es - ty and grace! He comes with blessings from a - bove, And wins the na - tions to his love.

HAMILTON. L. M.

J. LEACH.

Allegretto.

Now to the Lord, a no - ble song, A - wake, my soul, a - wake my tongue, Ho - san - na

to th'e - ter - nal name, And all his bound - - less love pro - claim, And all his boundless love proclaim.

LINDON. L. M.

COLSON.

Allegro Moderato.

While on the verge of life I stand, And view the scenes on either hand, My spirit struggles with my clay, And longs to wing its flight a-way.

DRESDEN. L. M.

HAR. SACRA.

Largo.

Our sorrows and our tears we pour In - to the bo - som of our God; He hears us in the mourn-ful hour, And helps to bear the hea-vy load.

FIRMAMENT. L. M. DOUBLE. COMER.

Choral. Allegro Moderato.

The spa-cious firm-a-ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, And spangled heav'ns a shining frame, Their great origi - nal proclaim. Th'un-

- - wea-ried sun from day to day, Doth his cre - a - tor's power dis-play, And pub-lish-es to ev-ery land, The work of an Al - migh - ty hand.

LUTON. L. M.

Moderato.

With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song and join the praise.

INDULGENCE. L. M.

L. MARSHALL.

The God of love will sure indulge The flow-ing tear, the heaving sigh, When his own children fall a-round, When tender friends and kindred die.

CUMBERLAND. L. M.

Allegretto Moderato.

CAREY.

Ye faithful souls who Je-sus know, If risen in - deed with him ye are; Su - pe-rior to the joys be - low, His res-ur-rec-tion's power declare.

KEYNSHAM. L. M.

Allegretto.

W. J. WHITE.

Amidst a world of hopes and fears, A wild of cares, and toils, and tears; Where foes a-larm and dangers threat, And pleasures kill, and glo-ries cheat.

TRURO. L. M.

DR. C. BURNEY.

Allegretto Majestoso.

Now to the Lord a no-ble song, Awake my heart, awake my tongue; Ho - san- na to th'e - ter - nal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.

ST. PETER'S. L. M.

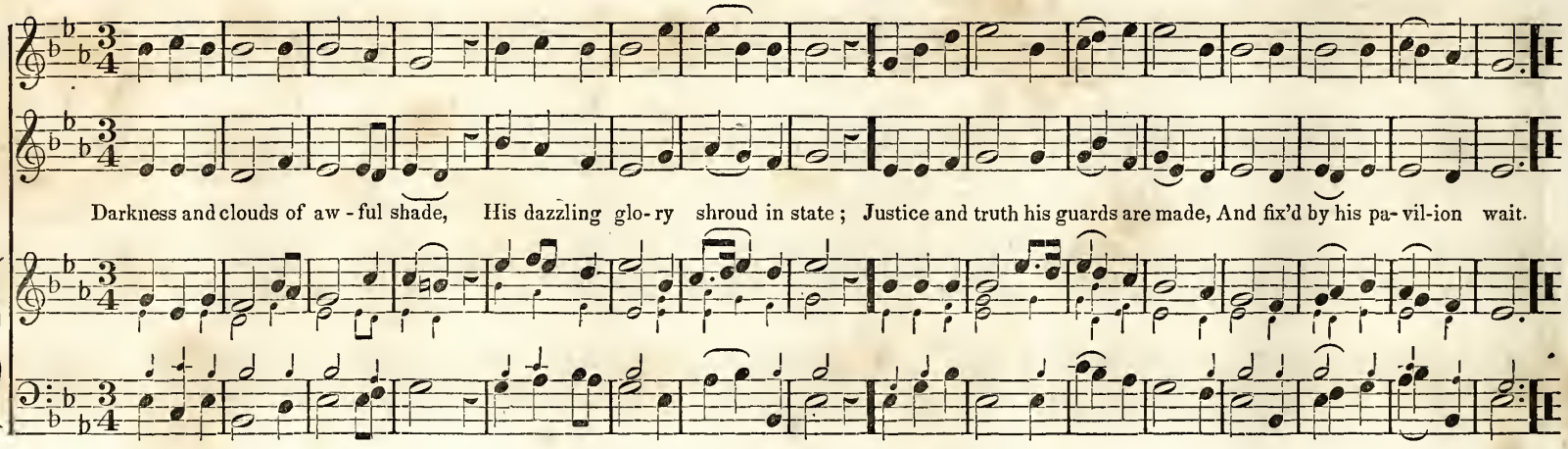
E. HARWOOD.

Allegro Moderato.

Not e'en a spar-row yields its breath, Till God permit the stroke of death; He hears the ravens when they call, The fa - ther and the friend of all.

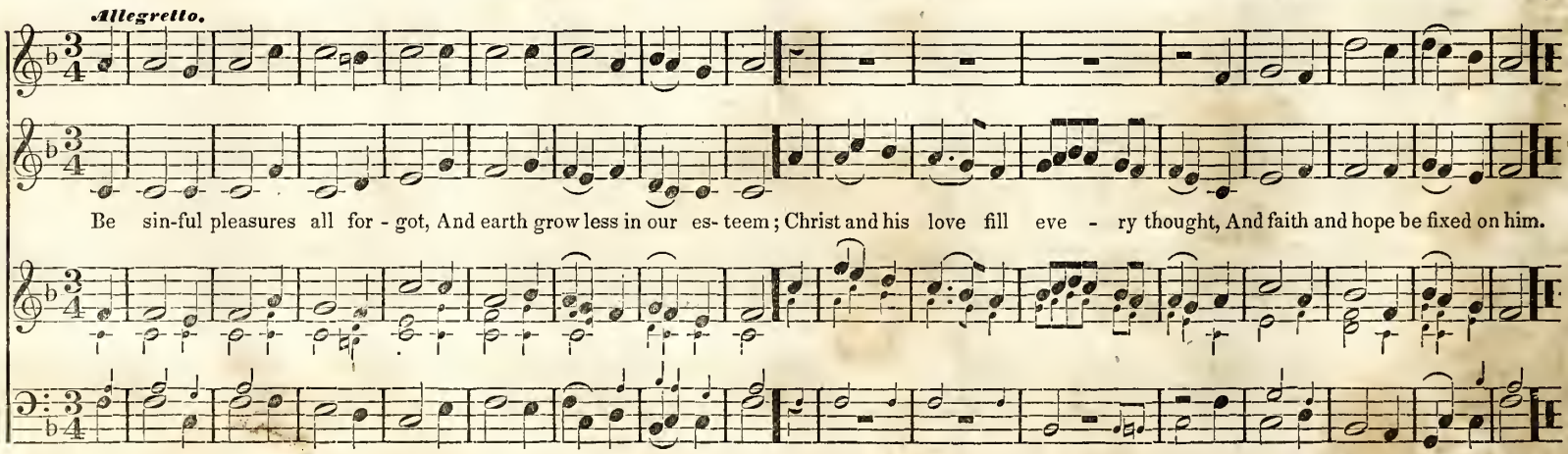
NINETY-SEVENTH PSALM. L. M.

TUCKEY.



BRENTFORD. L. M.

HAR. SACRA.



TIMSBURY. L. M.

J. SMITH.

Allegro Moderato.

Je - ho - vah reigns, his throne is high, His robes are light and ma - jes - ty; His glories shine with beams so bright, No mor-tal can sustain the sight.

CARTHAGE. L. M.

DALMER.

Andantino.

Fa-ther of all, om - nis-cient mind, Thy wisdom who can comprehend; Its highest point what eye can find, Or to its lowest depths descend.

PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUA.

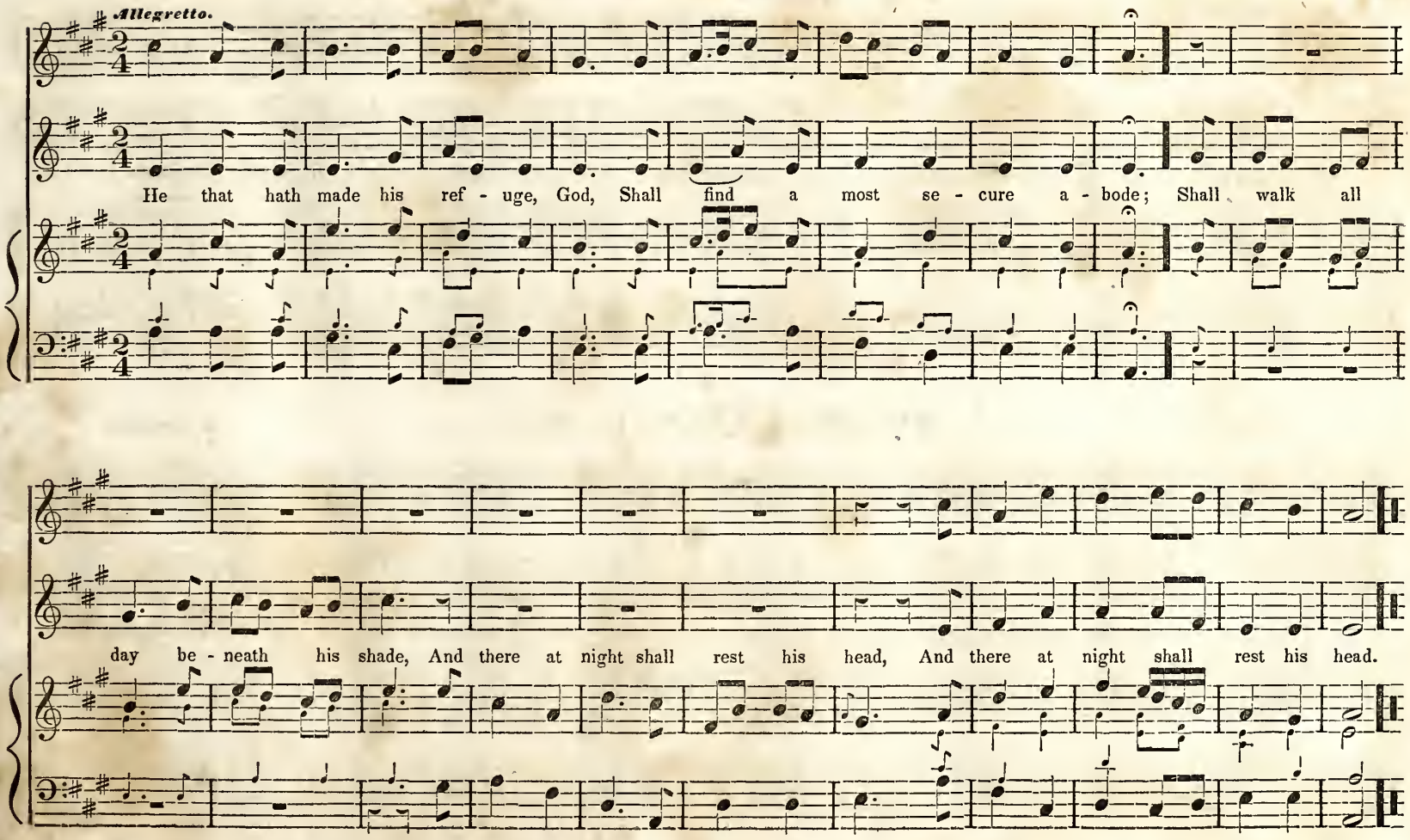
Allegro Spiritoso.

f

Hark! how the cho - ral song of heav'n Swells full of peace and joy a - bove; Hark! how they

f

strike their gold - en harps, And raise their tune - ful notes of love, And raise their tune - ful notes of love.


Allegretto.
He that hath made his ref - uge, God, Shall find a most se - cure a - bode; Shall walk all
day be - neath his shade, And there at night shall rest his head, And there at night shall rest his head.

LEYDEN. L. M.

COSTELLOW.

Un poco Adagio.

Through the dark scenes of mor-tal care, To humble faith's enraptured eye, The distant prospect opens fair, Of ra-diant mansions in the sky.

T. S.

MONMOUTH. L. M.

M. LUTHER.

In robes of judgment, lo! he comes, Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs, Before him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt, the seas re - tire.

LANCASTER. L. M.

A FRENCH MELODY.

Allegretto.

Awake my glory harp and lute, No longer let your strings be mute; And I, my tune-ful part to take, Will with the earliest dawn awake.

ST. PAUL'S. L. M.

G. GREEN.

Allegro Moderato.

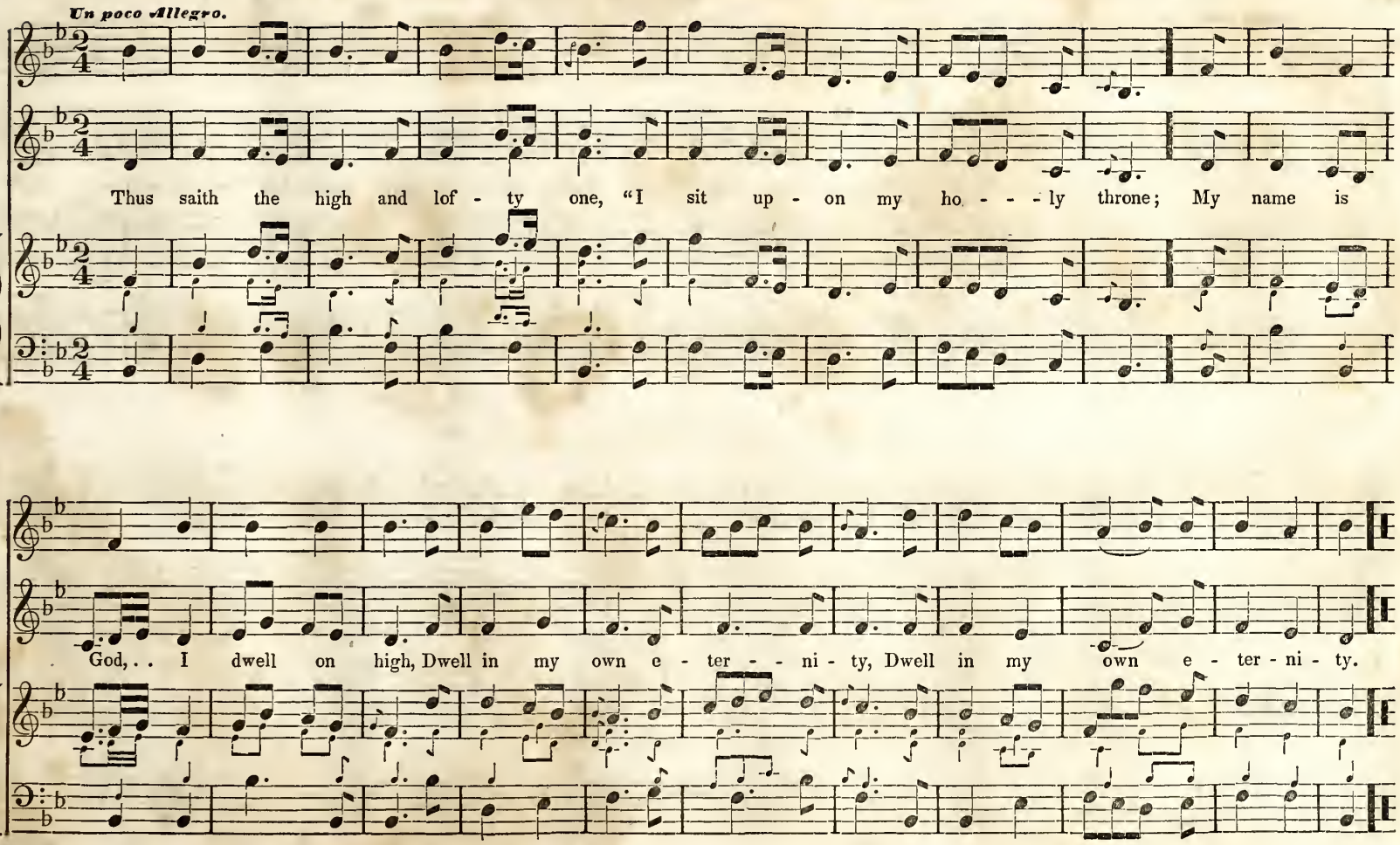
O how de-light-ful is the road, That leads us to thy temple, Lord! With joy we vis-it thine a-bode, And seek the treasures of thy word.

GLASGOW. L. M.

SPENCER.

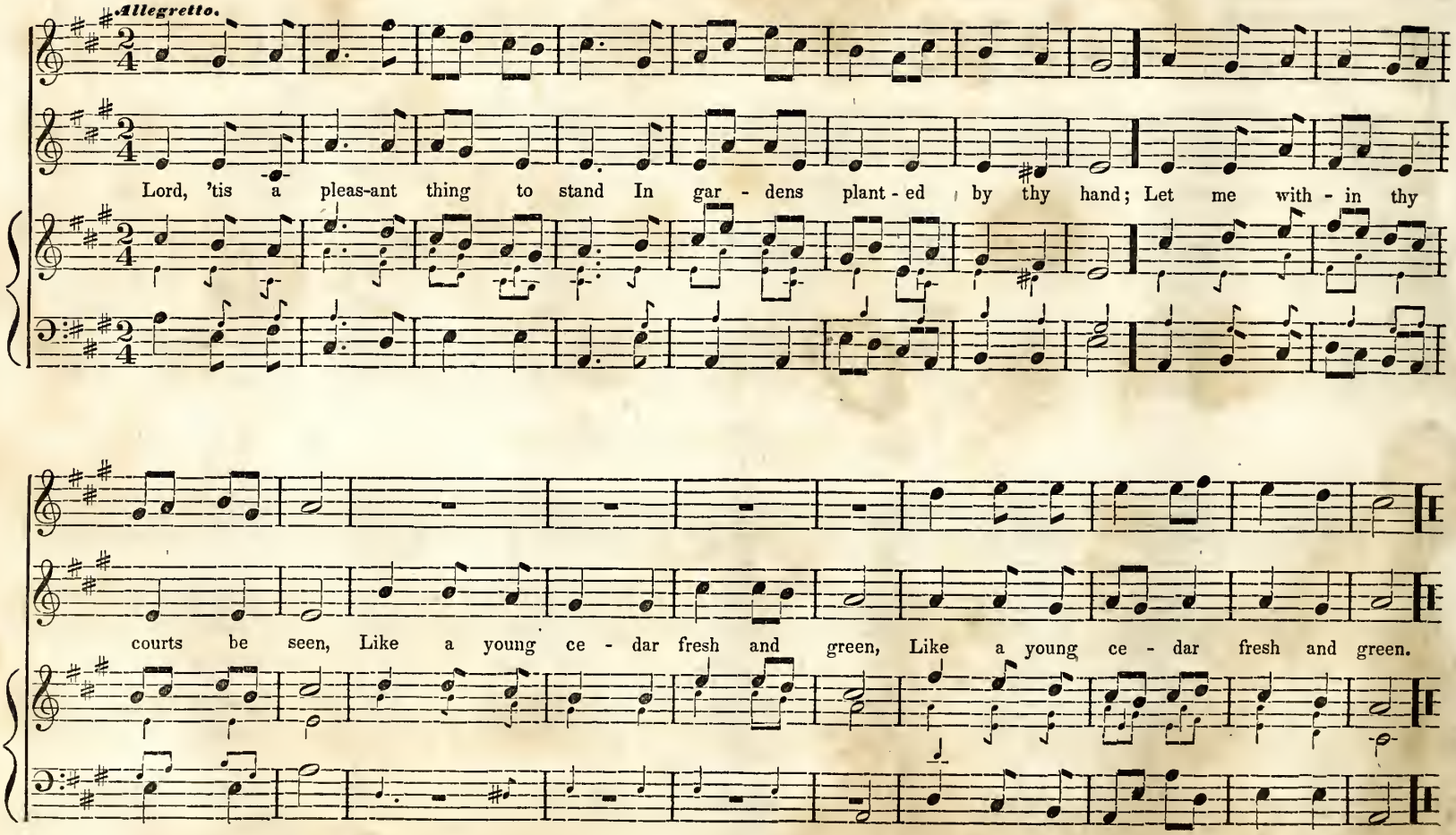
Allegro Moderato.

Call me a - way from flesh and sense, Thy sov'reign word can draw me thence; I would o - bey the voice di - vine, And all in fe - rior joys re - sign, And all in - fe - rior joys re - sign.


Un poco Allegro.
Thus saith the high and lof - ty one, "I sit up - on my ho - - - ly throne; My name is
God, . . I dwell on high, Dwell in my own e - ter - - ni - ty, Dwell in my own e - ter - ni - ty.

LEBANON. L. M.

T. CLARK.



TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.

Originally a canon by Thos. Tallis. The melody here is precisely as he wrote it himself in Ravenscroft's Coll. 1633.

Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light: Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath thy own almigh-ty wings.

DUDLEY. L. M.

HYMN CHANT. COLSON.

Allegretto Moderato e Flebile.

Our days a transient pe-riod run, And change with every circling sun; And in the firm-est state we boast, A moth can crush us in the dust.

CHELSEA. L. M. HYMN CHANT.

COLSON.

Allegretto.

There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God, Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And watering our divine a - bode.

FOUNTAIN. L. M.

J. LEACH.

Allegretto.

Shall I forsake the heavenly friend, On whom my noblest hopes depend? Forbid it, that my wandering heart From thee, my Savior, should depart.

SEASONS. L. M.

PLEYEL.

Andante.

Come, blessed Spirit, source of light, Whose power and grace are un -con-fined, Dis - pel the gloomy shades of night, The thicker darkness of the mind.

CONTRITION. L. M.

J. F. TUCKERMAN.

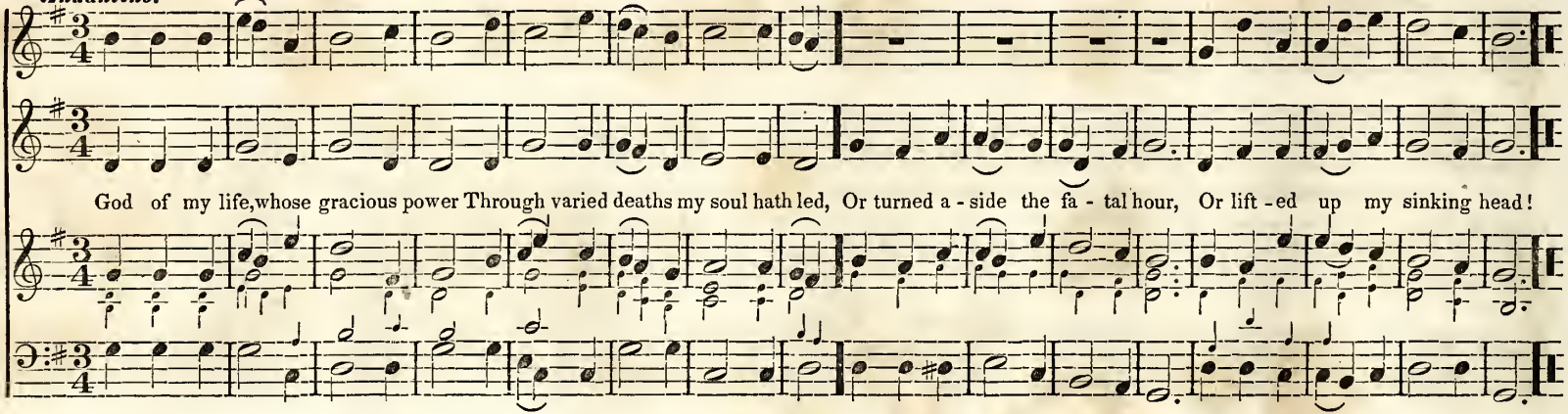
Andante.

Up to the fields where angels lie, And liv - ing wa - ters gently roll, Fain would my thoughts ascend on high, But crime hangs heavy on my soul.

AUGUSTINE. L. M.

MOORE.

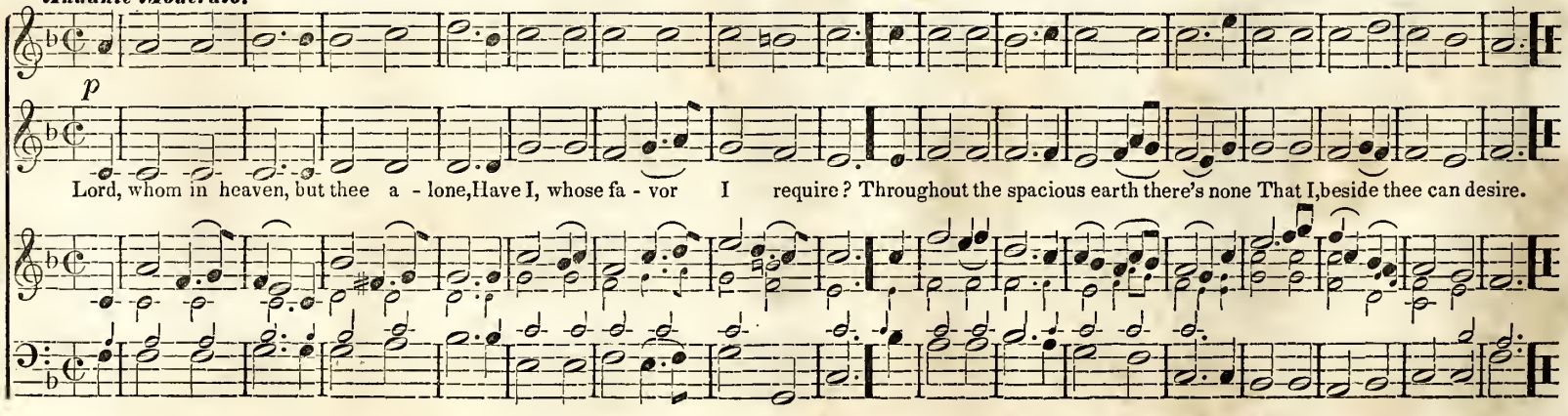
Andantino.



DIVINITY. L. M.

S. J. STEVENSON.

Andante Moderato.



MARTHAS. L. M.

T. SHELL.

Allegretto Moderato.

O render thanks to God a - bove, The fountain of e - ter-nal love; Whose mercy firm thro' ages past, Has stood and shall for a- ges last.

The foun - tain Has stood, has

PENTECOST. L. M.

W. DIXON.

Allegro Moderato.

When marching to thy blest abode, The wond'ring mul-ti-tude survey'd, The pom - pous state of thee our God, In robes of ma - jes - ty arrayed.

ADORATION. L. M. DOUBLE

COMER.

CORAL. *Maestoso.*

f

Let one loud song of praise a-rise To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows; Who dwells enthroned above the skies, And life and breath on all bestows.

f

Let all of good this bosom fires, To him, sole good, give praises due; Let all the truth himself inspires, U - nite to sing him on - ly true.

GOVERNOR. L. M.

S. WEBBE.

Allegretto Moderato.

f

God of the morn-ing at whose voice The cheerful Sun makes haste to rise, And like a gi - ant doth rejoice To run his journey through the skies.

RYLAND. L. M.

MOZART.

Andantino.

God in the gos - pel of his Son Makes his e - ter - nal councils known,'Tis here his richest mercy shines, And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

CLOUDY PILLAR. L. M.

B. BROWN.

Allegretto.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved, Out from the land of bondage came; Her father's God before her moved, An awful guide in smoke and flame, An awful guide in smoke and flame.

Unison.

ABBEY CHURCH. L. M.

HANDEL.

Andante.

Lo, God is here! let us a-dore, And humbly bow be-fore his face; Let all with-in us feel his power, Let all with-in us seek his grace.

COTHELSTONE. L. M.

Larghetto.

The wandering star and fleeting wind, Are emblems of the fick-le mind; The morning cloud and early dew, Bring our in-con-stan - cy to view.

BRAYBROOK. L. M.

From the BOSTON MUSICAL GAZETTE.

Andantino.

Forsake the world with all its fame, Take up thy cross, despise the shame; And now pur-sue the liv-ing way, That leads to ev - er - last-ing day.

SERENITY. L. M.

J. ECKLEY.

Andante. Affettuoso.

p

In sleep's serene ob - li-vion laid, I safely passed the silent night; A- gain I see the break-ing shade, And drink again the morning light.

p

CLARENCE. L. M.

W. J. WHITE.

Con Spirito.

p *f*

I send the joys of earth a - way, Away, ye tempt-ers of the mind; False as the smooth de- ceit- ful sea, And empty as the whistling wind.

CHELTENHAM. L. M.

SUBJECT FROM SMITH.

Larghetto.

The morning flowers display their sweets, And gay their silken leaves unfold, As careless of the noontide heats, As fear-less of the evening cold.

MOUNT AUBURN. L. M.

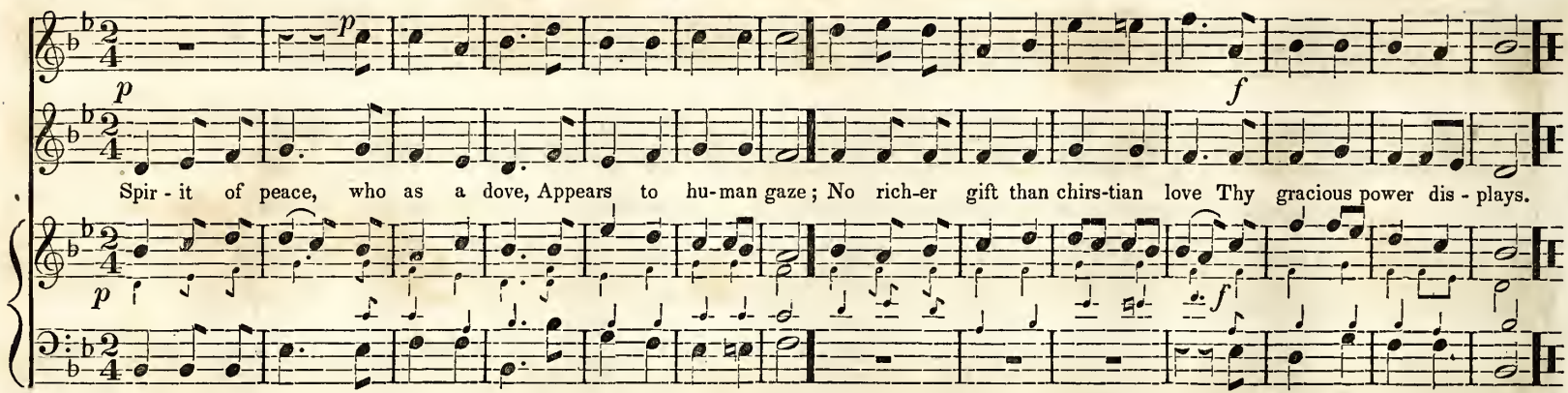
SUBJECT FROM BENNETT.

When sinks a weary soul to rest.

How blest the righteous when he dies, When sinks a wea-ry soul to rest; How mildly beam the closing eyes, How gently heaves the expiring breast.

AIRAM. C. M.

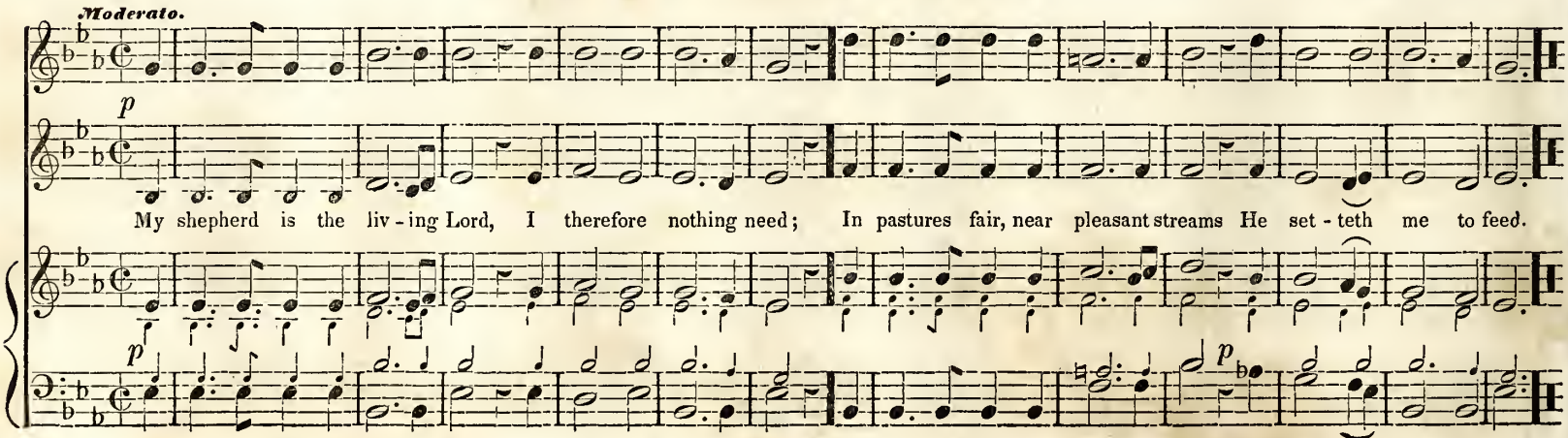
COMER.



VINEYARD. C. M.

HYMN CHANT.

WINCHESTER.



BEACHINGCLIFF. C. M.

SUMPTER.

Hap-py is he that fears the Lord, And fol-lows his commands; Who lends the poor with-out re - ward, Or gives with liberal hand.

CHARLCOMB. C. M.

COMER.

Allegro.

f

Great Ru - ler of all nature's frame, We own thy power di - vine; We hear thy breath in ev' - ry storm, For all the winds are thine.

CHARMOUTH. C. M.

DR. WAINWRIGHT.

Larghetto.

The Lord himself, the migh-ty Lord, Vouchsafes to be my guide; The shepherd by whose con-stant care My wants are all supplied.

BEACON HILL. C. M.

SUMPTER.

Shine forth, E - ter - nal Source of light, And make thy glo-ries known; Fill our enlarged a - dor-ing sight With lus - tre all thy own.

DAWLISH. C. M.

Andante.

O God, ac - cept the sa-cred hour, Which we to thee have given; And let this hallowed scene have power To raise our souls to heaven.

ILCHESTER. C. M.

COMER.

Almigh - ty God, thy word is past, Like seed in - to the ground; Now let the dew of heaven descend, And righteous fruits be found.

GODFREY. C. M.

BRODERIP.

Allegro.

For well the

Let all the just to God with joy, Their cheer - ful voi - ces raise; For well the righ - teous

righ-teous it be - comes,

it . . be - - comes, the righ - teous it be - comes, To sing glad songs of praise, To sing, to sing glad songs of praise.

ST. STEPHENS. C. M.

REV. WM. JONES.

Moderato.

Al-migh - ty Ma-ker, Lord of all; Of life the on - ly spring, Cre - a - tor of un-num-bered worlds, Supreme, E - ter - nal King.

AVON. C. M.

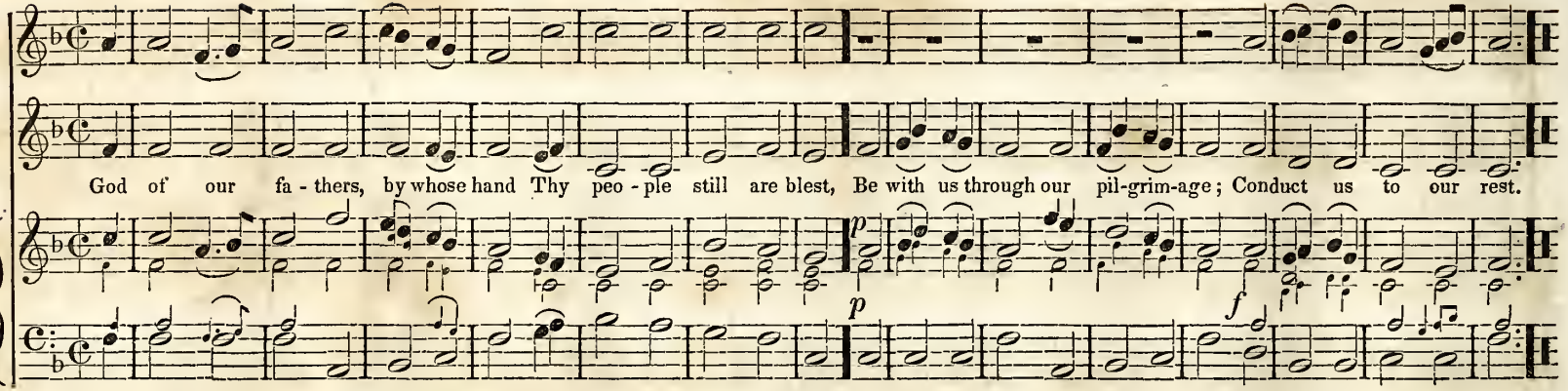
NEUKOMM.

Andante.

Ye gold-en lamps of heaven! farewell With all your fee - ble light, Farewell, thou ev - er changing moon, Pale em-press of the night.

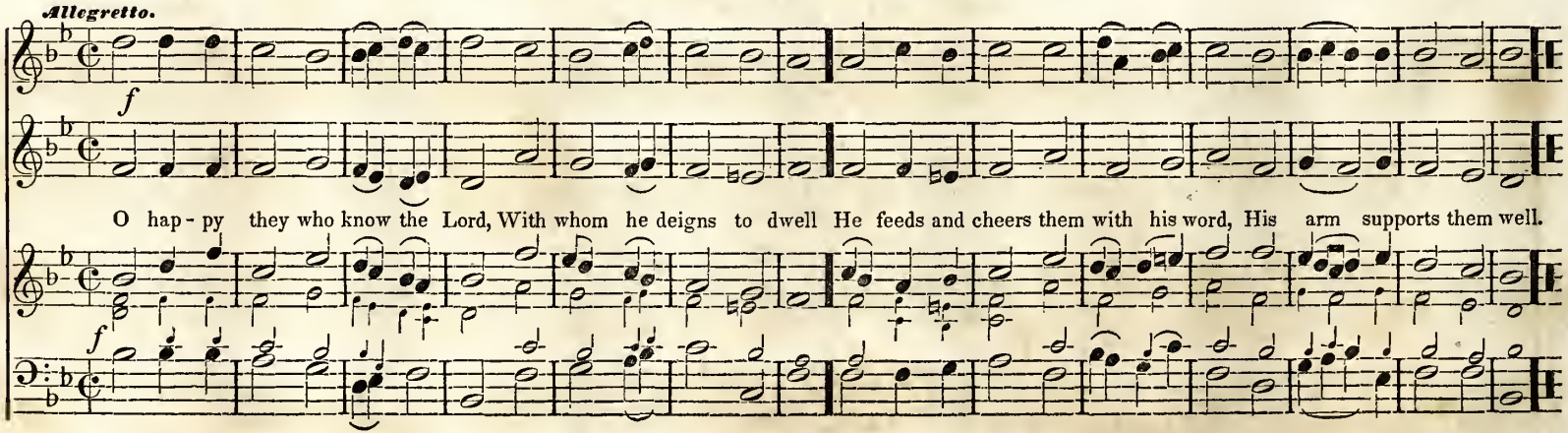
KENT. C. M.

MORNINGTON.



ZION HILL. C. M.

W. J. WHITE.



Larghetto Espressivo:

p *cres.*

While through this changing world we roam From in - fan - cy to age, Heaven is the christian - pilgrim's home, His rest at every stage; Thith-

p *cres.*

- - - - er his raptured thoughts ascend, E - ter-nal joys to share, There his a - dor - ing spir - it bends While here he kneels in prayer.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. DOUBLE. PLEYEL.

Andantino.

With thee I seek pro-tect-ing power, Be my vain wish-es still'd; And may this con-se-cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the power of thought bestow'd, To thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mer-cy o'er my life hath flow'd, That mer - cy I a-dore.

CANAAN. C. M.

SUBJECT FROM BISHOP.

Andante Larghetto.

p

There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In-fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.

HAPPINESS. C. M.

SUBJECT FROM RINK.

Andante.

p

Hap-py the heart where gra-ces reign, Where love inspires the breast; Love is the brightest of the train, And strengthens all the rest.

INSTITUTE CHANT. C. M.

COMER.

Moderato.

O God ac - cept the sa - cred hour Which we to thee have giv'n; And let this hallowed scene have power To raise our souls to Heaven.

BOYLSTON. C. M.

HOLYOKE COLL.

Moderato Allegretto.

E - ter - nal source of life and light Su - premely good and wise; To thee we bring our grate - ful vows, To thee lift up our eyes.

HAVANNAH. C. M.

DR. HARRINGTON.

Andantino.

Con-tin - ue, Lord, to hear my voice, Whene'er to thee I cry; In mer - cy all my prayers receive, Nor my re-quest de - ny.

SHEPHERD. C. M.

L. MARSHALL.

Andantino.

p *cres.*

My shepherd will sup - ply my need; Je - ho - vah is his name: In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.

p *cres.*

STOUGHTON. C. M.

SUBJECT FROM BELCHER.

Andante Affettuoso.

p *cres.*

The church tri-umph-ant in thy love, Their migh-ty joys are known; They sing the lamb in hymns a-bove, And we in hymns be-low.

p *cres*

LAMBRIDGE. C. M.

COMER.

Affettuoso.

My soul how love-ly is the place To which thy God re-sorts; 'Tis heaven to see thy smi-ling face Though in his earth-ly courts.

DEVOTION. C. M.

STEVENSON, WITH ALTERATIONS.

Andantino Affettuoso.

Come ho - ly spir - it, heavenly dove, With all thy quickening powers; Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.

MERCY. C. M.

S. J. STEVENSON.

Andante.

Ye trembling souls, dis - miss your fears, Be mer-cy all your theme; Mer - cy, which like a riv - er flows, In one per-pet - ual stream.

STOKE NEWINGTON. C. M. DOUBLE. DR. ARNE.

Allegretto Moderato.

Fa - ther of me and all mankind, And all the hosts a - bove, Let ev - ery un - der - stand-ing mind U - nite to praise thy love.

Thy kingdom come with power and grace, To ev- ery heart of man: Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness, In all our bosoms reign.

ROCKBRIDGE. C. M.

T. WILLIAMS.

Allegro assai.

Great God, with wonder and with praise, On all thy works we look; But still thy wisdom, power and grace, Shine brightest in thy book, Shine brightest in thy book.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. RANDALL.

Allegro.

Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, heav'nly dove, With all thy quickening powers; Come, shed abroad a Savior's love, And that shall kindle ours, And that shall kindle ours, And that shall kindle ours

BURTON. C. M.

W. J. WHITE.

Allegretto.

When a-ny turn from Zi-on's ways, (A-las how ma-ny do!) Methinks I hear the Savior say, "Wilt thou forsake me too, Wilt thou for-sake me too."

PEMBROKE. C. M.

DALMER.

Andante. Unison.

Praise ye the Lord, im - mor - tal choir, That fill the realms above; Praise him, who form'd you of his fire, Praise him, who form'd you of his fire, And feeds you with his love.

T. S.

GREENWICH. C. M.

DR. MADAN.

Allegretto.

Grant us the powers of quickening grace, To fit our souls to fly, Then when we drop this dy - ing flesh, We'll rise . . . a-bove the sky, We'll rise a - bove the sky.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

Andantino.

Fa-ther, how wide thy glo - ry shines! How high thy won-ders rise! Known thro' the earth by thousand signs, By thousands thro' the skies.

SWANWICK. C. M.

J. LUCAS.

Moderato.

Soon shall the glorious morning come, When all thy saints shall rise, And, clothed in their immortal bloom, Attend thee to the skies, Attend thee to the skies.

WICKLOW. C. M.

WEYMAN.

Allegretto.

Our quickened souls a - wake and rise From their long sleep of death; To heavn'-ly things we turn our eyes, And praise employs our breath, And praise employs our breath.

HOLINESS. C. M.

W. B. WATFORD.

Andante.

Al - migh - ty God, thy wondrous works Of pro - vidence and grace, An an - gel's per - fect mind ex - ceed And all our pride a - base.

WINBORN. C. M.

CUZZENS.

Un poco Allegretto.

All that have motion, life and breath, Pro - claim your Ma-ker blest, But when my voice is lost in death, My soul shall praise him best, My soul shall praise him best.

WORSHIP. C. M.

W. B. WATFORD.

Allegretto Moderato.

mf

O God, our strength, to thee The song with grate-ful hearts we raise; To thee and thee a - lone be - long All wor - ship love and praise.

mf

RESIGNATION. C. M.

D. R. NEWHALL.

CHORAL. *Moderato.*

Lord hear the voice of my com- plaint, Ac - cept my se - cret prayer, To thee a - lone, my gracious God, Will I for help re pair.

BARTON. C. M.

Allegretto.

In vain we trace cre - a - tion o'er, In search of sa- cred rest; The whole cre -a -tion is too poor, To make us ful -ly blest, To make us ful - ly blest.

MILFORD. C. M.

J. STEPHENSON.

Allegro.

If an-gels sung the Savior's birth, On that au - spicious morn, We well may imitate their mirth, We well may imitate their mirth, Now he again is born, Now he a-gain is born.

BROOKS. C. M.

M. P. KING.

Allegretto Moderato.

As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heat-ed in the chase, So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh-ing grace.

LIVERPOOL. C. M.

DR. WAINWRIGHT.

Allegretto Moderato.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My ri - sing soul surveys, Trans-port-ed with the view I'm lost in wonder, love and praise.

Allegro assai.

Hence from my soul sad thoughts be gone, And leave me to my joys; My tongue shall tri-umph in my God, And make a joy - ful noise.

Darkness and doubt had veil'd my mind, And drown'd my head in tears; 'Till sov'reign grace with shi - ning rays, Dispel'd my gloo-my fears, Dis-pel'd my gloo-my fears.

NOTTINGHAM. C. M.

JER. CLARK.

Choral.

Sing to the Lord Je - ho-vah's name, And in his strength rejoice; When his sal - va-tion is our theme, Exalt - ed be our voice

EDGCOMBE. C. M.

W. BURNEY.

Allegretto Moderato.

My drowsy powers why sleep ye so, Awake my sluggish soul; Nothing has half thy work to do, Yet nothing's half so dull, Yet nothing's half so dull.

Allegro Moderato.

Hark! the glad sound, the Sa - vior comes, The Sa - vior promised long, Let every heart pre - - pare him room, Let ev - ery heart pre - - pare him room, And every voice a song, And ev - ery voice a song.

STODDARD. C. M.

DR. MADAN.

Allegretto.

In every joy that crowns my days, In every pain I bear, My heart shall find delight in praise, Or seek relief in prayer, Or seek re-lief in prayer.

WATERTOWN. C. M.

TUCKEY.

Allegro Moderato.

Re-joice ye righteous in the Lord, This work belongs to you; Sing of his name, his ways, his word, How ho - ly just and true, How holy just and true.

POLAND. C. M.

MELODY FROM SWAN.

Andantino.

God of my life, look gent - ly down, Be- hold the pains I feel; But I am dumb be - fore thy throne, Nor dare dis - pute thy will.

RONDEAU. C. M.

F. GIARDINI.

Andantino.

Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace, My God, my heavenly King, Let age to age thy righteousness In sounds of glo - ry sing, In sounds of glo-ry sing.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

HYMN CHANT. R. HARRISON.

Allegro.

Once more, my soul, the ri - sing day, Salutes my wa - king eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To him who rules the skies.

BEDFORD. C. M.

WM. WHEAL. M. B.

CHORAL.

The heav'ns de - clare thy glo - ry, Lord, Which that a - lone can fill; The fir - ma - ment and stars ex -press, Their great cre - a - tor's skill.

THANKSGIVING. C. M.

Allegro Maestoso. Choral.

f

The Lord our God is full of might, The winds obey his will, The winds obey his will; He speaks and in his heavenly height, The rolling sun stands still, The rolling sun stands still.

ANSON. C. M.

AIR FROM **SWAN.**

Allegro Moderato.

Think of the splendors of that place, The joys that are on high; Nor mean - ly rest contented here, With worlds beneath the sky, With worlds beneath the sky.

SAVOY. C. M.

DR. ED. MILLER.

Allegro Moderato Choral.

Who is the King of glo - ry? Who? The Lord for strength renowned; In bat - tle migh-ty; o'er his foes, E - ter - nal vic - tor crowned.

NEWTON. C. M.

T. JACKSON.

Allegro Moderato.

In ev' - ry joy that crowns my days, In ev' - ry pain I bear, My heart shall find de-light in praise, Or seek re - lief in prayer.

FLORA. C. M. A HYMN CHANT.

Allegro Moderato.

When brighter suns and milder skies Proclaim the opening year, What various sounds of joy arise! What prospects bright appear, What prospects bright appear.

BRAMHAM. C. M.

AIR FROM F. GIARDINI.

Allegretto.

Give us with active warmth to move, With vig'rous souls to rise, With hands of faith and wings of love, To fly and take the prize, To fly and take the prize.

COMMANDMENT. C. M.

REV. W. JONES, WITH ALTERATIONS.

Andante.

This is the first and great command, To love thy God a - bove; And this the sec - ond as thy-self, Thy neighbor thou shalt love.

BALERMA. C. M.

Andantino.

O hap - py is the man, Who hears in - struc-tion's warn-ing voice; And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.

p

KILMARNOCK. C. M.

Andante.

Bright was the guiding star that led With mild be - nig-nant ray; The Gen-tiles to the low-ly shed, Where the Re-deem - er lay.

MARTYRDOM. C. M. *

Andantino.

How bright these glorious spir - its shine, Whence all their bright ar - ray; How came they to the bliss-ful seats of ev - er - last - ing day.

* The three last tunes were presented by G. Pollock.

SHEPHERDS. C. M.

CHILLTEM.

Allegro.

While shepherds watch their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone around, And glory shone around.

PLYMOUTH. C. M.

HARWOOD.

Allegretto e Sostenuto.

Look round, O man, sur - vey this globe, Ad-mire cre - a - ting power; See na - ture gives a different robe, To ev - ery herb and flower.

BELLAMY. C. M.

B. BROWN.

Andantino.

Shine on our souls, e - ter - nal God, With rays of beau-ty shine; O, let thy fa - vor crown our days, And all their round be thine.

ARABIA. C. M.

D. NEWHALL.

Allegretto.

We love thy ho-ly temple, Lord, For there thou deign'st to dwell; And there the heralds of thy word, Of all thy mer-cies tell, And there the heralds of thy word, Of all thy mercies tell.

WILTON. C. M.

WILTON.

Allegretto.

Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims For all the pi - ous dead; "Sweet is the sa-vour of their names, And soft their dy - ing bed, And soft their dy-ing bed."

T. S.

SIAM. C. M.

PART OF A GREGORIAN CHANT.

Allegro Spiritoso.

Come let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one

Allegretto Con Brio.

To God their voi - - - - - - - ces raise.

Let Heaven and all that dwell on high, To God their voi - ces raise.

To God their voi - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ces raise.

While lands and seas as - sist the sky, While lands and seas as - sist the sky, To cel - e - brate his praise, To cel - e - brate his praise.

COMPTON. C. M.

J. REED.

Alla Capella.

I sing the mighty power of God, That made the mountains rise; That spread the flowing seas abroad, And built the lofty skies, And built the lof - ty skies.

PALERMO. C. M.

FROM WM. SHORE'S COLL.

Allo. Con Spirito.

2d Treble or Tenor.

Hark, the glad sound, the Sa - vior comes, The Sa - vior promised long, Let ev'- ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev' - ry voice a song, And ev'-ry voice a song.

FRUIT STREET. C. M.

Andantino.

Thee we a - dore, E - ter - nal name, And hum-bly own to thee; How fee - ble is our mor - tal frame, What dy - ing worms are we.

SINCERITY. C. M. HYMN CHANT. STEIBELT.

Allegretto assai.

God is a Spir - it just and wise, He sees our in - most mind; In vain to heaven we raise our cries, And leave our souls be - hind.

TREMONT. C. M.

T. CLARK.

Andantino.

To dis-tant mountains fly.

Since I have placed my trust in God, A ref - uge always nigh, Why should I, like a tim'rous dove, To dis - tant moun - tains fly, To dis-tant moun-tains fly.

AURORA. C. M. HYMN CHANT.

CHILLTEM.

Allegro Moderato.

Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high. To thee will I di-rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.

GARLAND. C. M.

WM. ARNOLD.

Allo. Moderato.

How vain are all things here be - low; How false and yet how fair! Each pleasure has its poi - son too, And ev - ery sweet a snare.

BRADY. C. M.

HYMN CHANT.

COLSON.

Allegretto.

Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ, My heart and tongue employ.

OZIEL. C. M.

HYMN CHANT. B. BROWN.

Allo. Moderato.

Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms; 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms, To call them to his arms.

DEBERT'S. C. M.

HAR: SACRA.

Allegretto.

He is a God of sov'reign love, Who promised heav'n to me, And taught my thoughts to soar a -bove, Where happy spirits be, Where happy spirits be, Where happy spirits be.

JUSTICE. C. M.

COMPOSED BY A CLERGYMAN.
FROM W. DIXON'S POCKET COMPANION.

Moderato.

Faith, hope and love now dwell on earth, And earth by them is blest, But faith and hope must yield to love, But faith and hope must yield to love, Of all the graces best.

ABRIDGE. C. M.

I. SMITH.

Andantino.

Oh! help us, Lord! each hour of need, Thy heavenly suc-cor give; Help us in thought, and word, and deed, Each hour on earth we live.

BRADFORD. C. M.

HANDEL.

Larghetto.

Great God! thine at - tri - butes di- vine, Thy glo - rious works and ways The won- ders of thy migh-ty pow-er The u - ni-verse dis - plays.

DEVIZES. C. M.

TUCKER.

Allegro:

f

Awake my soul! stretch every nerve, And press with vi-gor on, A heavenly race de-mands thy zeal, . . . And an im - - mortal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

f

UNION. C. M.

W. DIXON.

Allegretto.

With cheerful notes let all the earth To heav'n their voi - ces raise; Let all inspired with god - - ly mirth, Sing solemn hymns of praise.

FLETCHER. C. M.

WM. ARNOLD.

Allegro Moderato.

Tenor or 2d Treble.

See, Is-ra-el's gen - tle shepherd stands With all en - ga- ging charms; Hark, how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms.

Organ.

FLAVEL. C. M.

J. GILDON.

Allegretto.

The lof - ty hill, the hum - ble vale, With count-less beauties shine; The si-lent grove, the aw - ful shade, Proclaim thy power di-vine.

T. S.

INVOCATION. C. M.

W. DIXON.

Allegretto

Invoke

O ren-der thanks and bless the Lord, In - voke his sa-cred name; Acquaint the na - tions with his deeds, His matchless deeds proclaim, His matchless deeds proclaim.

Invoke

Allegro Moderato.

Re - joice, be - liev - er, in the Lord, Who makes your cause his own, Who makes your cause his own; The hope that's

built up - on his word, Can ne'er be o - verthrown, Can ne'er be o - ver - thrown, Can ne'er be o - ver-thrown.

PALMER. C. M.

L. NICHOLSON.

Allegro Spiritoso.

Sing we the song of those who stand A - round the e - ter - nal throne; Of ev' - ry kin-dred, clime and land, A mul - ti-tude unknown.

BURIAL. C. M.

Andante.

f

Hear what the voice of heaven proclaims, For all the pi - ous dead; Sweet is the sa - vor of their names, And soft their sleep-ing bed.

REDCLIFF. C. M.

Andantino.

O hap-py is the man Who hears in-struc-tion's faithful voice, And who ce - les - tial wisdom makes, His ear - ly, on - ly choice.

CRESCENT. C. M.

(WITH ALTERATIONS.)

Allegro.

f

This spacious earth is all the Lord's; The Lord's her ful-ness is; The world and all that dwell there - in, By sovereign right are his.

f

WESTON. C. M.

Allegro ma non troppo.

And art thou with us gra-cious Lord, To dis - - si - pate our fears; Dost thou pro-claim thy - - self our God, Our God for - e - ver near.

PICKERING. C. M.

ANCIENT TUNE.

Allegretto.

Let songs of prais - es fill the sky, Christ our as - cend-ed Lord Sends down the spirit from on high, According to his word, According to his word.

PULTENEY. C. M.

Allegretto Moderato.

The saints on earth and those a - bove, But one com-mun-ion make; Joined to the Lord in bonds of love, All of his grace partake.

DUNDEE. C. M.

A SCOTCH AIR.
FROM RAVENSCROFT'S COLL.

Choral.

Let not des-pair nor fell re - venge Be to my bo-som known; O give me tears for oth-ers' woe, And pa-tience for my own.

PIETY. C. M.

Allegro.

f

Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; . . . Let earth re - ceive her King;

f

Let ev - ery heart pre - pare him room; Let ev - ery heart pre - pare him room, And heaven and na - ture sing.

ABINGTON. C. M.

DR. HEIGHINGTON.

Larghetto.

The hosts of God en-camp a-round The dwellings of the just; De-liv-'rance he af-fords to all, Who on his suc-cor trust.

DUNDRY. C. M.

WILLIAMS, WITH ALTERATIONS.

Allegretto.

f *mf* *f*

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round.

f *mf* *f*

FONTAINE. C. M.

REV. J. RIPPON'S COLL.

Allegretto.

O ren-der thanks and bless the Lord; Invoke his holy name; Acquaint the nations with his deeds; His matchless deeds proclaim, His matchless deeds proclaim.

ELLSWORTH. C. M.

W. DIXON.

Andantino.

Sing to the Lord, ye dis-tant lands, A - loud with sol-emn voice; Let ev - - ery tongue ex - alt his praise, And ev - ery heart re- joice.

SOMERSET. C. M.

W. ARNOLD, WITH ALTERATIONS.

Allegretto. *Duet Tenors.*

f

Blest be the e - ver-last-ing God, The Fa - - ther of our Lord: be his abounding mer - cy praised, His ma-jes-ty a- dor- ed, His ma-jes-ty a-dored.

f

DANIEL. C. M.

CHORAL. *Allegro Maestoso.*

f

Be - hold my ser - vant; see him rise ex - alt - ed in my might; Him have I cho - sen, and in him I place su - preme de - light.

f

SEVENTH DAY. C. M.

L. MARSHALL.

Andante.

This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own; Let heaven re - joice, let earth be glad, And praise surround his throne.

CANTERBURY. C. M.

E. BLANCKS.

CHORAL.

God in the high and ho - ly place, Looks down up - on the spheres; Yet in his prov - i- dence and grace, To ev- ery eye ap - pears.

CHORAL. *Allegro.*

The heavenly spheres to thee, O God, At - tune their eve-ning hymn; All wise, all ho - ly, thou art praised In song of se - ra - phim! Un -

num - bered sys-tems, suns and worlds U - nite to wor - ship thee, While thy ma - jes - tic great - ness fills Space, time, e - - ter - ni - ty.

LYNCOMBE. C. M.

WLLIAMS, WITH ALTERATIONS.

Allegretto Moderato.

The race that long in dark - ness pined, Have seen a glorious light; The peo - ple dwell in day, who dwelt In death's sur - round- ing night.

SHARON. C. M.

DR. CARTER.

Andantino.

The spi - rit breathes up - on the word And brings the truth to sight; Pre-cepts and pro - - mi - ses af - ford A sanc - ti- - - fy-ing light.

LYFORD. C. M.

DR. RANDALL.

Moderato.

How blest is he, who ne'er consents By ill advice to walk; Nor stands in sin - ners' ways, nor sits, Where men pro - fane - ly talk.

MARKHAM. C. M.

W. DIXON.

Allegretto.

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I From truth shall ne'er de - part; In rev'rence to thy sa - cred name, De - vout - ly fix my heart.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

DR. CROFT.

CHORAL.

My trust is in my heavenly friend, My hope in thee, my God; Rise and my helpless life de - fend, From those, who seek my blood.

BURFORD. C. M.

H. PURCELL.

Allo. Moderato.

How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choicest rules im - parts, To keep the conscience clean.

Andante.

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur---veys,

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris---ing soul sur---veys,

When all thy mer---cies, O my God,

Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-----der love and praise.

Trans-port-----ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der love and praise.

CIRENCESTER. C. M.

DR. NARES.

Andantino.

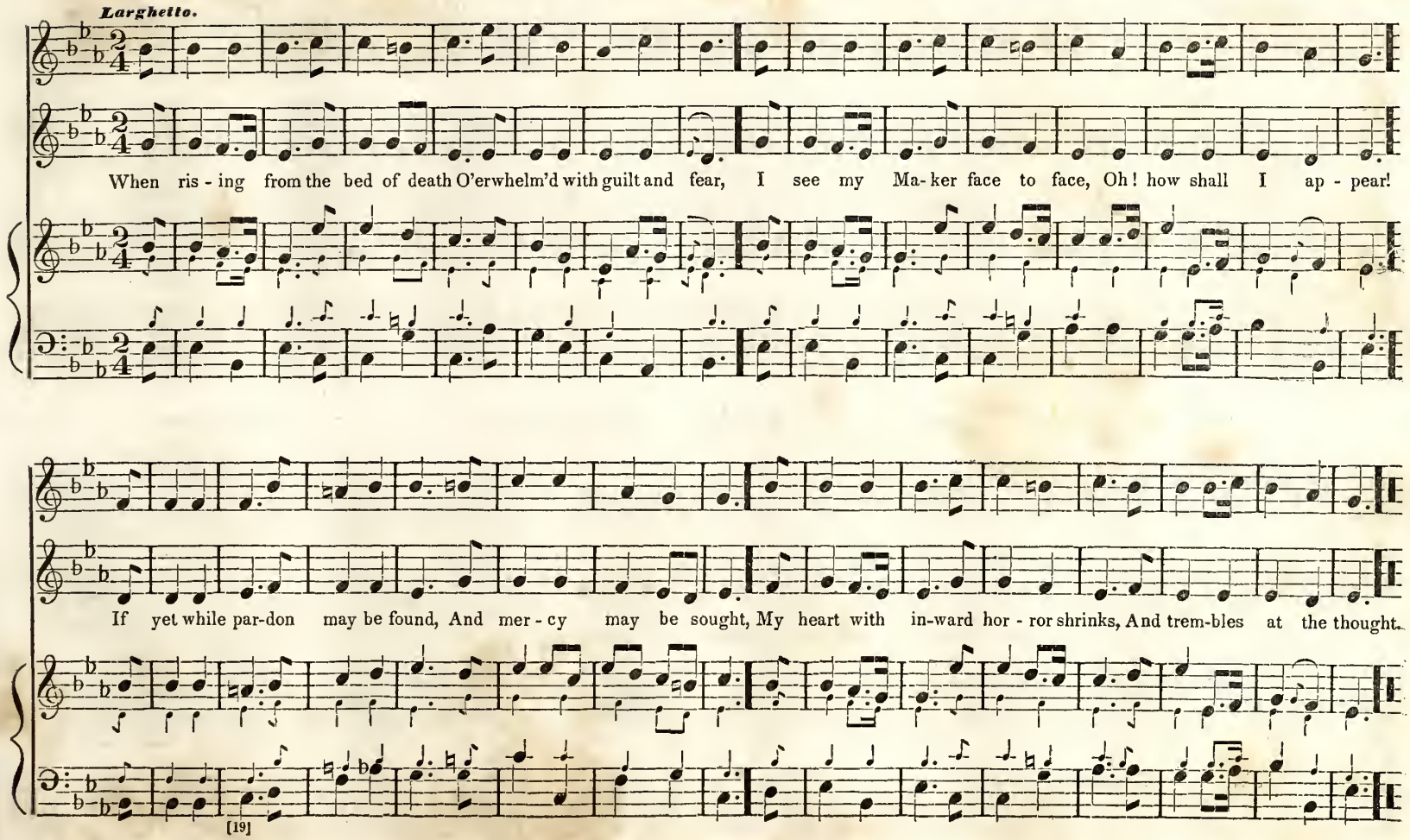
God, my sup - port - er and my hope, My help for - ev - er near; Thine arm of mer-cy held me up, When sink-ing in de-spair.

MAGDALEN. C. M.

Music by J. E.

Moderato.

I wait for thy sal - va-tion Lord, With strong de - sires I wait; My soul, in - vit- ed by thy word, Stands watch-ing at thy gate.


Larghetto.
When ris - ing from the bed of death O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear, I see my Ma-ker face to face, Oh! how shall I ap - pear!
If yet while par-don may be found, And mer - cy may be sought, My heart with in-ward hor - ror shrinks, And trem-bles at the thought.
[19]

PENROSE. C. M.

ISAAC TUCKER.

Allegretto.

p *f*

Know that his king-dom is su-preme; Your lofty thoughts are vain. He calls you gods, that aw-ful name, But ye must die like men: But ye must die like men.

KENDALL. C. M.

JER. CLARK.

Lord, when to-geth-er here we meet, And taste thy heavenly grace, Thy smiles are so di-vine-ly sweet, We're loth to leave the place.

TALLIS' CHANT. C. M.

THOS. TALLIS.

CHORAL.

The year rolls round and steals a - - way The breath that first it gave; Whate'er we do, where - e'er we be, We're trav'ling to the grave.

SEABURY. C. M.

B. MILGROVE.

Allo. Moderato.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris- ing soul sur-veys, Transported with the view I'm lost, In wonder, love, and praise, In wonder love and praise.

CLIPSTONE. C. M.

THO. JARMAN.

Allegretto.

I sing the migh - ty power of God, That made the mountains rise, That spread the flow-ing seas a - broad, And built the lof - ty skies.

GAINSBOROUGH. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL,
COMPOSED AT THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF GAINSBOROUGH.

Andante.

Lord, hear the voice of my complaint, Ac - cept my se - cret prayer; To thee a - lone, my God, my King, Will I for help re - pair.

COVENTRY. C. M.

T. CLARK.

Allo. Moderato.

God moves in a mys - te - rious way, His wonders to per - form; He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm, And rides upon the storm.

BADMINTON. C. M.

R. MOORE.

Andantino.

Blest are the souls that hear and know, The gospel's joy-ful sound; Peace shall at - tend the paths they go, And light their steps sur-roun d.

ARNOLD. C. M.

WM. ARNOLD.

Allegretto.

Where'er I turn my gazing eyes, Thy ra - diant footsteps shine; Ten thousand pleasing won-ders rise, Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise, And speak the hand divine.

ROCHESTER. C. M.

ISAAC HOLDRAYD.

Choral.

God, my sup-port - er and my hope, My help for - ev - er near, Thine arm of mer - cy held me up, When sink-ing in des - pair.

LONDON. C. M.

DR. CROFT.

Choral.

O ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, Whom heavenly hosts o - bey, The world is with the glo - ry fill'd Of thy ma - jes - tic sway.

OLD 134th. C. M. *

AN OLD FRENCH MELODY.

Choral.

With one consent let all the earth To God their voi - ces raise; Glad homage pay with aw - ful mirth, And sing loud songs of praise.

* This melody is set to the 134th of Marot & Beza's Psalms, printed at Strasburg 1545, and was afterwards applied in England to the 100 Ps. and since called Old 100.—The time here is conformable to the original.

MATIN. C. M.

J. GILDON.

Allo. Moderato.

Now con-de-scend, Al-migh - ty king, To bless this hap-py throng; And kind-ly list - en while we sing, Our grate - ful morn-ing song.

STARK. C. M.

J. PADDON.

Lento.

As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in . . . the chase, So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re-fresh - ing grace.

LETHBRIDGE. C. M.

J. ECKLEY.

Cantabile.

'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of e - - ter - nal power! The sea grows calm at thy command, And tem-pests cease to roar.

AILEMA. C. M.

HYMN CHANT.

COMER.

Andante.

O God, ac - cept the sa - cred hour Which we to thee have given; And let this hallowed scene have power To raise our souls to heaven.

DALTON. C. M.

HYMN CHANT.

COLSON.

Choral.

Al - migh-ty Fa-ther, gracious Lord! Kind guardian of my days, Thy mercies let my heart re - cord, In songs of grate-ful praise.

GREENWAY. C. M.

W. J. WHITE.

Allegretto.

I love the Lord, he heard my cries, And pit - ied ev' - ry groan; Long as I live when troub-les rise, I'll hasten to his throne, I'll hast - - en to his throne.

Allegretto.

This is the day the Lord hath made; O earth, re - joice and sing; Let songs of tri - umph hail the

f

morn, Ho - san - na to our King! Let songs of tri - umph hail the morn, Ho - san - na to our King!

f

SALEM. C. M.

M. VERTUE.

CHORAL.

Allo. Con Spirito.

O, 'twas a joyful sound to hear Our tribes de-vout - ly say, "Up Is-rael to the temple haste, And keep your fes-tal day." At Salem's court we

Unison.

must ap - pear, With our as-sem-bled powers; In strong and beauteous or - der ranged, Like her u - ni - ted towers, Like her u - ni - ted towers.

T. S.

NELSON. S. M.

Andante.

God, who is just and kind, Will those who err in - struct; And to the paths of right - eous- ness Their wandering steps con- duct.

HARPER. S. M.

A. RADIGER.

Un poco Allegro.

The Lord my shepherd is, I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want beside, What can I want be-side.

HAMPTON. S. M.

COMER.

Andante.

The Lord my shepherd is, I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want be - side.

HENNIKER. S. M.

L. MARSHALL.

CHORAL *Allegro.*

f

Let ev' - ry crea - ture join To praise th'e - ter - nal God; Ye heavenly hosts the song be - gin, And sound his name a - broad.

f

POWELL. S. M.

W. J. WHITE.

Moderato.

Did Christ for sinners weep, And shall our tears be dry? Let floods of pen- i - ten-tial grief, Burst forth from ev' - ry eye, Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

KINGSTON. S. M.

T. FIRTH.

Allegretto.

Let all our songs abound, And all our tears be dry; We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high, To fairer worlds on high.

BATHFORUM. S. M.

COMER.

CHORAL. *Allegro.*

f

Come sound his praise a-broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho- vah is the sovereign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

f

WEST NEWBURY. S. M.

T. BRICHER.

Allegretto.

See what a liv-ing stone The build-ers did re- fuse; Yet God hath built his church thereon, In spite of en-vious Jews.

Andantino.

How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill! Who bring sal - va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

f

2. How charming is their voice! How sweet the ti-dings are! Zi - on, be-hold thy Sa-viour, King! He reigns in tri-umph here.

f

COLLEGE GREEN. S. M.

W. P. S.

Allegro.

Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel- come to this re - vi- ving breast, And these re - joic-ing eyes.

ENMORE. S. M.

SUBJECT, LINDPAINTER.

Andante.

Come to the house of prayer, O thou af - flict - ed, come; The God of peace shall meet thee there, He makes that house his home.

Moderato.

My Ma-ker, and my King, To thee my all I owe: Thy sovereign boun-ty is the spring, From whence my blessings flow.

MALVERN. S. M.

Allegretto.

How glo-rious, Lord, art thou! How bright thy splen-dors shine, Whose rays, re-flect-ed gild thy saints With or - - na - - ments di-vine.

REST. S. M.

MEHUL.

Allegretto Moderato.

Sweet is the task, O Lord, Thy glorious acts to sing; To praise thy name, and hear thy word, And grate-ful offerings bring.

MORTON. S. M.

SWEDISH AIR.

Andante.

Give to the winds thy fears, Hope and be un - dis - mayed; God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.

Andantino.

A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2. To serve the pres-ent age, My call-ing to ful - fil; O may it all my powers en-gage, To do my mas-ter's will.

BATSFORD. S. M.

COMER.

Andantino.

When o - ver-whelmed with grief, My heart with - in me dies;—Help-less, and far from all re - lief, To heaven I lift mine eyes.

WARMINSTER. S. M.

SUBJECT, K. R. PYE.

Andantino.

'Tis God the Spi-rit leads In paths be- fore un - known; The work to be per-formed is ours; The strength is all his own.

BLAKELEIGH. S. M.

From the HARMONICON, N. S.

CHORAL. *Allegro.*

Be - hold! the lof - ty sky De - clares its ma - ker God; And all his star - ry works on high, Pro-claim his power a - broad.

LOCKSBROOK: S. M.

BROWNSON, with alterations.

CHORAL. *Allegro.*

f

Ye ser - vants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait; Ob - serv-ant of his heavenly word, And watch - ful at his gate.

f

SEZINCOT. S. M.

HOFFNUNG.

Andantino.

p

The Spir - it, in our hearts, Is whispering, sin-ner, Come; The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims To all his children, "come!"

IMMANUEL. S. M.

PICTOU COLL.

Allegro.

f

Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur-round his throne.

f

CHAUNCY. S. M.

Allo. Moderato.

Thou judge of quick and dead, Be - fore whose bar . . se - vere, With ho - ly joy or guil - ty dread We all shall soon ap - pear.

ASCRIPTION. S. M.

(Old 100 in short metre.*) A FRENCH MELODY.

CHORAL.

To God the on - - ly wise, Our Sa - viour and our King, Let all the saints be - low the skies, Their grate - ful hom- age bring.

*By omitting the 2d bar in the 2d line, Old 100 may be sung in C. M. and S. M.; and the two notes omitted are but repetitions of the preceding note. Old 100, Old 50th (Landaff), and Old 124th, sometimes called Montague, Newark, Wilton or Weldon, are among the oldest tunes now in use, and were set to Marot's Psalms, printed at Strasburgh 1543. The last has been ascribed to Guil. (William) Franck, and there is good reason to believe he was author of them all.

CUDWORTH. S. M.

W. ARNOLD.

Moderato.

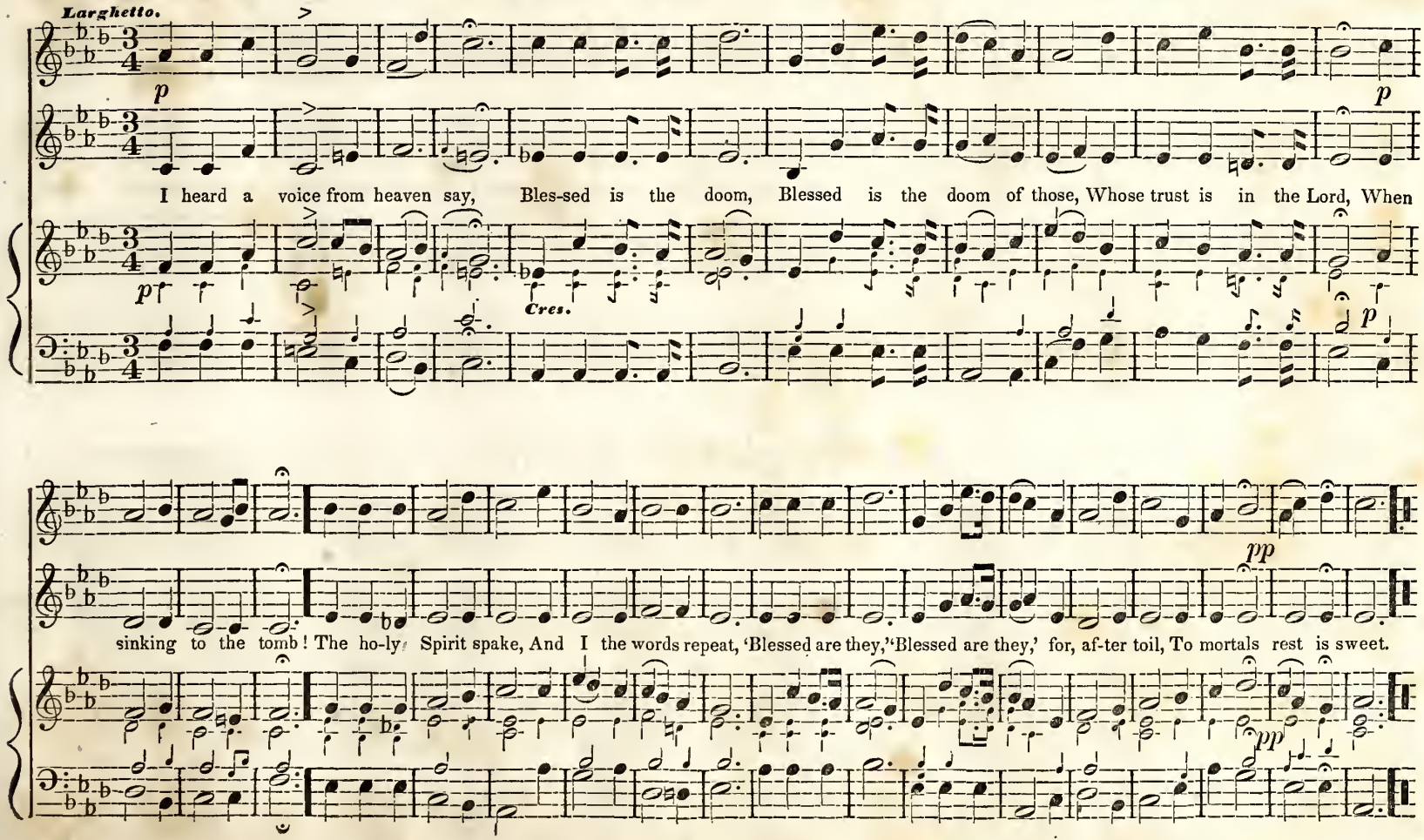
And am I born to die, To lay this bo - dy down, And must my trem - bling spi - rit fly, In - to a world un - known.

HARRISON. S. M.

REV. R. HARRISON.

Allegretto.

How va - rious and how new Are thy com - passions, Lord! Each morn-ing shall thy mer - cy shew, Each night thy love re - cord.


Larghetto.
p
I heard a voice from heaven say, Bles-sed is the doom, Blessed is the doom of those, Whose trust is in the Lord, When
Cres.
sinking to the tomb! The ho-ly Spirit spake, And I the words repeat, 'Blessed are they,' 'Blessed are they,' for, af-ter toil, To mortals rest is sweet.
pp

NORTON. S. M. HYMN CHANT.

COLSON.

CHORAL.

How will my heart en - dure The ter-rors of that day? When earth and heaven be - fore his face, As - tonish'd shrink a - way.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A part of Holborn or the Christian Soldier.
By A. WILLIAMS.

CHORAL.

Sol-dier of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on: Strong in the strength that God supplies, Through his e - ter - nal son.

DAYTON. S. M.

W. J. WHITE.

Allo. con dolore. *Pia.*

And am I born to die? To lay this bo - dy down? And must my trembling spir - it fly, In - to a world unknown, In - to a world unknown.

THATCHER. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

Allegretto.

O Lord, ac - cept the praise Of these our hum - ble songs, Till tunes of no-bler sounds we raise, With our im - mor - tal tongues.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

IS. SMITH.

Allo. Animato.

Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the sovereign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

S. STANLEY.

Allo. Moderato.

He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pas - ture grows; Where liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly pass, And full Sal - va - tion flows.

KNAP. S. M.

J. GUPPIE.

Allegretto.

How hap-py are our ears That hear this joy-ful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought but never found, And sought but never found.

ROEHAMPTON. S. M.

C. LOCKHART.

Andante.

Raise your tri - umph-ant songs To an immor - tal tune; Let the wide earth resound the deeds Ce - les - tial grace hath done, Ce - les-tial grace hath done.

OWEN. S. M.

A. FRENCH.

Moderato.

Our days are as the grass, Or as the morning flower; If one sharp wind sweep o'er the field, It with-ers in an hour.

WINTHROP. S. M.

HYMN CHANT.

T. JACKSON.

Choral.

Far as thy name is known, The world declares thy praise, Thy saints, O Lord, be-fore thy throne, Their songs of hon - or raise.

CLAPTON. S. M. HYMN CHANT.

Rev. Wm. JONES.

Allegretto.

Thy name, Al - migh- ty Lord, Shall sound through dis-tant lands; Great is thy grace and sure thy word, Thy truth for - ev - er stands.

T. S. T. S.

WESTMINSTER. S. M. CHANT.

DR. BOYCE.

Allegro Moderato.

To bless thy cho- sen race, In mer - cy, Lord, in- cline, And cause the brightness of thy face, On all thy saints to shine.

BADONIA. S. M.

HARMONICON.

Andante.

Lord, what a fee - ble piece, Is this our mor - tal frame! Our life how poor a tri - fle 'tis, That scarce deserves a name.

WRINGTON. S. M.

W. ARNOLD, ALTERED.

Affettuoso.

To - mor-row, Lord is thine, Lodged in thy sovereign hand; And if its sun a - rise and shine, It shines by thy command.

ALL SAINTS. S. M.

Andante.

Be - hold the Prince of Peace! The cho-sen of the Lord! God's well be - lov - ed son ful - fils, The sure pro-phet - ic word.

RUNDALL. S. M.

SUBJECT FROM ZELTER.

Allegretto.

Thy mercies and thy love, O Lord, re - call to mind; And gra-cious-ly con - tin - ue still, As thou wert ev - er kind.

LOTHROP. S. M.

Allegretto.

Join in a song

Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song . . . . . with

Join in a song . . . . . .

sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.

ARMENIA. S. M.

S. STANLEY.

Vigoroso.

The Lord on high proclaims His godhead from his throne. "Mer-cy and jus - - tice are the names, By which I will be known, By which I will be known."

RAY. S. M. HYMN CHANT.

T. GARDENER.

Allegretto.

Come, sing Je - ho - vah's praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose an- ger is so slow to rise, So rea-dy to a - - - bate.

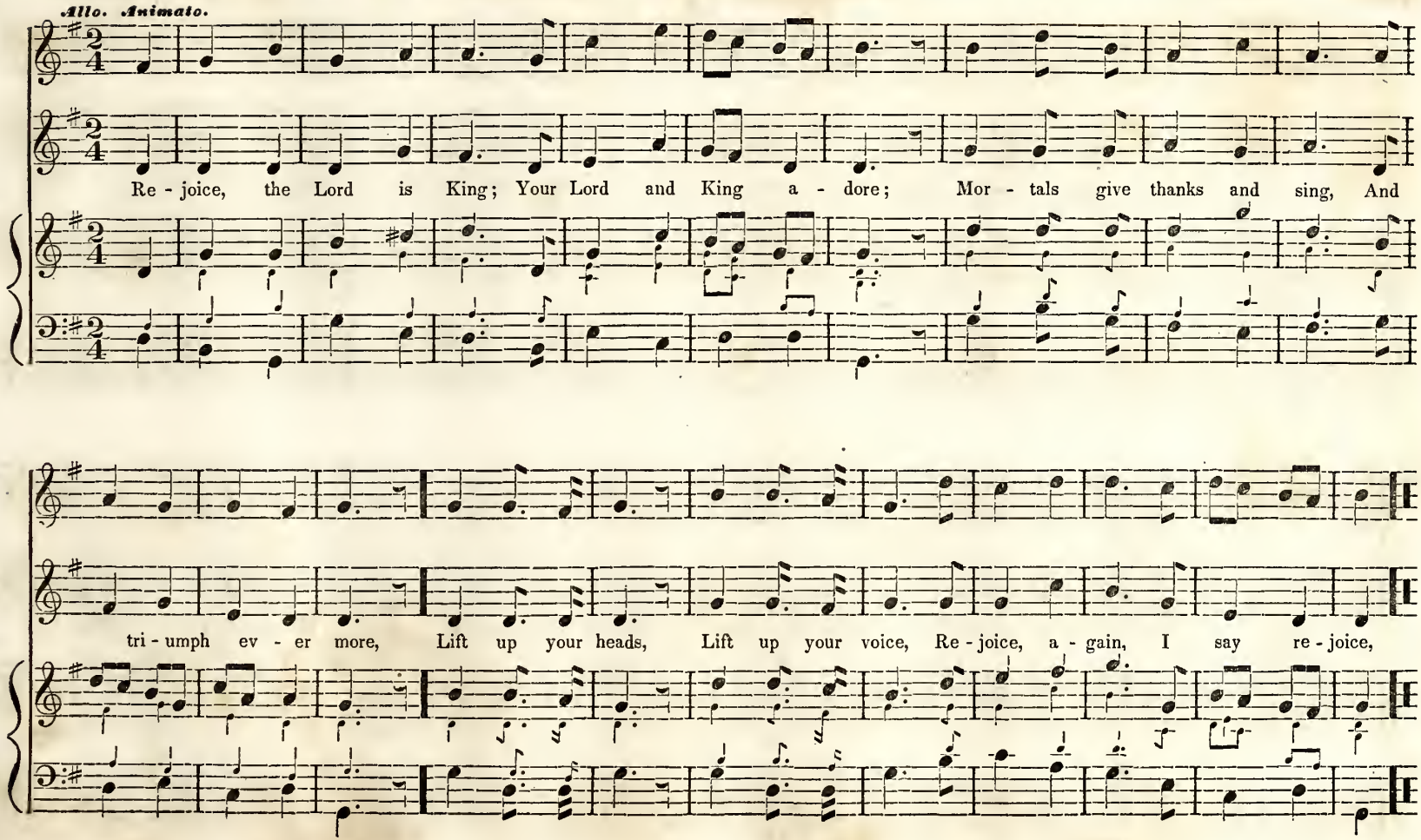
PORTSMOUTH. H. M.

From G. F. HANDEL.

Allegretto.

Ye bound-less realms of joy, Ex - alt your Ma - ker's fame; His praise your songs em - ploy, A - bove the

star - ry frame; Ye ho - ly throng of an-gels bright, In worlds of light be - gin the song, In worlds of light be - gin the song.


Allo. Animato.
Re - joice, the Lord is King; Your Lord and King a - dore; Mor - tals give thanks and sing, And
tri - umph ev - er more, Lift up your heads, Lift up your voice, Re - joice, a - gain, I say re - joice,

SHEPTON MALLET. H. M.

COMER.

Andantino.

p

Up - ward I lift mine eyes, From God is all my aid; The God that built the skies, And earth and nature made:

p

the tower to

God is the tower to which I fly, His grace is nigh in every hour, God is the tower to which I fly, His grace is nigh in every hour.

to which

Allegretto.

Forth in the flow - - - ery spring, We see . . . . thy beau - ty move; The birds on branch - - - es sing, Thy ten - - - der -

- - ness and love. Wide flush the hills, The air . . . is balm; De - vo - - tion's calm The bo - som fills.

ST. PHILIP'S. H. M.

LEVESQUE. ALTERED.

Andante.

To God the migh - ty Lord, Your joy - ful thanks re - peat; To him due praise af - ford, As

good as he is great; For God does prove our con-stant friend, His boundless love shall nev - er end.

Allegretto.

Join all the glo-rious names, Of wis-dom, love and power, That ev - er mor - tals knew, That an - gels ev - er bore.

All are too mean to speak his worth, Too mean to set my Sa - vior forth, Too mean to set my Sa - vior forth.

CHARITY. H. M.

SUBJECT CZERNY.

Andante.

How beau - ti - ful the sight, Of breth - ren who a - gree In friend - ship to u - nite, And bonds of char - i - ty;

'Tis like the pre - cious oint - ment shed O'er all his robes, From Aa - ron's head.

CHORAL. *Allegro.*

His praise your songs employ,

Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex - alt your ma - ker's fame; His praise your songs employ, His praise your songs em-

f

ORGAN.

His praise your songs em - ploy,

- - ploy, A - bove the star - ry frame; Your voi - ces raise, Ye cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, To sing his praise.

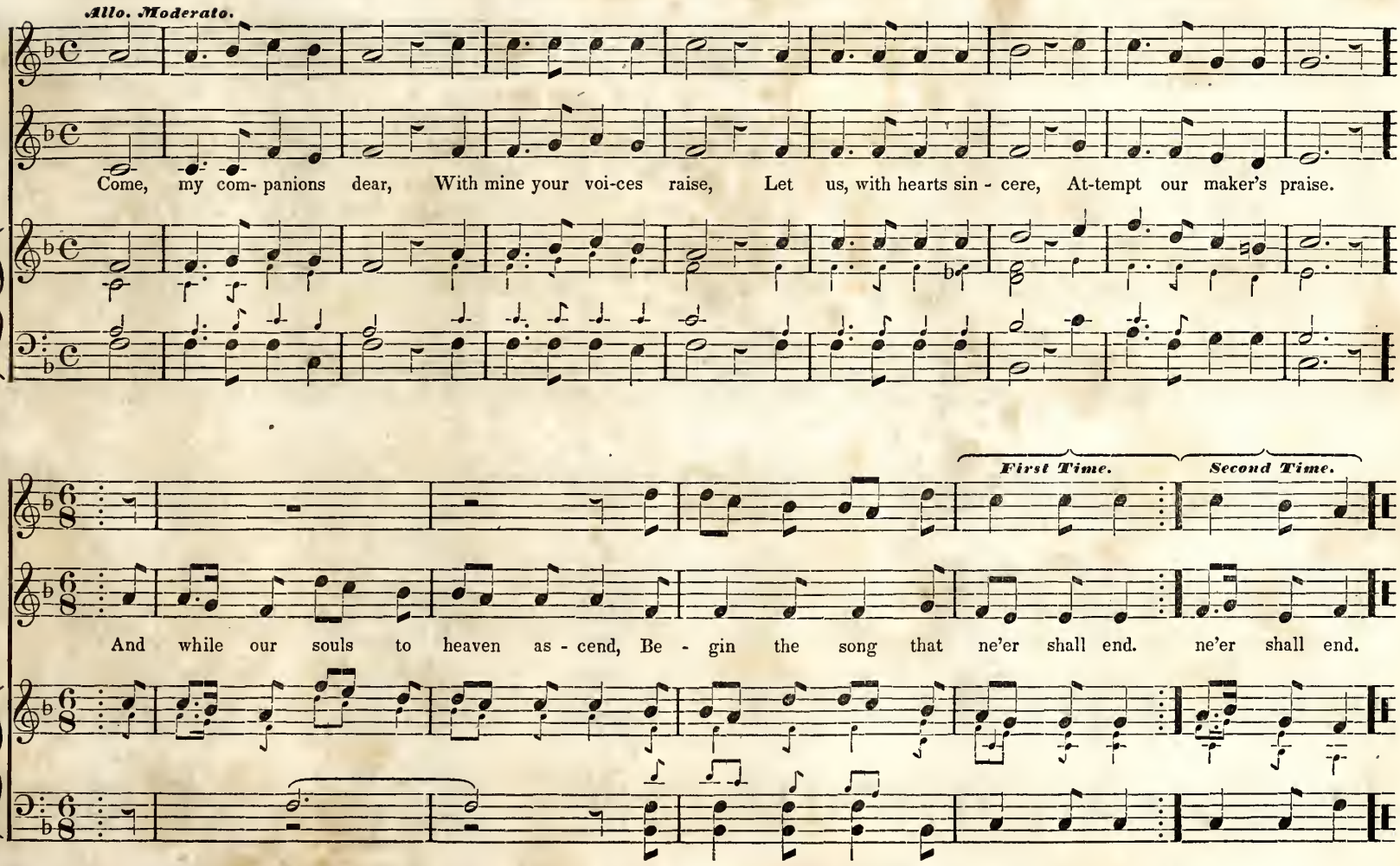
CARISBROOK. H. M.

COMER.

CHORAL. *Allegro.*

Lord of the worlds be-low! On earth thy glo-ries shine; The chang-ing sea-sons show Thy skill and power di - vine.

In all we see, a God ap - pears, In all we see a God ap - pears; The roll - ing years are full of Thee.


Allo. Moderato.
Come, my com- panions dear, With mine your voi-ces raise, Let us, with hearts sin - cere, At-tempt our maker's praise.
First Time.
Second Time.
And while our souls to heaven as - cend, Be - gin the song that ne'er shall end. ne'er shall end.

LINWOOD. H. M.

From GREENWOOD'S Collection.

Allegretto.

Lord of the worlds a - - - bove, How plea - - sant and how fair, The dwell - ings of thy love, Thine

earth - ly tem - ples are! To thine a - bode My heart as - pires, With warm de - sires, To see my God.

Allegro.

Ye bound - less realms of joy, Ex - - alt your ma - - - ker's fame; His praise your songs em - ploy, A -

Your voi - ces raise,

- - - bove the star - ry frame. Your voi - ces raise, Ye che - ru - bim, And se - - ra - phim, To sing his praise.

BOSCAWEN. H. M.

L. MARSHALL.
Words by Rev. M. Elliot.

Allegro.

When Je - sus form'd the world, And spread the heavens a - broad, Dark - ness a - way was hurl'd, And light in splendor

flow'd; With ho - ly flame; Then an - gels prais'd The Lord who rais'd Cre - a - tion's frame.

CHORAL. *Allegro Spirito.*

f

To God the migh-ty Lord, Your joy - ful thanks re - peat! To him due praise af - ford, As good as he is great.

f

For God does prove Our con - stant friend, His bound - less love Shall nev - - er end.

Allegro.

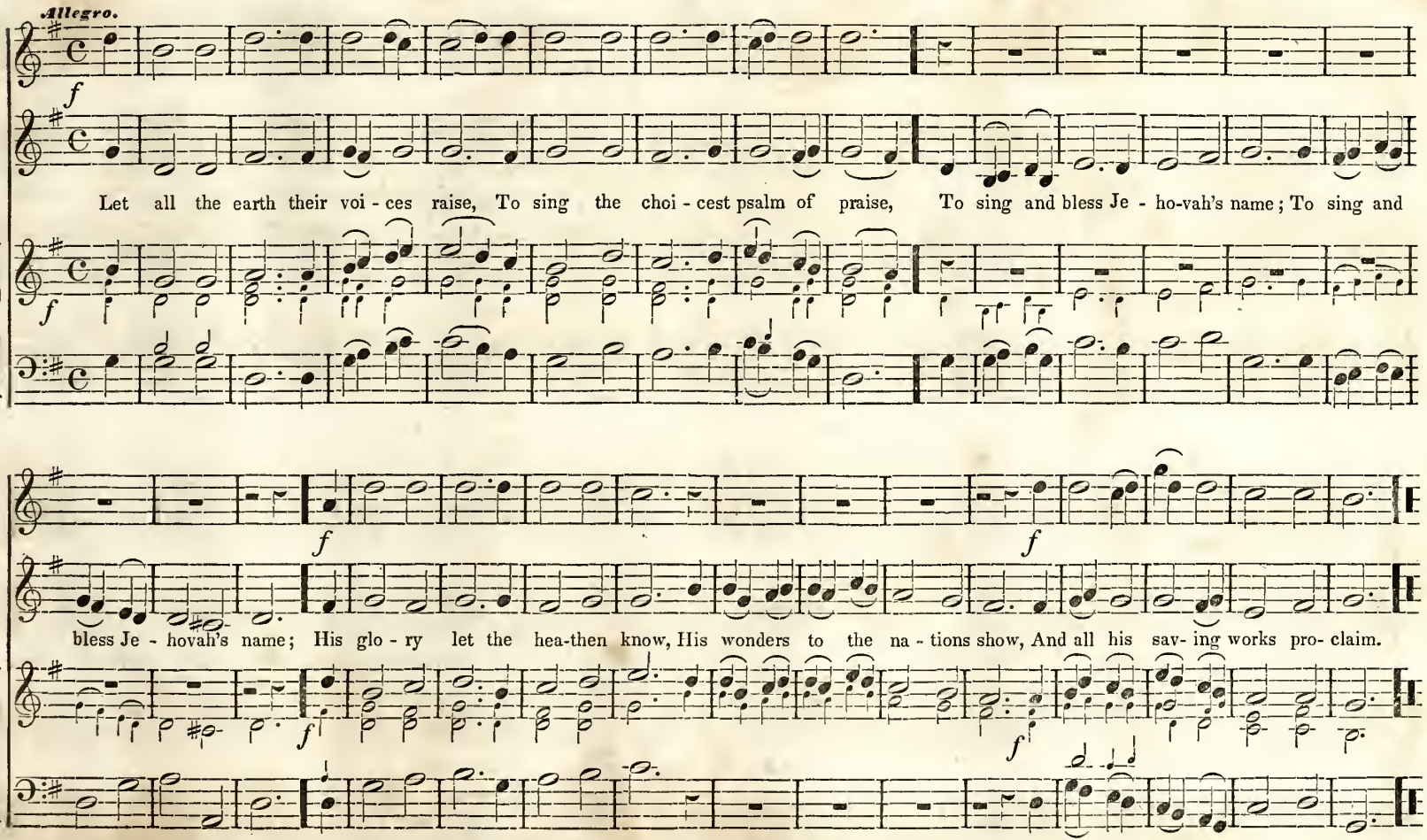
f

Great Fa - ther of man-kind, We bless that wondrous grace, Which could for gen-tiles find With - in thy courts a place.

f

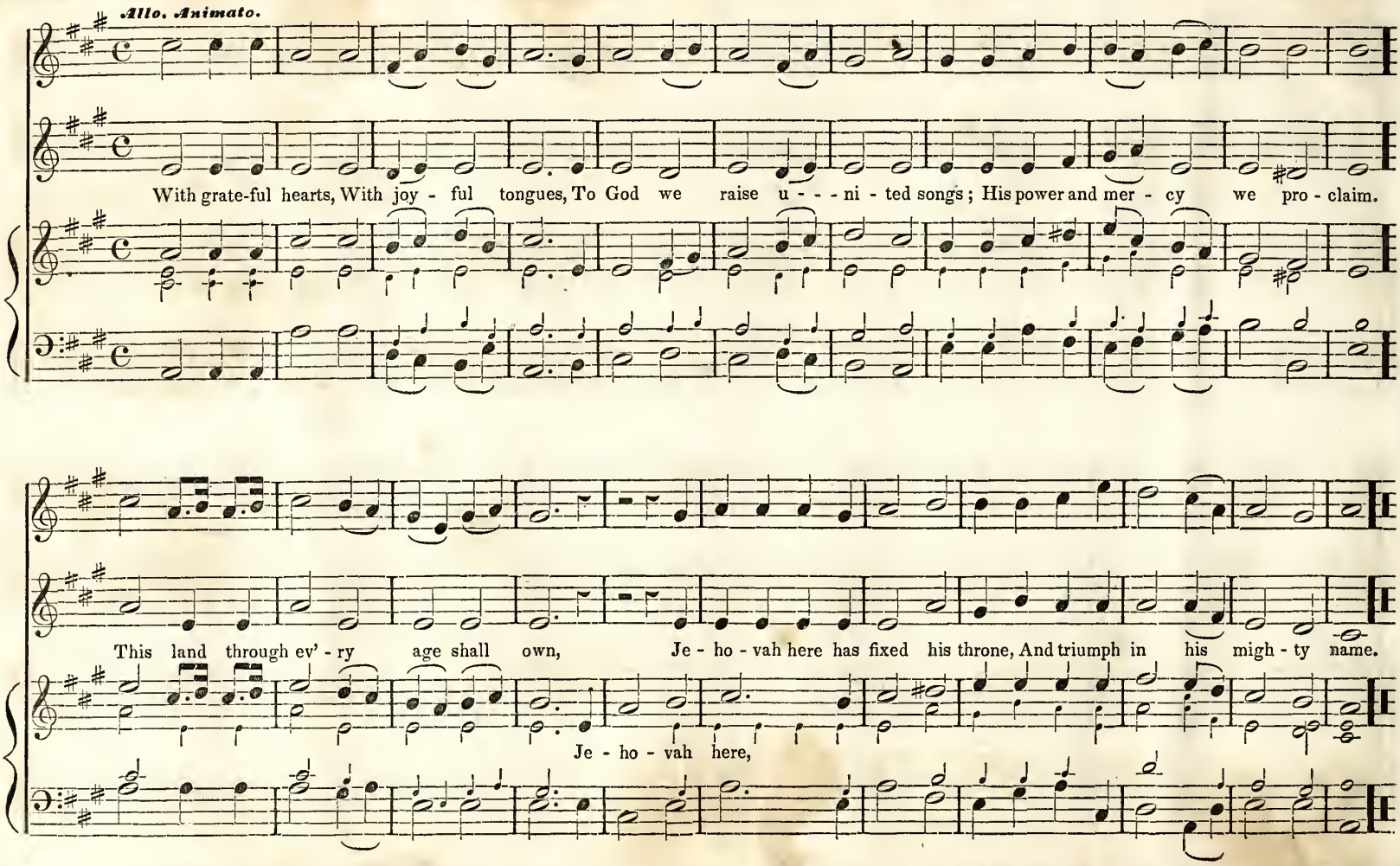
How kind the care, our God dis-plays

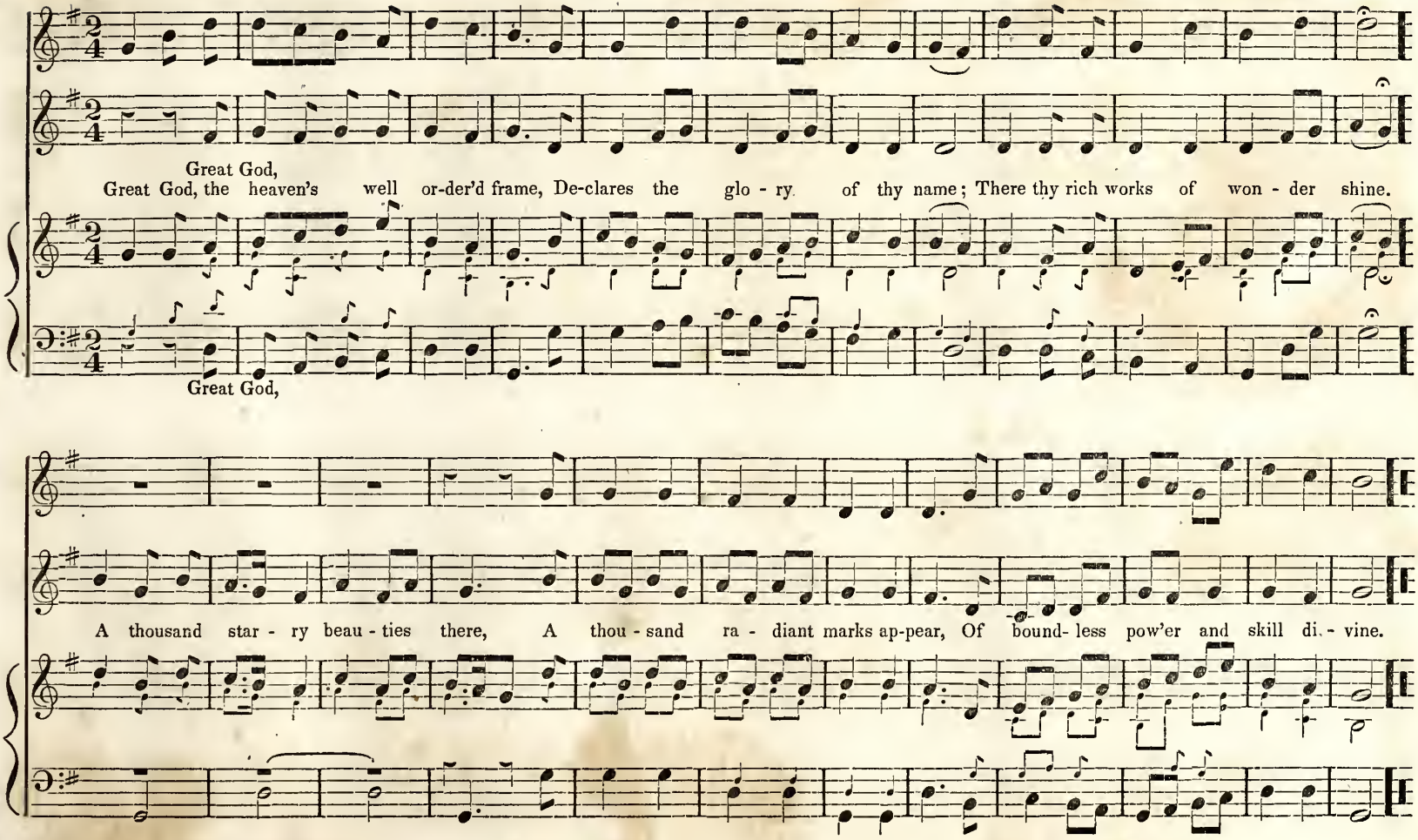
How kind the care, Our God dis - - plays, For us to raise . . . . A house of prayer.


Allegro.
f
Let all the earth their voi - ces raise, To sing the choi - cest psalm of praise, To sing and bless Je - ho-vah's name; To sing and
f
f
f
bless Je - hovah's name; His glo - ry let the hea-then know, His wonders to the na - tions show, And all his sav- ing works pro- claim.
f
f

ONSLOW. L. P. M.

(As the old 113th Ps.) MELODY FROM **FAWCETT.**




Great God,
Great God, the heaven's well or-der'd frame, De-clares the glo - ry of thy name; There thy rich works of won - der shine.
Great God,
A thousand star - ry beau - ties there, A thou - sand ra - diant marks ap-pear, Of bound- less pow'er and skill di - vine.

MORLEY. L. P. M.*

W. J. WHITE.

Allegretto.

Hap - py the man, whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God, who made the sky, And earth and seas with all their train;

His truth for - ev - er stands se - cure; He saves th'oppressed, he feeds the poor; And none shall find his prom - ise vain.

* Clifton, L. M. p. 53, is an extract from this tune.

Allegretto.

Ye ho - ly souls in God re - joice, Your ma-ker's praise be-comes your voice; Great is your theme, Your songs be new.

Sing of his name, his word, his ways, His works of na - ture and of grace; How wise and ho - - - ly, just and true.

ANTWERP. L. P. M.

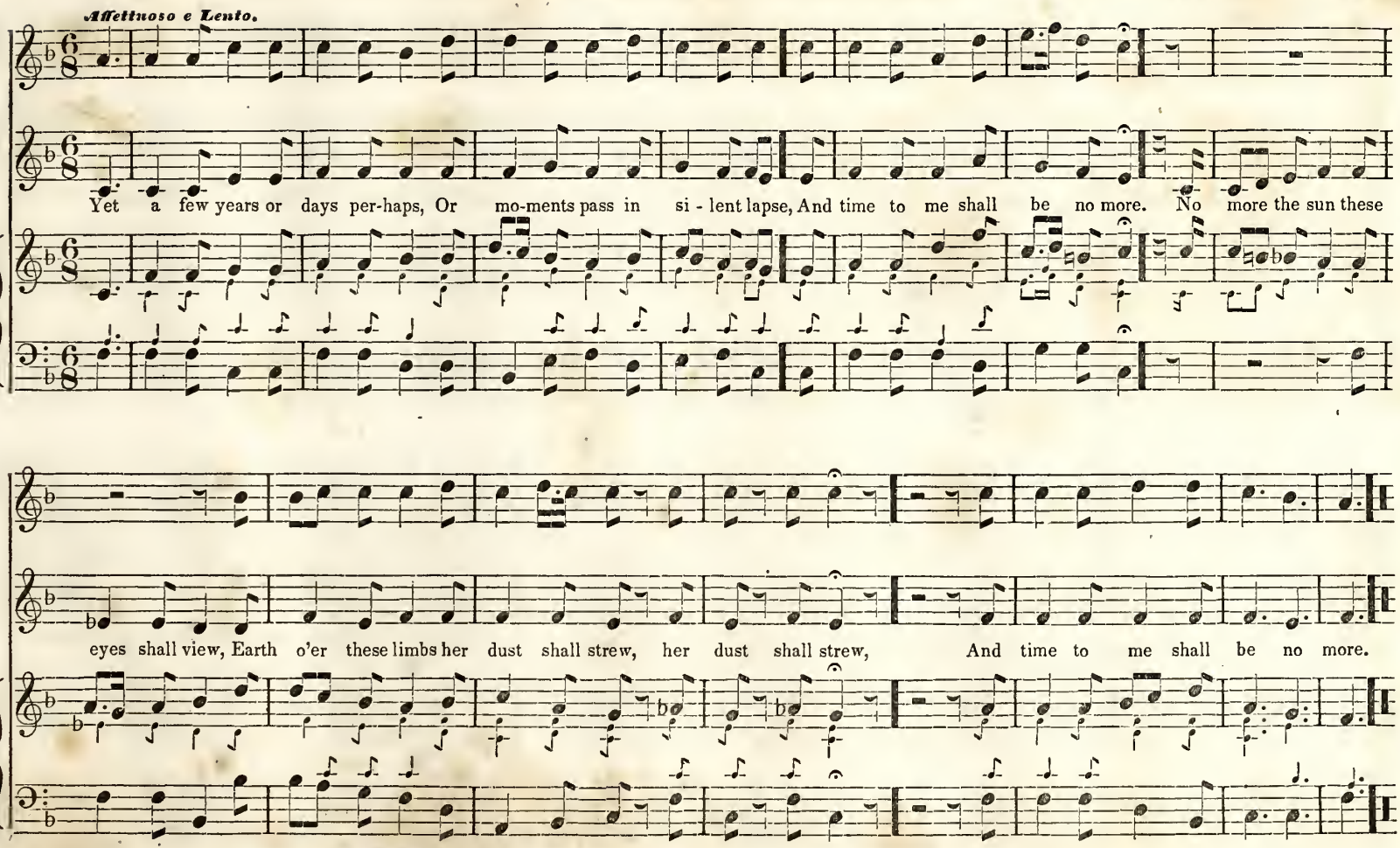
OLD FRENCH MELODY.*

Allegro Moderato.

I'll praise my Ma- ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em- ploy my no - - bler powers.

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - - ty en - dures.

* This is one of the melodies first set to Marot's and Beza's Psalms, printed at Augsburgh 1543, and was probably composed by Wm. Franck.


Affettuoso e Lento.
Yet a few years or days per-haps, Or mo-ments pass in si - lent lapse, And time to me shall be no more. No more the sun these
eyes shall view, Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew, her dust shall strew, And time to me shall be no more.

HEBRON. 6 line L. M.

(As the old 112th Ps.)

Miss LAURA RUSH.

Andante.

O, thou, my God, to thee my eyes, I lift ere yet the dawn a - rise. Thy beams in bright ef - ful-gence play, And

turn my dark-ness in - to day. In thank-ful notes I'll sing thy praise, Nor cease while breath pro - longs my days.

Allegro. Moderato.

When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the thirs - ty mountain pant, To fair - er vales and dew - y meads, My

wea - ry, wandering steps he leads, Where peaceful riv - ers soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant landscapes flow.

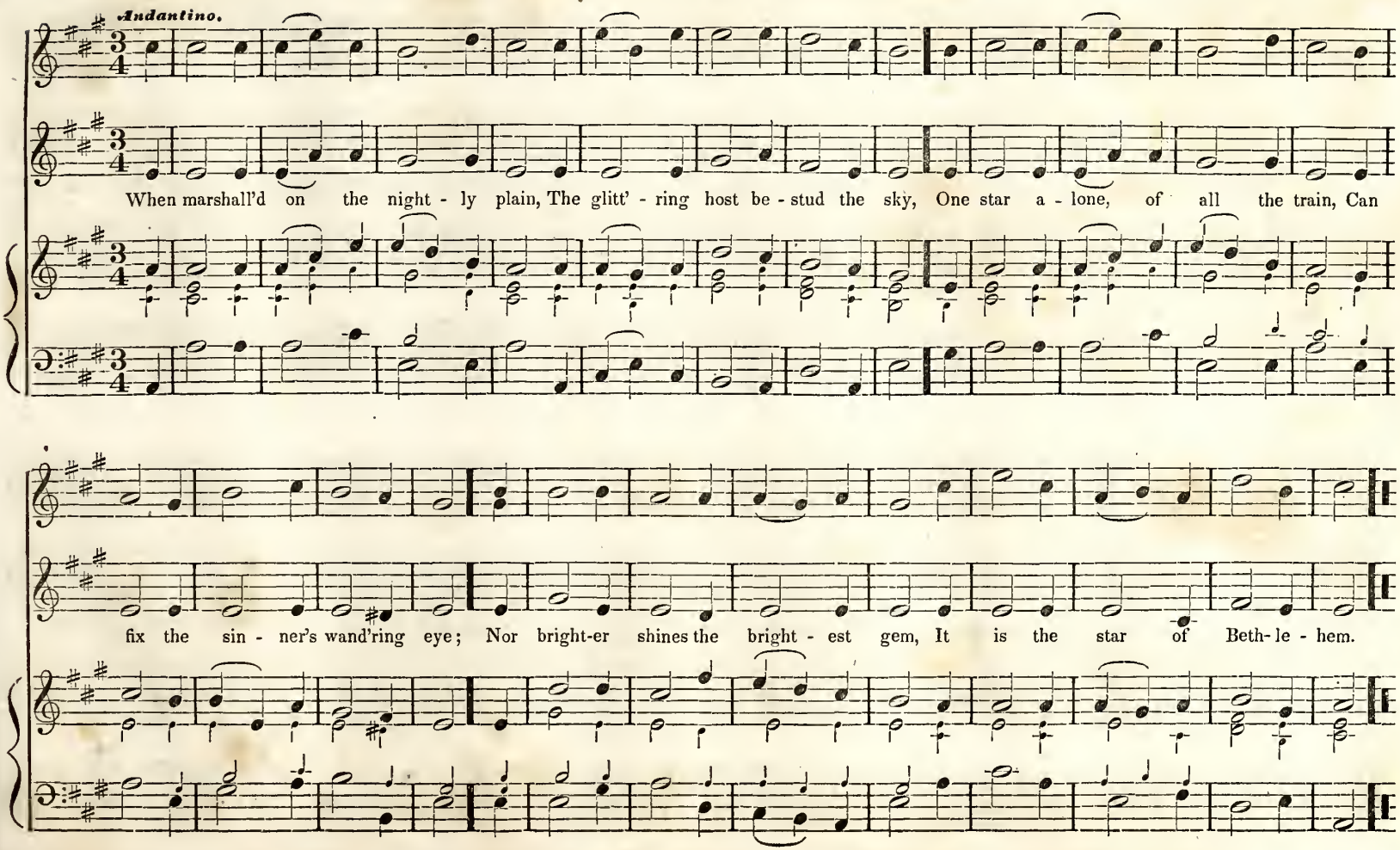
THORNTON. 6 line L. M.

M. VERTUE.

What must it be to dwell a - bove, At God's right hand where Je - sus reigns? Since the sweet ear-nest of his love, O'er-

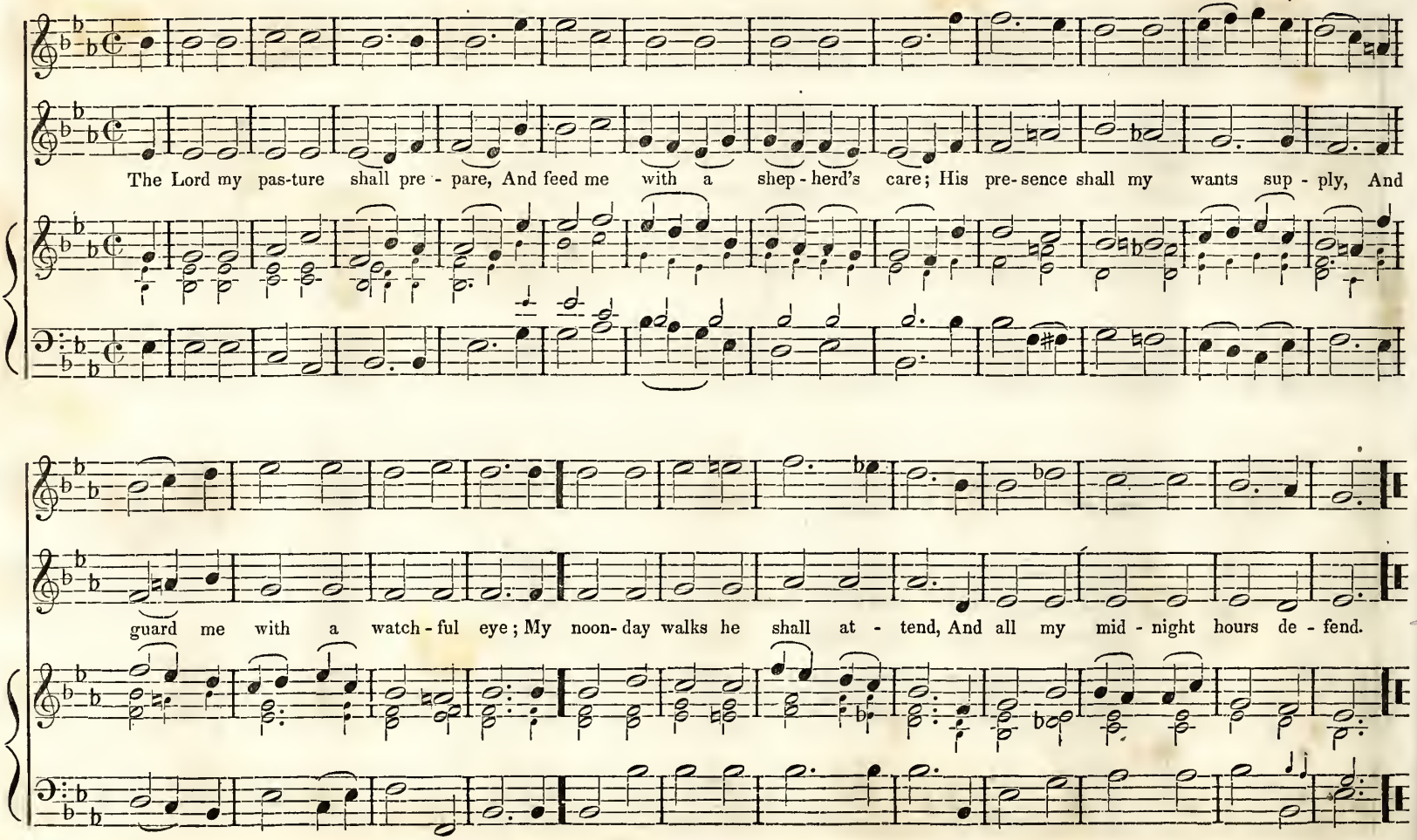
Unison.

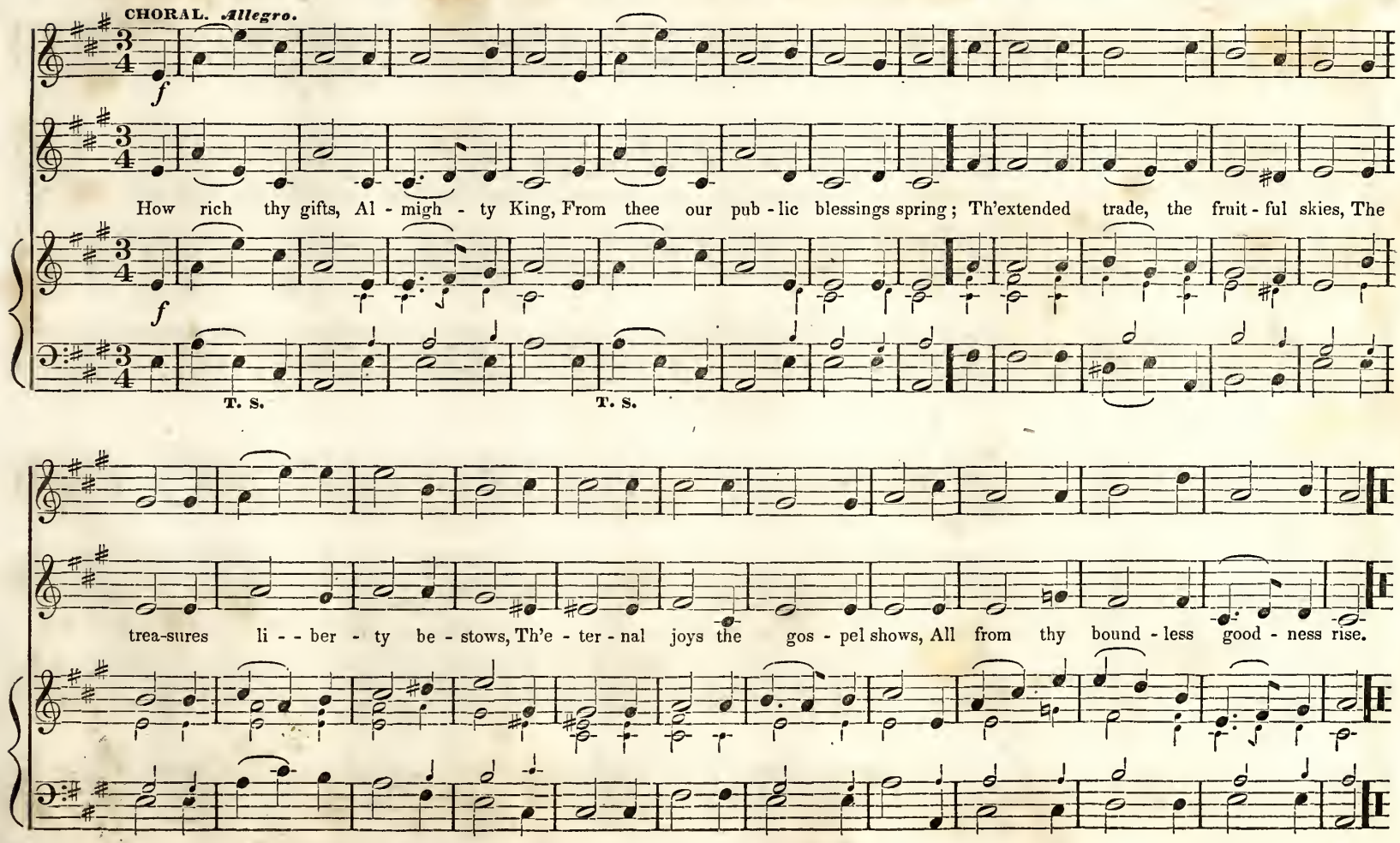
- - whelms us on these earth - ly plains! No heart can think, no tongue ex - plain, What bliss it is, with Christ to reign.


Andantino.
When marshall'd on the night - ly plain, The glitt' - ring host be - stud the sky, One star a - lone, of all the train, Can
fix the sin - ner's wand'ring eye; Nor bright-er shines the bright - est gem, It is the star of Beth- le - hem.

BATHEASTON. 6 line L. M.

RIGHINI.




CHORAL. Allegro.
f
How rich thy gifts, Al - migh - ty King, From thee our pub - lic blessings spring; Th'extended trade, the fruit - ful skies, The
f
T. S.
T. S.
trea-sures li - - ber - ty be - stows, Th'e - ter - nal joys the gos - pel shows, All from thy bound - less good - ness rise.

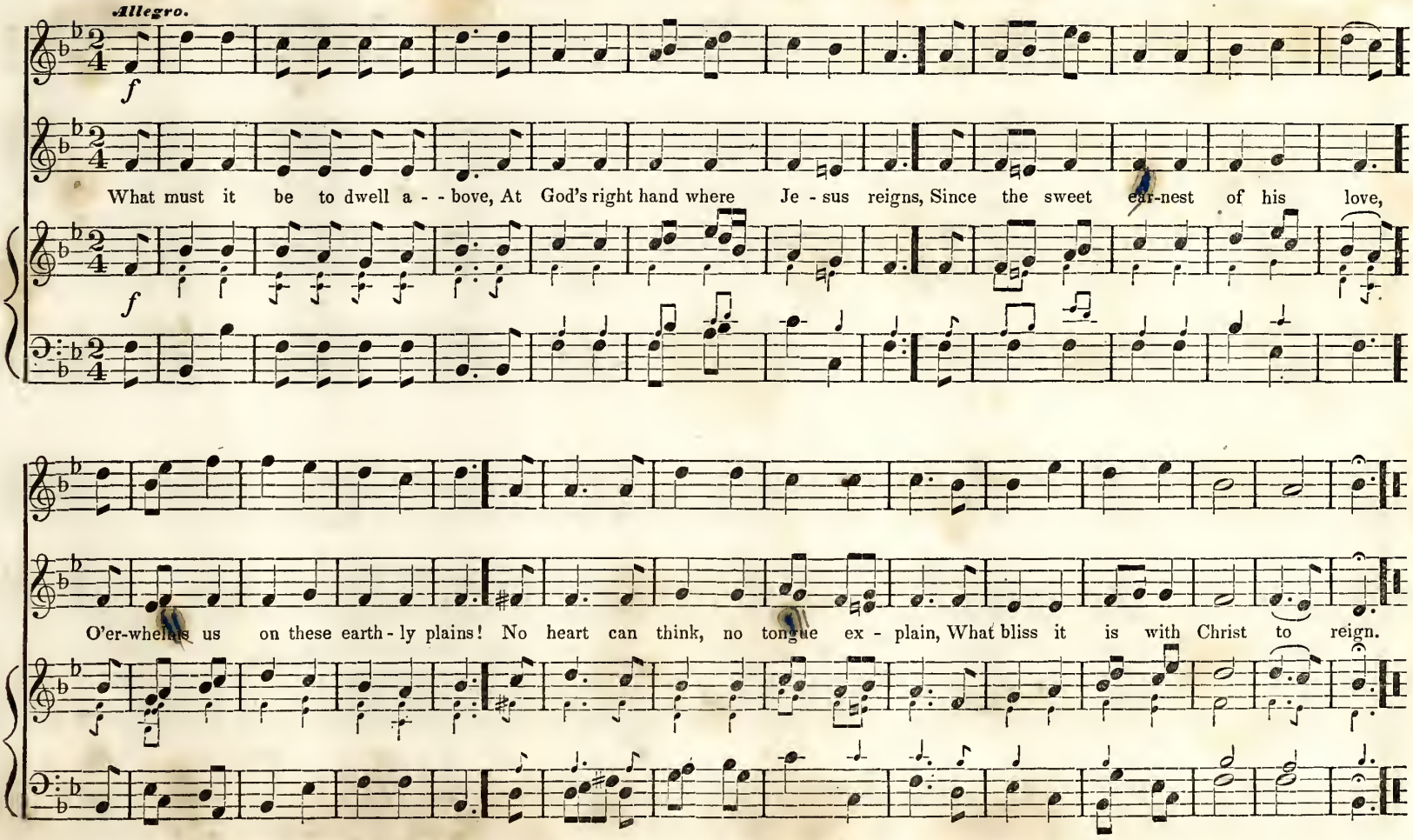
ST. HELEN'S. 6 line L. M.—or L. P. M.

JENNINGS.

Allegretto.

Is there a thing be - neath the sun, That strives with thee my heart to share? Ah! tear it thence, and reign a - - lone, The

Lord of eve - ry mo - - tion there! Then shall my heart from earth be free, When it hath found re - - pose in thee.


Allegro.
f
What must it be to dwell a - - bove, At God's right hand where Je - sus reigns, Since the sweet ear-nest of his love,
f
O'er-whelms us on these earth - ly plains! No heart can think, no tongue ex - plain, What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

CLYDE. C. P. M.

B. BROWN, Esq.

Andante.

My God, thy bound-less love we praise; How bright on high its glo - - ries blaze! How sweet - ly bloom be - low!

It streams from thy e - ter - nal throne; Thro' heav'n its joys for ev - er run, And o'er the earth they flow.

Andante.

En - cir - cled by th'e - the - rial space, And fixed by thee on firm - est base, The earth's vast orb ap - pears.

From earliest age, great God, thy throne, A - loft in heaven pre - pared has shown, Nor num - bers time thy years.

SPLENDOR. C. P. M.

From BILLINGS.

Allegretto.

Be - hold the splendor, hear the shout, Heav'n opens, an - gels is - sue out, And throng the neth - er sky. What solemn ti - dings

do they bring, Rapt at th'ap - proach of Is - rael's King, They speak the mon - arch nigh, They speak the mon - arch nigh.

Allegro.

Be - gin my soul th'ex- alt - ed lay, Let each en - raptur'd thought o - bey, And praise th'Al-mighty name, And praise th'Al-migh-ty name.

Or 2d. Treble. 1st. Treble. Or 2d. Treble. 1st. Treble.

To swell,

Let heav'n and earth, and seas and skies, In one me - lo-dious con - cert rise, To swell th'inspiring theme, To swell th'in-spir-ing theme.

Or 2d. Treble. 1st. Treble.

RAPTURE. C. P. M.

E. HARWOOD.

Allegro.

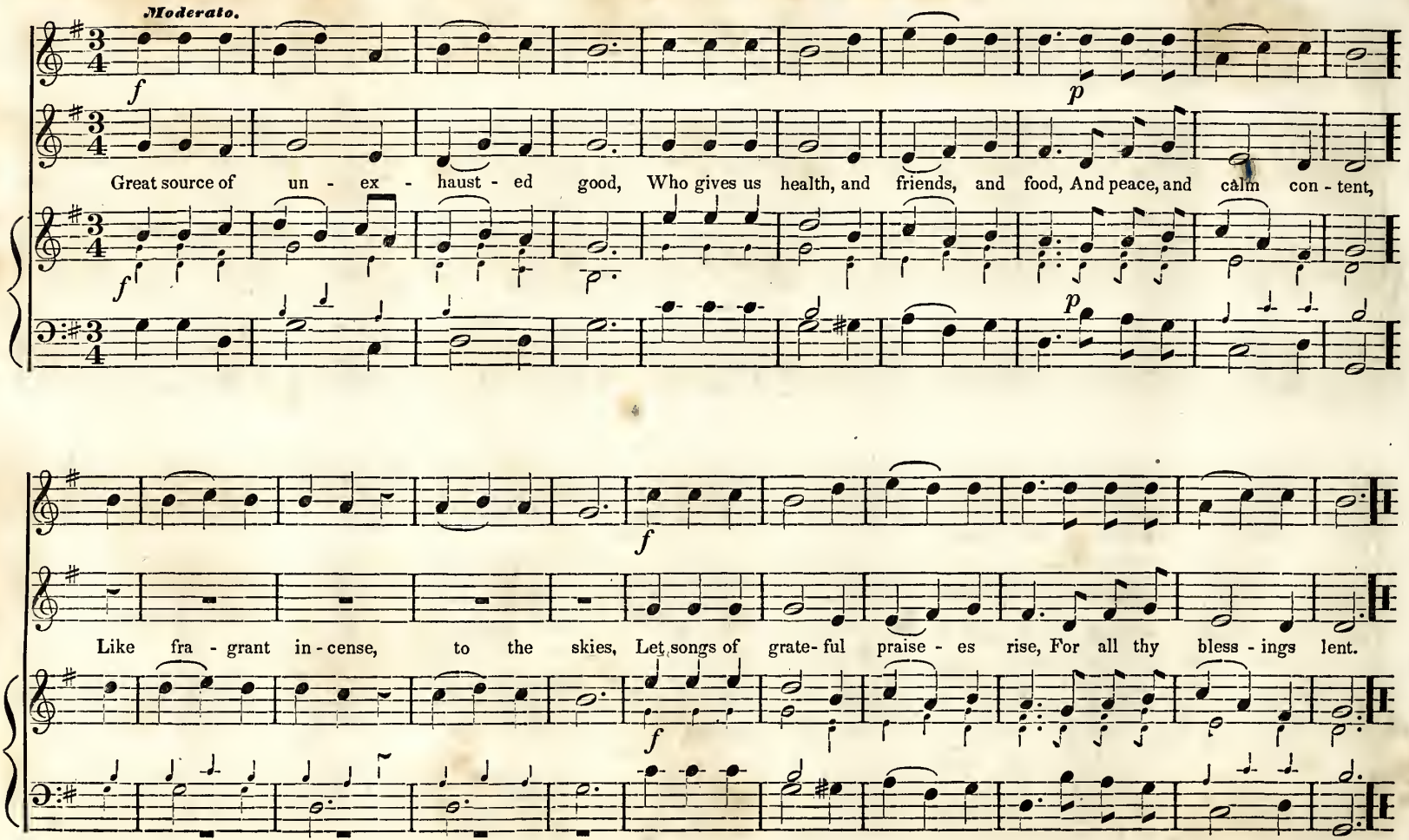
O, could I speak the match-less worth, Or could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sa - vior shine,

I'd soar and touch the heaven - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine.

Andante.

Be it my on - ly wis - dom here, To serve the Lord with fi - - lial fear, With lov - ing gra - ti - tude;

Su - pe - rior sense may I dis - play, By shun - ning ev - ery e - vil way, And walk - ing in the good.


Moderato.
f
p
Great source of un - ex - haust - ed good, Who gives us health, and friends, and food, And peace, and calm con - tent,
f
p
f
Like fra - grant in - cense, to the skies, Let songs of grate- ful praise - es rise, For all thy bless - ings lent.
f

Allegretto.

How plea - sant 'tis to see Kin-dred and friends a - gree, Each in their pro - per sta - tion move; And each ful - fil their

part, With sym - pa - thiz - ing heart, In all the cares of life and love, In all the cares of life and love.

Allegretto.

Like fruit - ful show'rs of rain, That wa - ter all the plain, De - scend- ing from the neigh - b'ring hills,

Such streams of plea - sure roll, Thro' ev - 'ry friend - ly soul, Where love like heav'nly dew dis - tils.

Andantino.

How pleas'd and blest was I, To hear the peo - ple cry, "Come let us seek our God to - day." Yes, with a

cheer-ful zeal, We'll haste to Zi - on's hill, And there our vows and hon- ors pay, And there our vows and hon- ors pay.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

Allegretto.

Zion, thrice happy place, Adorn'd with wondrous grace, And walls of strength embrace thee round. In thee our tribes appear, To pray, and praise, and hear The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

ST. JEROME'S. S. P. M.

WM. DIXON.

Allegro Assai.

E - ter -nal,

Upheld by thy commands, The world securely stands, And skies and stars obey thy word. Thy throne was fix'd on high, Before the starry sky, E-ter - nal is . . . . thy kingdom, Lord.

E - ter-nal,

Allegretto.

How plea - sant 'tis to see, Kin-dred and friends a - - gree, Each in their pro - per sta - tion move.

And each ful - fil their part, With sym - pa - thiz - ing heart, In all the cares of life and love.

Andantino.

p

Like fruit - ful show'rs of rain, That wa - ter all the plain, De - scend - ing from the neighb'ring hills;

Such streams of plea - sure roll, Through ev' - ry friend - ly soul, Where love like heaven - ly dew dis - tils.

LAMBETH. P. M. 8s. & 7s.

Allo. Moderato.

Hear what God, the Lord hath spo-ken; O my peo - ple, faint and few, Com-fort - less, af -flict - ed, bro - ken, Fair a - bodes I build for you.

TAMWORTH. P. M. 8s. & 7s.

C. LOCKHART.

Andante. Unison.

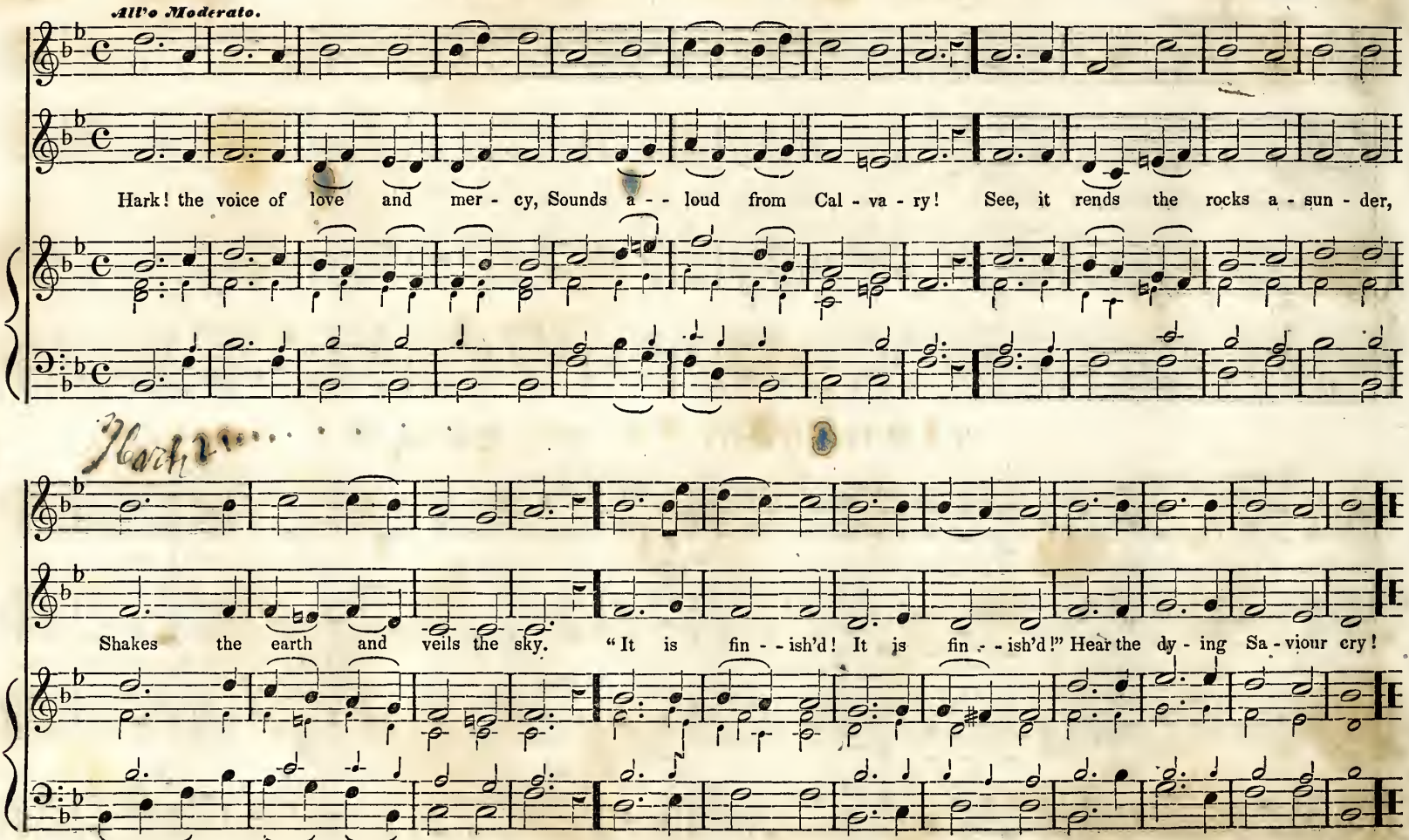
This tune may be also sung with 2 4s, or with a Hallelujah, or 6 lines.

2D. TIME. I am weak, but thou art migh - ty; Hold me with thy pow'r-ful hand. Bread of hea - ven, bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more.

1ST. TIME. Guide me, O thou great Jeho - vah, Pilgrim through this barren land. Hal- le - - lu - - jah, Hal- le - - lu - jah, Hold me with thy powerful hand.

CALVARY. P. M. 8s & 7s. 6 lines, or 8, 7, & 4.

S. STANLEY.



WALCOT CHURCH. 8s & 7s.

COMER.

Andantino.

f

Vainly thro' night's weary hou-rs, Keep we watch lest foes a - larm; Vain our bul-warks and our tow-ers, But for God's pro - tect-ing arm.

f

SOUTH MOLTON. 8s & 7s.

CZERNY.

Andante.

Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi- on, ci - ty of our God! He whose word cannot be bro-ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode.

ANTRIM. P. M. 8s & 7s.

Moderato.

When the winter's tem-pest lowers, O'er a bleak and cloudy sky, Na-ture's fading fruits and flow-ers, Hang their droop-ing heads and die.

SICILIAN HYMN. P. M. 8s & 7s.

AIR FROM MOZART.

Allo. Moderato.

Lord, dis-miss us with thy blessing, Hope and comfort from a - bove; Let us each, thy peace pos-sessing, Tri-umph in re - deeming love.

Allo. Moderato.

See, from Zi - on's sa - cred moun - tain, Streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow; God has o - pen'd there a foun - tain, Which sup-

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - - lu - - jah, A - - - - men.

- - plies the plains be - - low. They are bless - ed, they are bless - ed, Who its sov - 'reign vir - tue know.

By repeating the first part of this tune, two verses may be required—and it may be thus made *double*.

MANTUA. P. M. 8s & 7s. HYMN CHANT.

R. PALMER.

Allegro Moderato e Serioso.

2d. VERSE. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth, Will his changeless goodness prove. From the mist his brightness streameth, God is goodness, God is love.

Chance and change are bu-sy ev-er; Man de -cays and a - ges move; But heav'n's mercy waineth nev-er; God is wis-dom, God is love.

BETHLEHEM. 8s & 7s.

COMER.

Allegretto.

Hark! what means those holy voices? Sweetly sounding thro' the skies; Lo! th'angelic host re - joices; Heavenly hal - le - lu-jahs rise, Heavenly hal - le - - lu-jahs rise.

Allegretto.

p *f*

From the fount of mer - cy beam - ing, Light ce - les - tial cheers our eyes; Mer - cy from a -

- - - bove pro - claim - ing, Peace and par - don from the skies, Peace and par - don from the skies.

MIDDLETON. P. M. 8s & 7s, or 7s. (DOUBLE.)

AIR FROM BULL.

Moderato.

Hail the day that saw him ri-se Ravish'd from our mor- tal eyes. Christ a- while to mor- tals giv-'n, Re - - as - cends his na- tive heav'n.

Praise to God, the great cre - a-tor, Bounteous source of eve - ry joy, He whose hand up-holds all nature, He whose word can all de- stroy.

There the pompous tri- umph wa-its, Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates, Wide un- fold the radiant sc-ene, Take the king of glo - ry in.

Saints with pi - ous zeal at-tending, Now the grate- ful tri - bute raise, Sol-emn songs to heaven ascending, Join the u - ni - ver - sal praise.

Allegretto.

Fa- ther of our fee- ble race, Wise, be - ne - fi - cent, and kind, Spread o'er nature's am - ple face Flows thy goodness un - confined.

Gracious source of eve- ry blessing! Guard our breasts from anxious fears; Let us each thy care pos - sessing, Sink in - - to the vale of years.

Musing in the si - lent gro - ve, Or the bu - sy walks of men, Still we trace thy wondrous love, Claiming large re - turns a - gain.

All our hopes on thee re - clin- ing, Peace compan- ion of our way; May our sun in smiles de- clining, Rise in ev - er - last- ing day.

ROSETTO. P. M. 8s & 7s, or 7s. (DOUBLE.)

J. WHITAKER.

Allegro Moderato.

Je-sus, lov- er of my soul, Let me to thy bo- som fly, While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is nigh. Hide me, O my

Father, source of all compassion, Pure unbounded love thou art; Hail the God of our salvation; Praise him eve-ry thankful heart. Joy- ful here on

Saviour, hide, . Till the storm of life be past, Safe in-to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last, . O re - ceive my soul at last.

earth a - dore him, Till in heav'n our songs we raise; There enraptured fall before him, Lost in wonder, love and praise, Lost in won - der, love and praise.

CORONA. P. M. 7s. HYMN CHANT.

J. BENNET.

Andante.

Heav'n un - locks her crys - tal gate; Jesus comes in roy- al state; King of glo- ry, mount the throne, 'Tis thy father's, and thy own.

AMBOYNA. P. M. 7s.

AIR FROM BATTISHILL.

Allegretto e divoto.

Sov'reign ru - ler, Lord of all, Prostrate at thy feet I fall. Hear, oh hear my ar-dent cry, Frown not lest I faint and die.

STELLA. P. M. 7s.

S. STANLEY.

Animato.

Lo! the east - ern ma - - gi rise At a sig - nal in the skies, Bright - er than the bright - est gem,

Shines the star of Beth - le - - hem, Bright - er than the bright - - est gem, Shines the star of Beth - le - - hem.

BROWN. 7s.

L. MARSHALL.

Andante.

Lord, be - fore thy presence come, Bow we down with ho- ly fear, Call our err-ing footsteps home; Let us feel that thou art near.

PROSPECT. P. M. 7s.

W. J. WHTE.

Allegretto e Sostenuto.

'Tis re- li-gion that must give Sweetest pleasure while we live; 'Tis re-ligion must supply Sol - id comfort when we die, Solid comfort when we die.

TRANSIT. P. M. 7s.

PIERSON.

Andante.

Time is pass-ing swift a - way; Earthly joys will soon de - cay; May we have, pre-pared on high, Pleasures that will nev - er die.

HAYDEN. P. M. 7s.

L. MARSHALL.

Allegretto.

Morning breaks up - on the tomb, Je- sus dis - si - pates the gloom; Day of triumph thro' the skies. See the glo-rious Sa - viour rise.

GREEN. P. M. 7s.

All'o Moderato.

Praise the Lord, ye heav'nly choirs, Strike with awe your golden lyres, Strike with awe your golden lyres. Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song, Let the strains be loud and long.

GREEN HILL. P. M. 7s.

C. T. YOUNG.

Siciliano.

Pleas-ing spring a - gain is here; Trees and fields in bloom ap-pear. Hark, the birds with art - less lays, War- ble their cre - a - tor's praise.

REDEEMING LOVE. P. M. 7s, or 6 lines.

DR. WORGAN.

All'o Con Spirito.

Now be - gin the heaven-ly theme, Sing a - loud in Je - sus' name, Sing a - - loud in Je - sus' name.

Sing, my soul, his won- drous love, Who from yon bright world a - - bove, Ev - er watch - ful o'er our race,

Glo - ry be to God on high, God whose glo - ry fills the sky. Peace on earth to man for - given.

Ye, who Je - - sus' kind - ness prove, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love.

Still to man ex - - tends his grace, Sing, my soul, his won - drous love, Sing, my soul, his won - drous love.

Man, the well be - loved of heaven. Glo - ry be to God on high, God, whose glo - ry fills the sky.

T. S.

HAMBURG. P. M. 7s.

From a Gregorian Chant.

Allegro Moderato.

Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow. Oh! do not our suit dis - dain, Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain.

MORNING. P. M. 7s.

Boston Musical Gazette.

Allegretto.

Morning breaks upon the tomb, Jesus dissipates the gloom. Day of triumph thro' the skies, See the glorious Saviour rise, See the glorious Saviour rise.

HOTHAM. P. M. 8s & 7s, or 7s. (DOUBLE.)

DR. MADAN.

Allegretto.

Hark, what mean those ho-ly voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies; Lo, th'an-gelic host rejoices, Heav'nly hal- le - lujahs rise. Hear, O hear the

Je- sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo- som fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. Hide me, O my

wondrous sto-ry, Which they chant in songs of joy: "Glo-ry in the highest, glo-ry, Glo- ry be to God on high," Glory be to God on high.

Sa-viour hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to thy ha-ven guide; O re - ceive, O re - ceive, O re- ceive my soul at last.

N. B. All tunes of 7s—8s and 7s—and 8s, 7s, 4s—may be sung to words of either of the metres by occasionally *slurring* or *dividing* notes as the syllables may require.

SPRING. P. M. 8s.

L. MARSHALL.

Allegretto.

The win - ter is o - ver and gone, The thrush whistles sweet on the spray; The turtle breathes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts and warbles away.

AUTUMN. P. M. 8s.

L. MARSHALL.

Allegretto.

All na - ture be - gins now to fade, Leaves wither and fall to the ground; In au-tumn our souls ne'er de - cay, In Je - sus sal - va - tion is found.

ENDICOTT. P. M. 8s.

PIERSON.

Moderato.

If thou art my shield and my sun, The night is no dark-ness to me; And fast as my mo-ments roll on, And fast as my

They bring . . . . me but near-er to thee, They bring . . . . me but near-er to thee.

mo-ments roll on, They bring me but near-er to thee, They bring me but near-er to thee.

They bring . . . . me but near-er to thee, They bring . . . . me but near-er to thee.

They bring me but near-er to thee, They bring me but near-er to thee.

SPRINGTIDE. P. M. 8s.

R. REED.

Allegretto.

How sweetly a - long the gay mead, The daisies and cowslips appear: The flocks as they carelessly feed, Re - joice in the beau-ti-ful green.

PANACEA. P. M. 8s, 7s, & 8s.—6 lines.

BOSTON MUSICAL GAZETTE.

Allegretto.

While o'er life's darksome path we go, If e'er a beam from heaven,
If e'er to ease our pain and wo, A pa - - na - cea be given,
'Tis char-i-ty that brings the balm, Our cares to break, our fears to calm.

AMSTERDAM. P. M. 7s & 6s.

Allegretto.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace; Rise from tran-si-to-ry things, Tow'rds heav'n thy na-tive place.

Sun and moon and stars de-cay; Time shall soon this earth re-move; Rise, my soul, and haste a-way, To seats pre-pared a-bove.

Org. Pia.

HULL. P. M. 7s & 6s.

All'o Moderato.

Let us all with sweet ac - cord, In one thanks-giv - ing join; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, E - ter - - nal praise be thine

BELCHER. 6s.

Andantino.

Solo.

Thou, God, who reign'st a - lone, O'er earth and sea and sky, Let man with prai - - ses own, And sound thy hon - ors high.

Solo.

OPORTO. P. M. 6s.

MOZART.

Allegretto.

Come, heavenly peace of mind, I sigh for thy re -turn; I seek, but can - not find The joys for which I mourn, The joys for which I mourn.

ITALIAN HYMN. P. M. 6, 6, 4.

GIARDINI.

Andante.

Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise. Father all glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.

T. S.

YORKSHIRE. P. M. 5s & 6s.

H. J. P. STEVENS.

Spiritoso Cantabile.

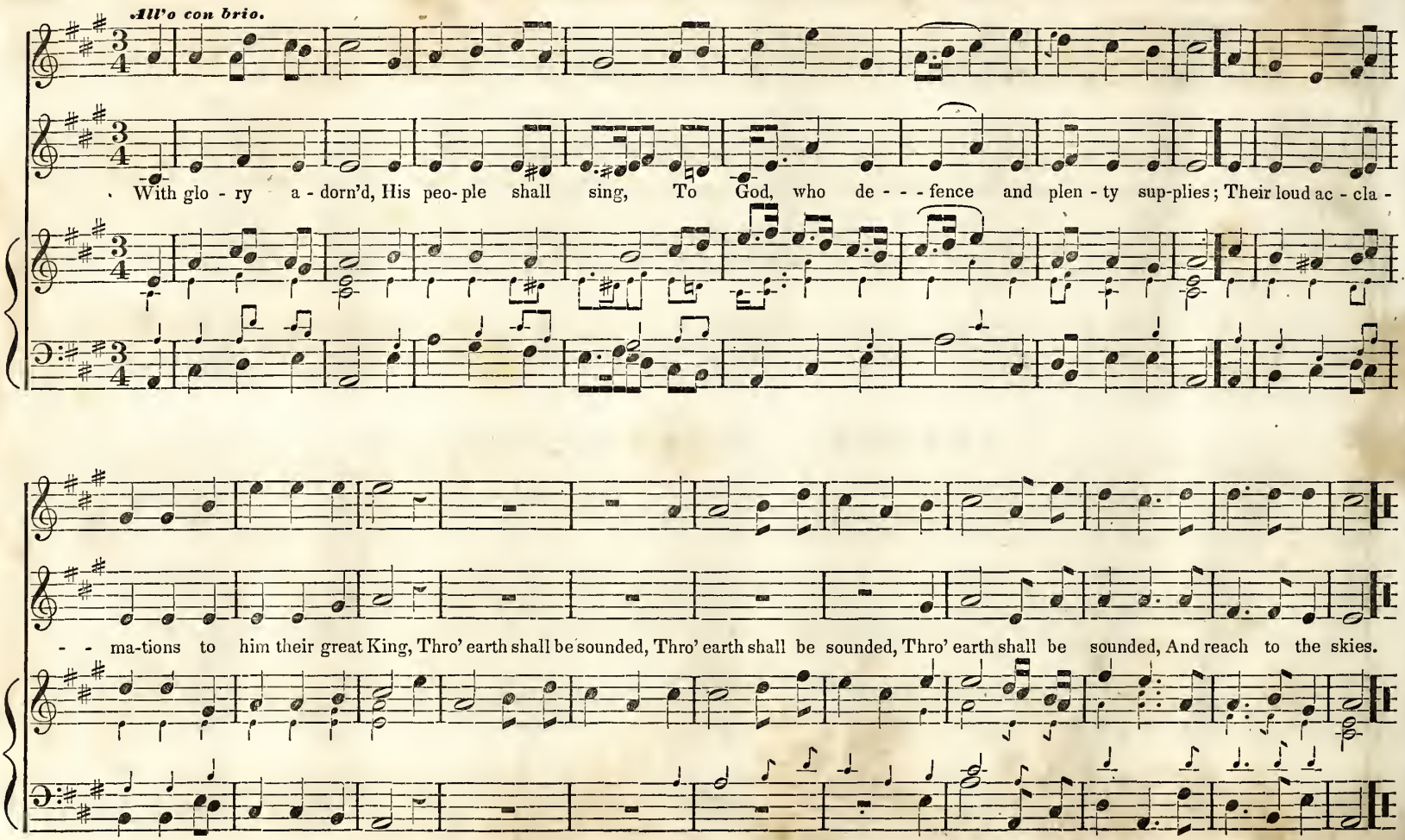
Ye servants of God Your master proclaim, And publish abroad his wonderful name ; The name all victorious of Jesus extol, His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

LYONS. P. M. 5s & 6s.

J. HAYDN.

Andante.

O praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song, And let all his saints in full concert join. With voices united the anthems prolong, And show forth his praises in music divine.


All'o con brio.
With glo - ry a - dorn'd, His peo- ple shall sing, To God, who de - - - fence and plen - ty sup-plies; Their loud ac - cla -
- - ma-tions to him their great King, Thro' earth shall be sounded, Thro' earth shall be sounded, Thro' earth shall be sounded, And reach to the skies.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. ("Adeste Fideles.") P. M. 6s & 5s.

Allegro Moderato.

From W. DIXON'S Pocket Companion.

Ye ser-vants of God, your mas - ter pro - claim, And pub - lish a - broad his won-der - ful name, &c.

The Lord is our shep-herd, our guar-dian and guide, What - ev - - er we want he will kind - ly pro - vide. To sheep of his

pas-ture his mer- cies a - bound. His care and pro - tec - tion, His care and pro - tec-tion, His care and pro - tec-tion, his flock will surround.

N. B. By slurring the dotted notes this tune may be sung to the preceding metres of 5s and 6s.

ST. MICHAEL'S. P. M. 5s & 6s.

G. F. HANDEL.

Andante.

O praise ye the Lord, Prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great assembly to sing. In their great Creator let all men rejoice, And children of Zion, Be glad in their king.

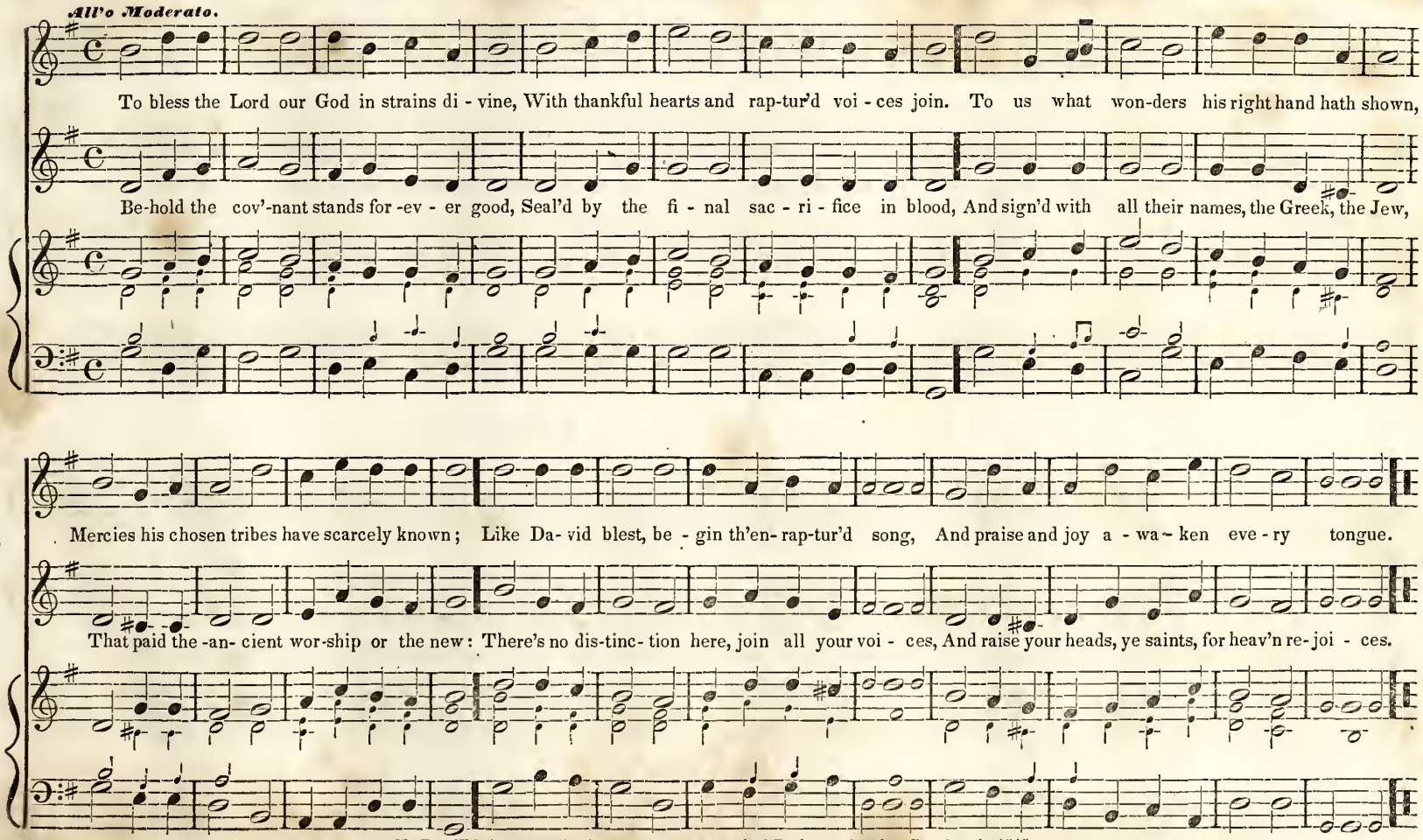
LITANY. P. M. 8s & 4—or 8s & 6s.

J. WHITAKER.

Moderato.

Our blest Redeem-er, e'er he breath'd His ten-der, last fare-well, . . . A guide, a com-fort - er, bequeath'd With us . . to . . dwell.

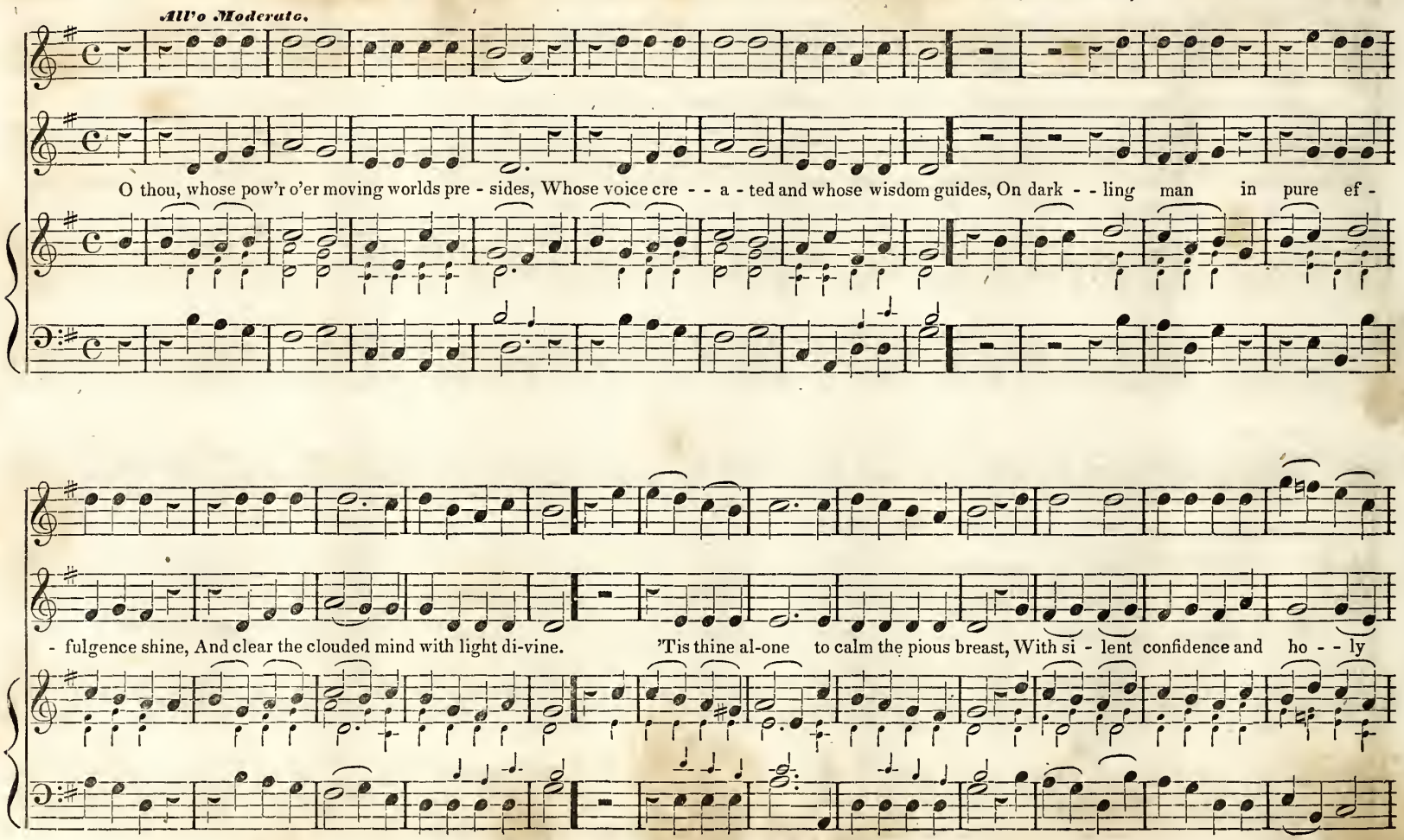
From the cor- rup - tion and the pride, Which in my fall-en heart re-side, And sins that will not be de - nied, Good Lord, de - liv - er me.



N. B.—This is among the first Tunes set to metrical Psalms, printed at Strasburgh, 1545.

DR. JOHNSON'S HYMN. P. M. 10s. (DOUBLE.)

J. WHITAKER.



rest. From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we bend, Path, mo - tive, guide, o - - ri- gi-nal and end, Path, motive, guide, orig- i - nal and end.

A. TURNER'S HYMN. P. M. 10s.

L. MARSHALL.

All'o Moderato.

Along the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd, While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

WRENTHAM. P. M. 10s—or 10s & 11s. 6 lines.

WM. BILLINGS.

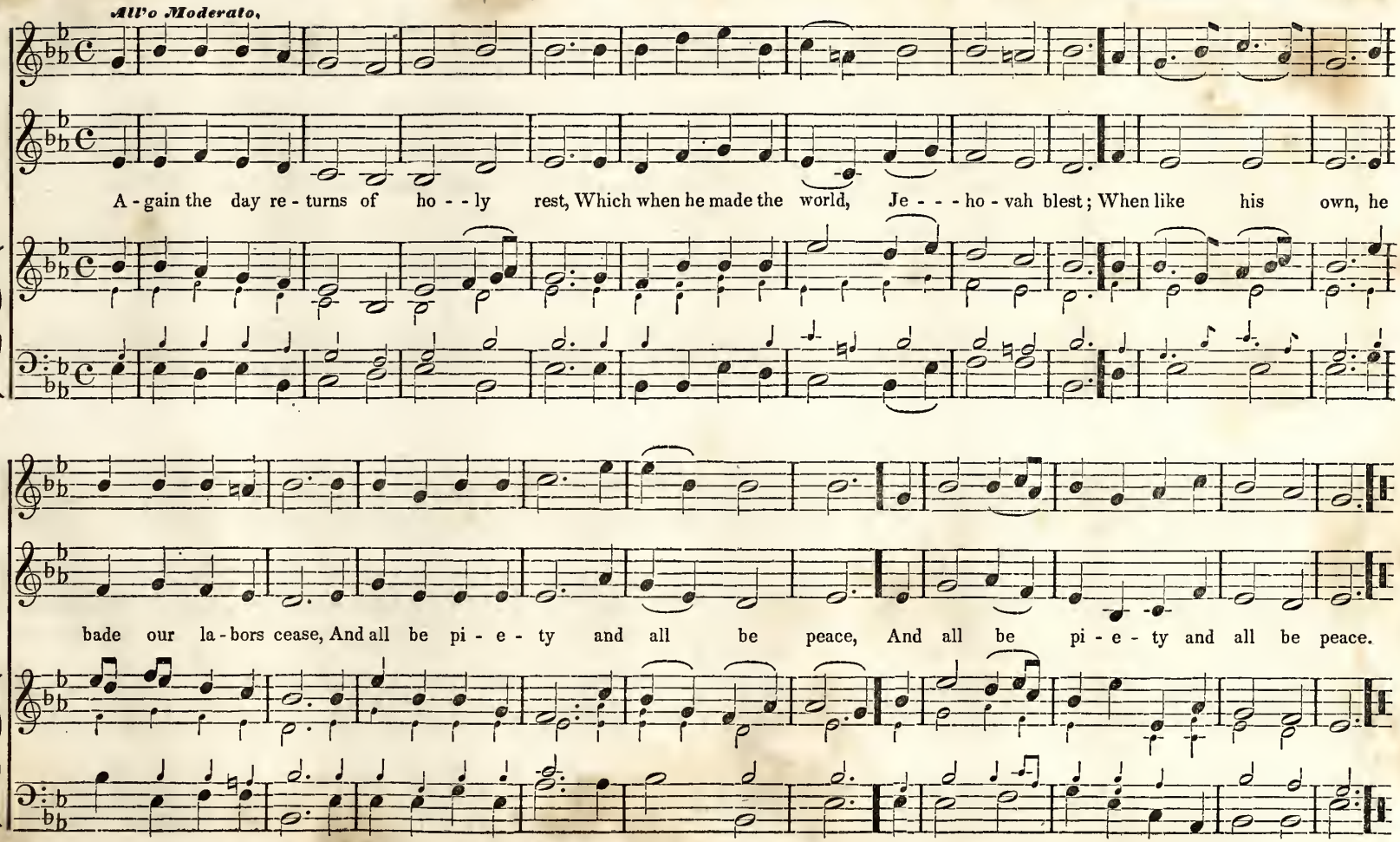
All'o Moderato.

The God of glory sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and awakes the north; From east to west the sov'reign orders spread, Thro' distant worlds and regions

Not to our names, thou only just and true, Not to our worthless names is glory due. Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice claim, Immortal honors to thy

of the dead; The trum-pet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n re - joi - ces, Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheer - ful voi - ces.

sov' - reign name. Shine thro' the earth from heav'n thy blest a - - bode, Nor let the hea - then say, "where is your God."


Alto Moderato.
A - gain the day re - turns of ho - - ly rest, Which when he made the world, Je - - - ho - vah blest; When like his own, he
bade our la - bors cease, And all be pi - e - ty and all be peace, And all be pi - e - ty and all be peace.

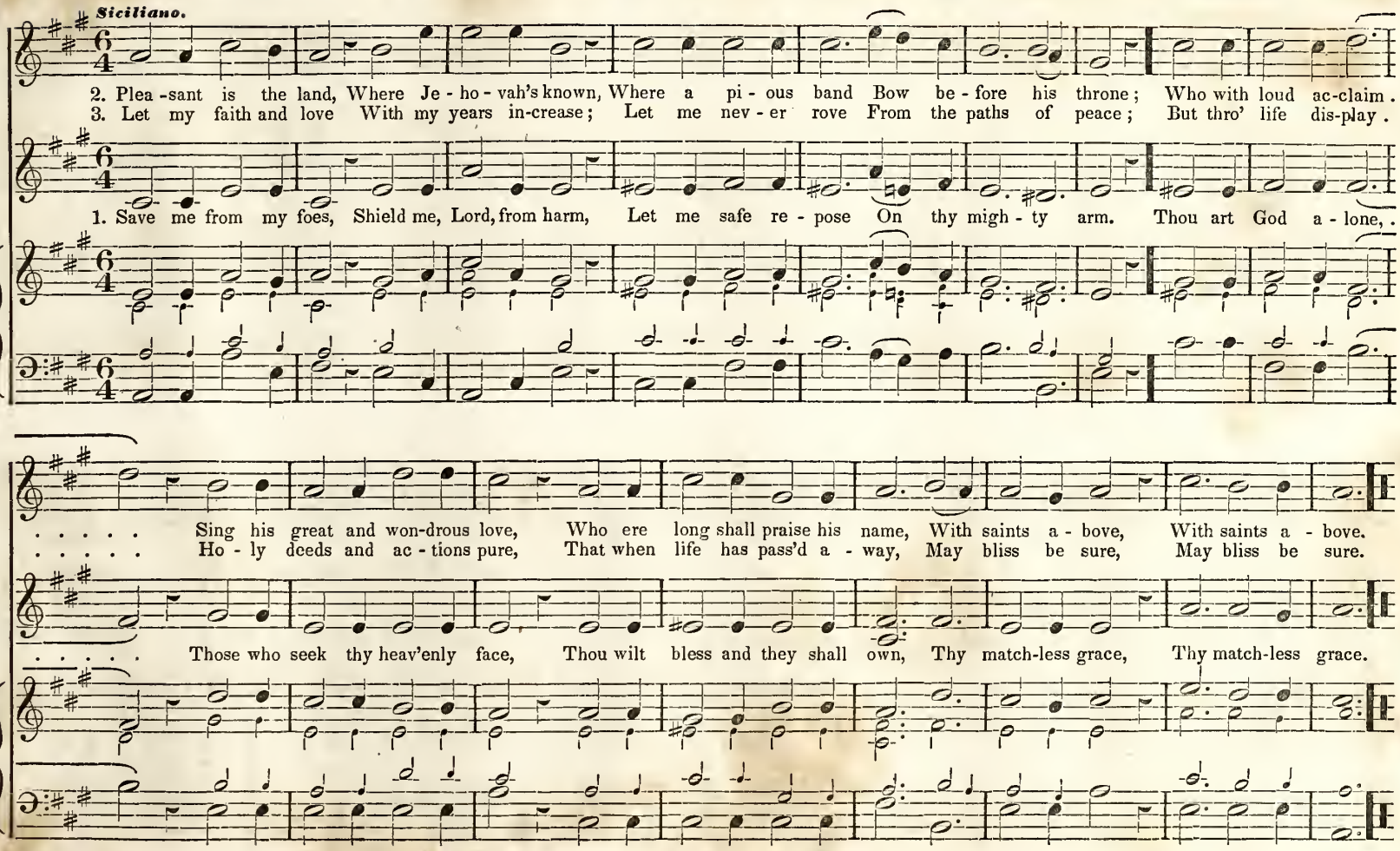
COURTNEY. P. M. 6, 6, 10.

B. BROWN.

All'o Moderato.

No war nor bat - tle's sound, Was heard the world a - round, No hos - tile chiefs to fu-rious com-bat ran; But peaceful was the night, In

which the prince of light, His reign of peace up - on the earth be - gan, His reign of peace up - on the earth be - gan.


Siciliano.
2. Plea-sant is the land, Where Je-ho-vah's known, Where a pi-ous band Bow be-fore his throne; Who with loud ac-claim.
3. Let my faith and love With my years in-crease; Let me nev-er rove From the paths of peace; But thro' life dis-play.
1. Save me from my foes, Shield me, Lord, from harm, Let me safe re-pose On thy migh-ty arm. Thou art God a-lone,
Sing his great and won-drous love, Who ere long shall praise his name, With saints a-bove, With saints a-bove.
Ho-ly deeds and ac-tions pure, That when life has pass'd a-way, May bliss be sure, May bliss be sure.
Those who seek thy heav'enly face, Thou wilt bless and they shall own, Thy match-less grace, Thy match-less grace.

TWO TREBLES.

TENOR AND BASE.

En - ter in - to his gates with thanksgiv-ing, and

in-to his courts with praise. For the Lord is good, his mer-cy is ev - er - last- ing, and his truth en-dureth to all gen - e - rations.

Colla voce.

ARIA.

Andante con espress. e risoluto.

I will sing un - to the Lord so long as I live, I will sing praise to my God while I have my being, I will sing praise, sing praise to my God while I have my being.

TRIO. Tenor, Treble and Bass.

Minore Largo.

O Lord, how ma-ni- fold are thy works! in wis - dom hast thou made them all, the earth is full of thy rich- es.

Largo.

The

Allegro Moderato.

Lord is great, and great - ly to be praised, the Lord is great, and great-ly to be praised.

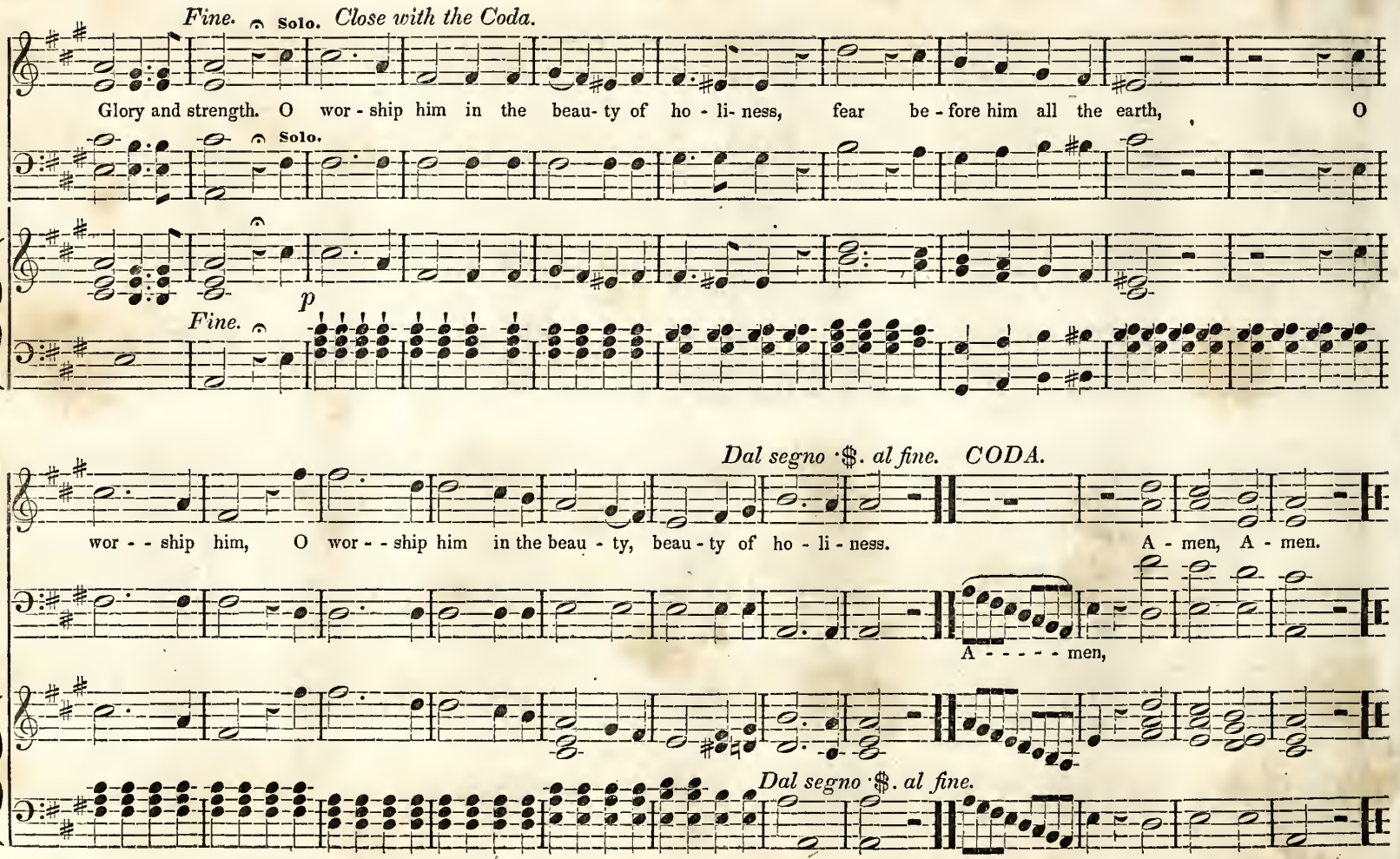
p

Give un-to the Lord, O ye kindreds of the peo - ple, Give unto the Lord, Glory and strength, Give unto the Lord,

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people,

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

p


Fine.
Solo.
Close with the Coda.
Glory and strength. O wor - ship him in the beau- ty of ho - li- ness, fear be - fore him all the earth, O
Solo.
p
Fine.
Dal segno ·$. al fine.
CODA.
wor - - ship him, O wor - - ship him in the beau - ty, beau - ty of ho - li - ness.
A - men, A - men.
A - - - - - men,
Dal segno ·$. al fine.

Allegretto.

A voice from the de - sert comes aw - ful and shrill; The Lord is ad - vanc - ing! pre - pare ye the way. The word of Je -

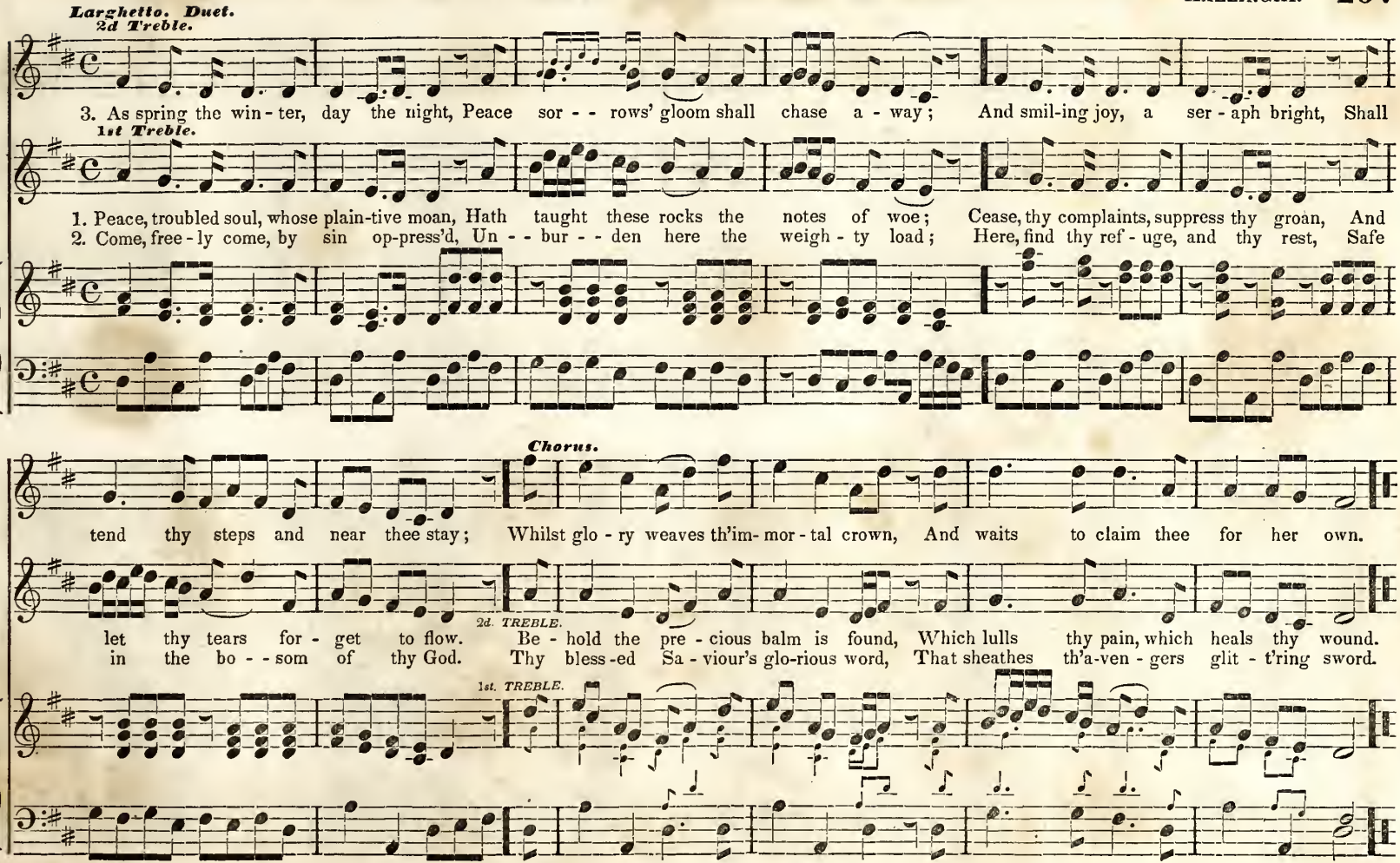
- ho - vah he comes to ful - fill, And o'er the dark world pour the splen-dor of day, And o'er the dark world pour the splen - dor of day.

"When gath'ring clouds around I view." L. M. 6 or 8 lines.

MEYER.

Adagio Con Espressione.

When gath'ring clouds a - round I view, And days are dark and friends are few; On him I lean, who not in vain Ex - pe-rienc'd ev'-ery hu-man pain. He sees my grief, allays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears. He sees my grief, allays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.


Larghetto. Duet.
2d Treble.
3. As spring the win - ter, day the night, Peace sor - - rows' gloom shall chase a - way; And smil-ing joy, a ser - aph bright, Shall
1st Treble.
1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plain-tive moan, Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe; Cease, thy complaints, suppress thy groan, And
2. Come, free - ly come, by sin op-press'd, Un - - bur - - den here the weigh - ty load; Here, find thy ref - uge, and thy rest, Safe
Chorus.
tend thy steps and near thee stay; Whilst glo - ry weaves th'im- mor - tal crown, And waits to claim thee for her own.
let thy tears for - get to flow. Be - hold the pre - cious balm is found, Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound.
in the bo - - som of thy God. Thy bless -ed Sa - viour's glo-rious word, That sheathes th'a-ven - gers glit - t'ring sword.
2d. TREBLE.
1st. TREBLE.

"My God, and is thy table spread." L. M.

PLEYEL.

HYMN FOR THE SACRAMENT.

Moderato.

My God, and is thy ta-ble spread, And doth thy cup with love o'er-flow; Thither be all thy children led, And let them there thy sweetness know.

"God, my strength, to thee I pray." 7s.

WRANISKY.

Andante.

God, my strength, to thee I pray; Turn not thou thine ear a - way. Gracious to my vows at - tend, While the hum-ble knee I bend.

Maestoso.

Let all the lands with shouts of joy To God their voices raise; Sing psalms in honor of his name, And spread his glorious praise; Let all the lands with

T. S.

shouts of joy To God their voi - ces raise; Sing psalms in hon -or of his name, And spread his glorious praise, And spread his glo-rious praise.

CHORAL. *Allegro Spiritoso.*

f

Sing un - to God, Sing un - to

f

f

God, sing un - to God, O ye king-doms of the earth; O sing prais - es un - to the Lord, un - - to the

f *f* *f*

Lord, Sing prai - ses un - to the Lord, Sing prais - es un - to the Lord, the Lord, the Lord.

f *f* *f*

Maestoso. *f* **Bass Solo.**

Who sitteth in the Heavens o-ver all, from the be - gin - ning. Lo! He doth send out his voice,

f

ff

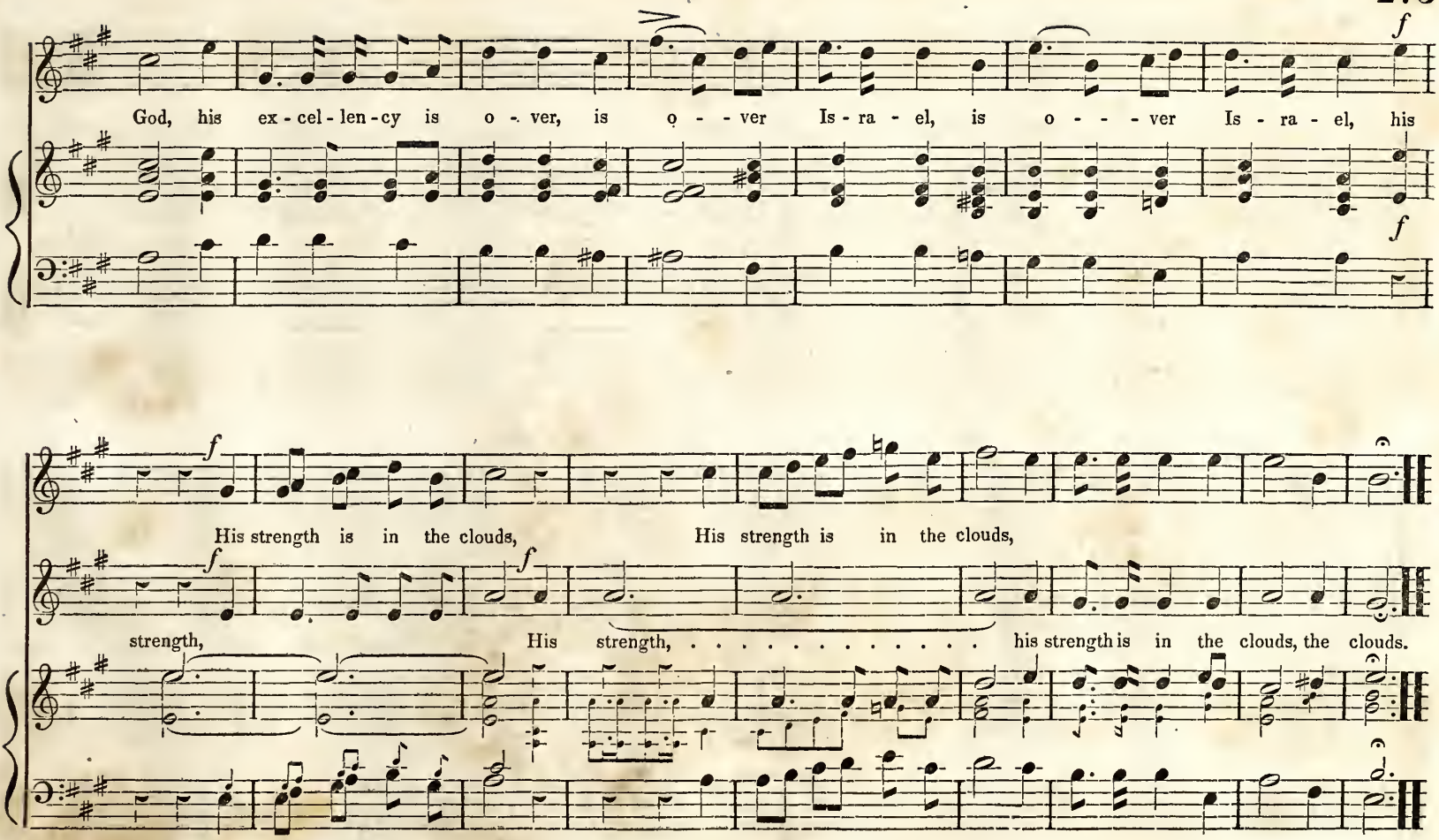
Yea, and that a migh - - - - ty voice, Yea, and that a migh - - - ty, migh - - ty voice.

ff

Andantino. *Treble Solo & Chorus.*

A - scribe ye the pow - er to God, to

mf


f
God, his ex - cel - len - cy is o - ver, is o - - ver Is - ra - el, is o - - - ver Is - ra - el, his
f
f
His strength is in the clouds, His strength is in the clouds,
f
f
strength, His strength, ... his strength is in the clouds, the clouds.

All'o Moderato. **Bass Solo.**

O God! won - der - - ful art thou in thy ho - - - - ly pla - - - ces.

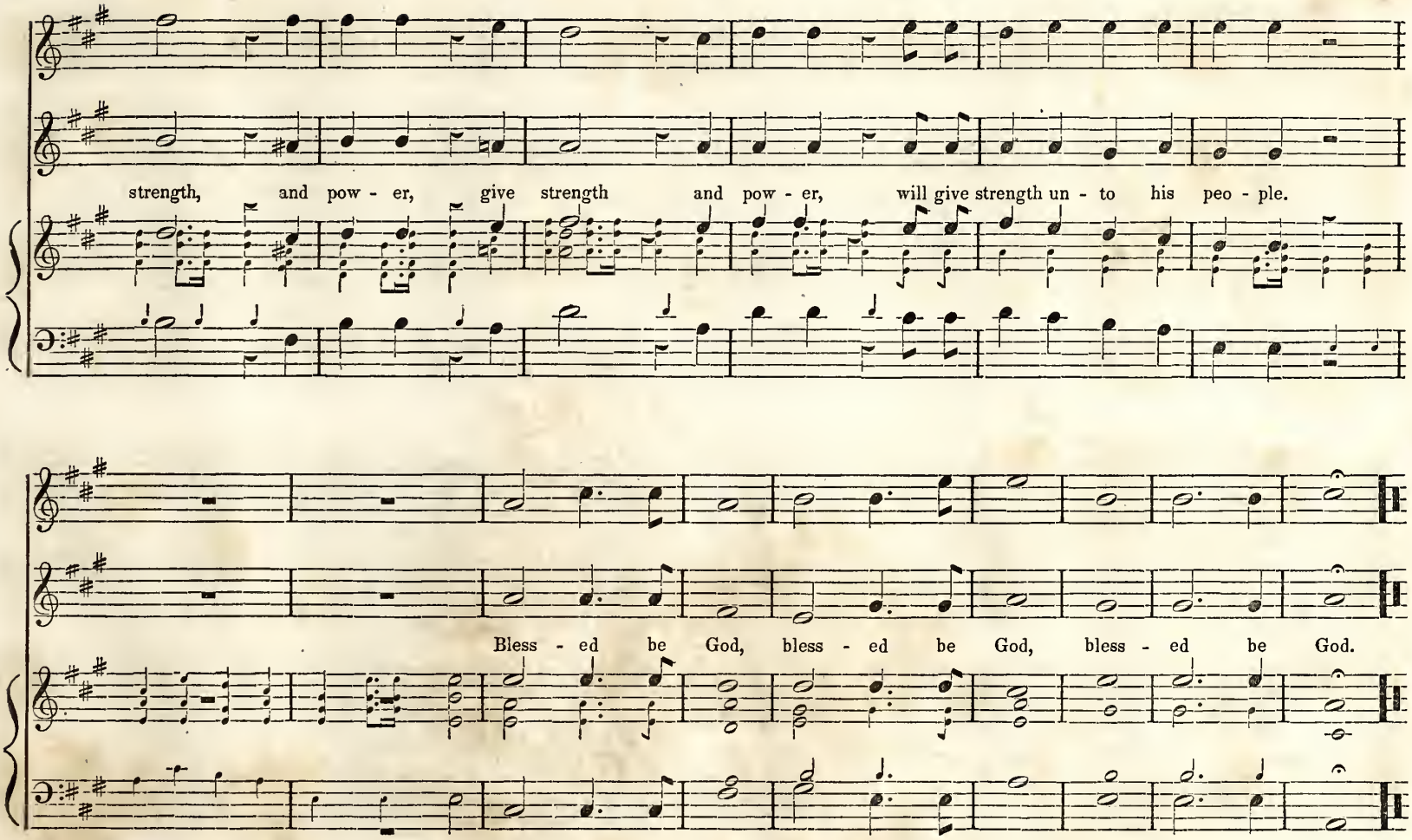
CHORUS. *f* *Allegro.*

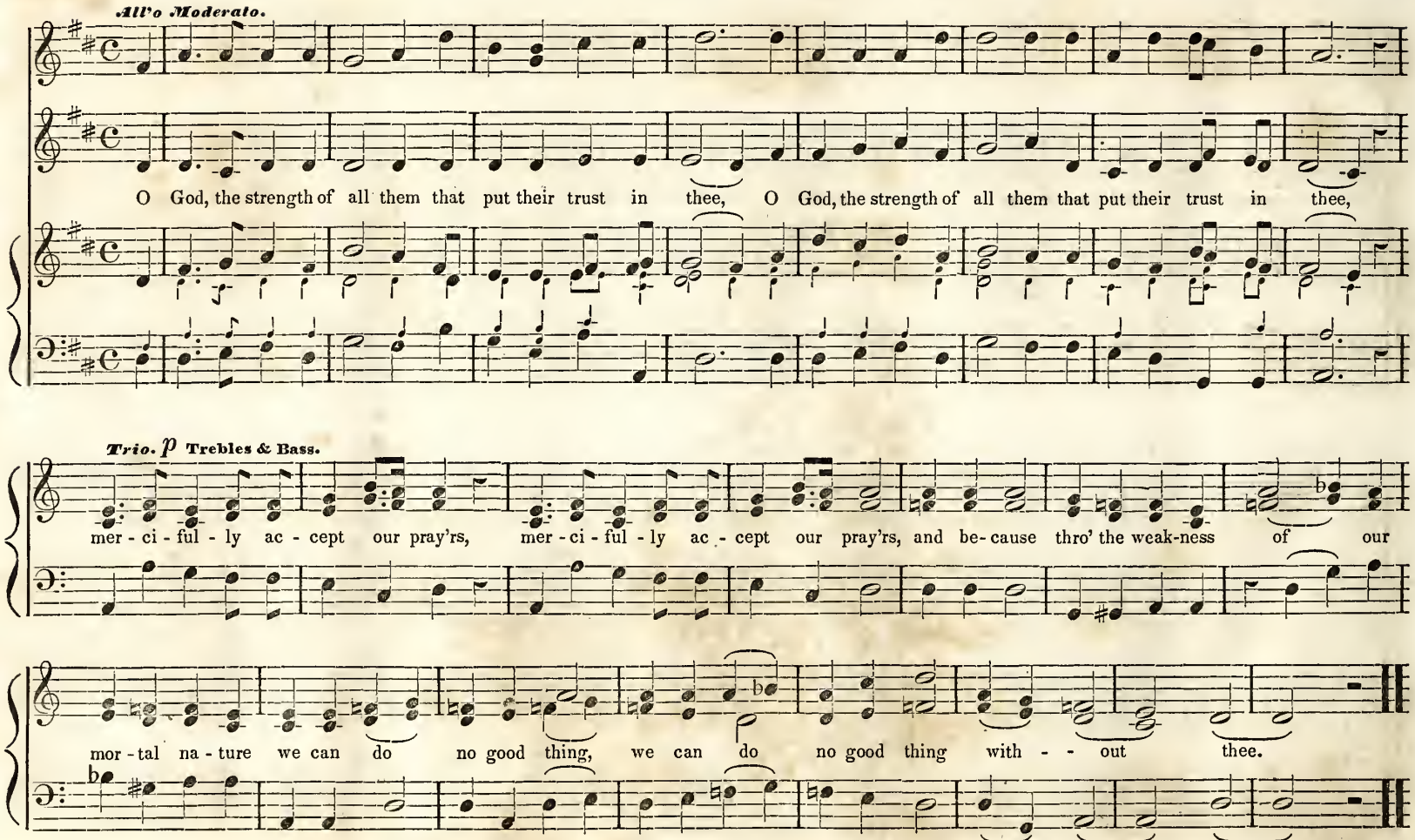
f

The God of Is - rael will give strength and power un - - to his peo - ple, will give strength, and pow - er, give

f

f


strength, and pow - er, give strength and pow - er, will give strength un - to his peo - ple.
Bless - ed be God, bless - ed be God, bless - ed be God.


All'o Moderato.
O God, the strength of all them that put their trust in thee, O God, the strength of all them that put their trust in thee,
Trio. p Trebles & Bass.
mer - ci - ful - ly ac - cept our pray'rs, mer - ci - ful - ly ac - cept our pray'rs, and be - cause thro' the weak-ness of our
mor - tal na - ture we can do no good thing, we can do no good thing with - - out thee.

CHORUS.

Grant us the help, the help of thy grace, the help of thy grace, that in keep-ing thy com - mandments, in keep-ing thy com-

- - mandments we may please thee, please thee, please thee both in will . . . and deed. Grant us the help, the help of thy grace, the help of thy

Grant us the help, &c.

grace, that in keep - ing thy com-mand-ments we may please thee both in will and deed, we may please thee both in

will and deed, thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord, thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - - men. A - - men.

ff *pp*

Moderato.

mf *f*

Oh how a - mia- ble, Oh how a - mia- ble are thy dwellings, are thy dwell-ings, thou Lord of hosts! thou Lord of hosts!

mf *f*

p *Andantino.* *Solo Treble.* *cres.* *f* *f*

My soul, my soul long-eth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh cry out for the liv-ing God, the liv- ing God.

p *cres.* *f* *f*

Allegretto. Quartetto.

mf

Bless- ed are they who dwell in thy house ; they will be always praising thee, they will be always praising thee, they will be always praising thee.

mf

Duet. Two Trebles. Andantino.

For one day in thy courts is bet - ter than a thou - sand else - where, is bet - ter than a thou-sand else - where.

Andante Maestoso. **Bass Solo.**

f I had rather be a door keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness, than to dwell in the tents of ungod-li-ness.

f

Moderato.

mf *f*

Oh how a - mia-ble, Oh how a - mia-ble are thy dwellings, are thy dwell-ings, thou Lord of hosts! thou Lord of hosts!

mf *f*

Andante. *Chorus.* *All'o Moderato.*

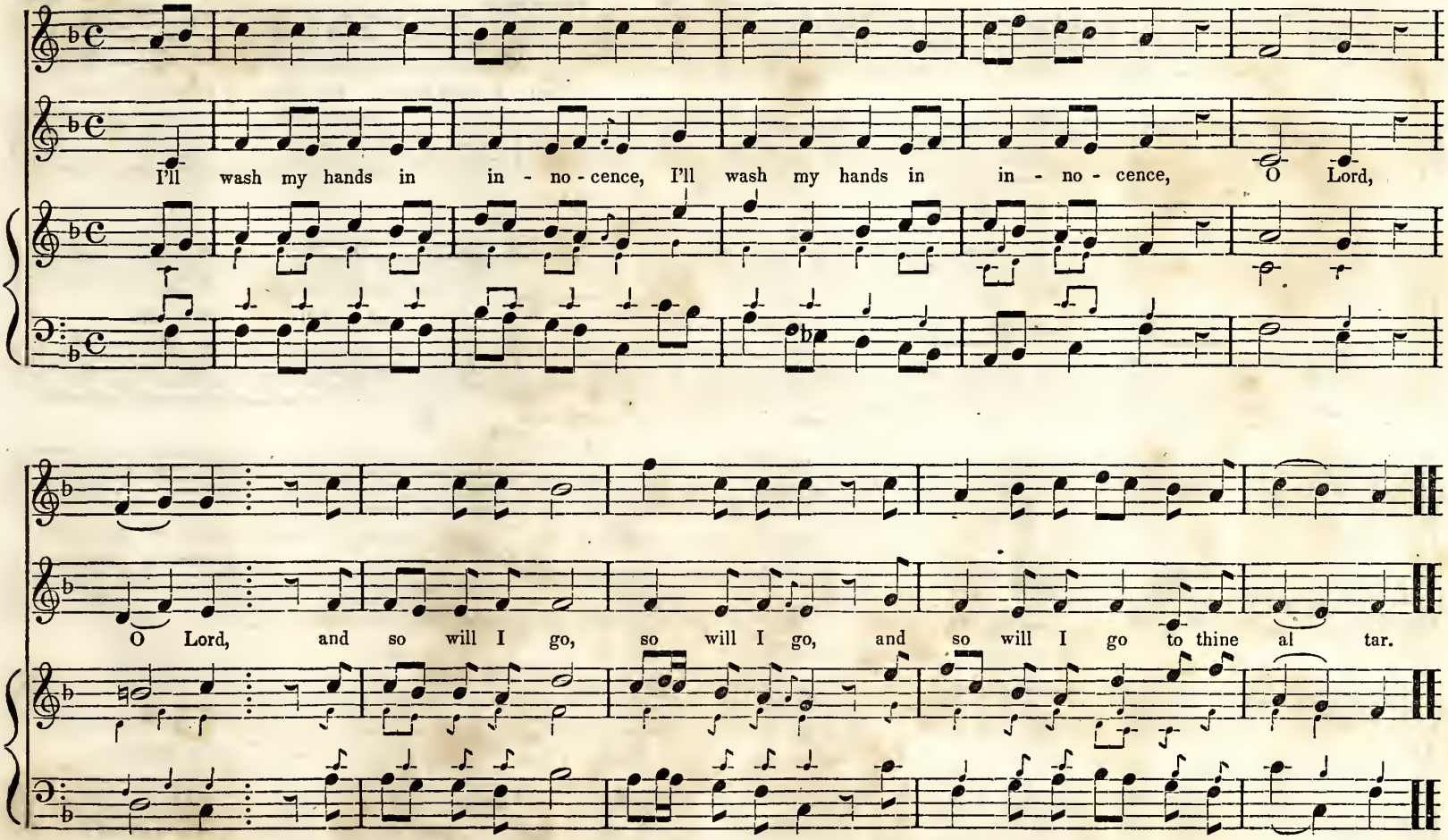
ff *f*

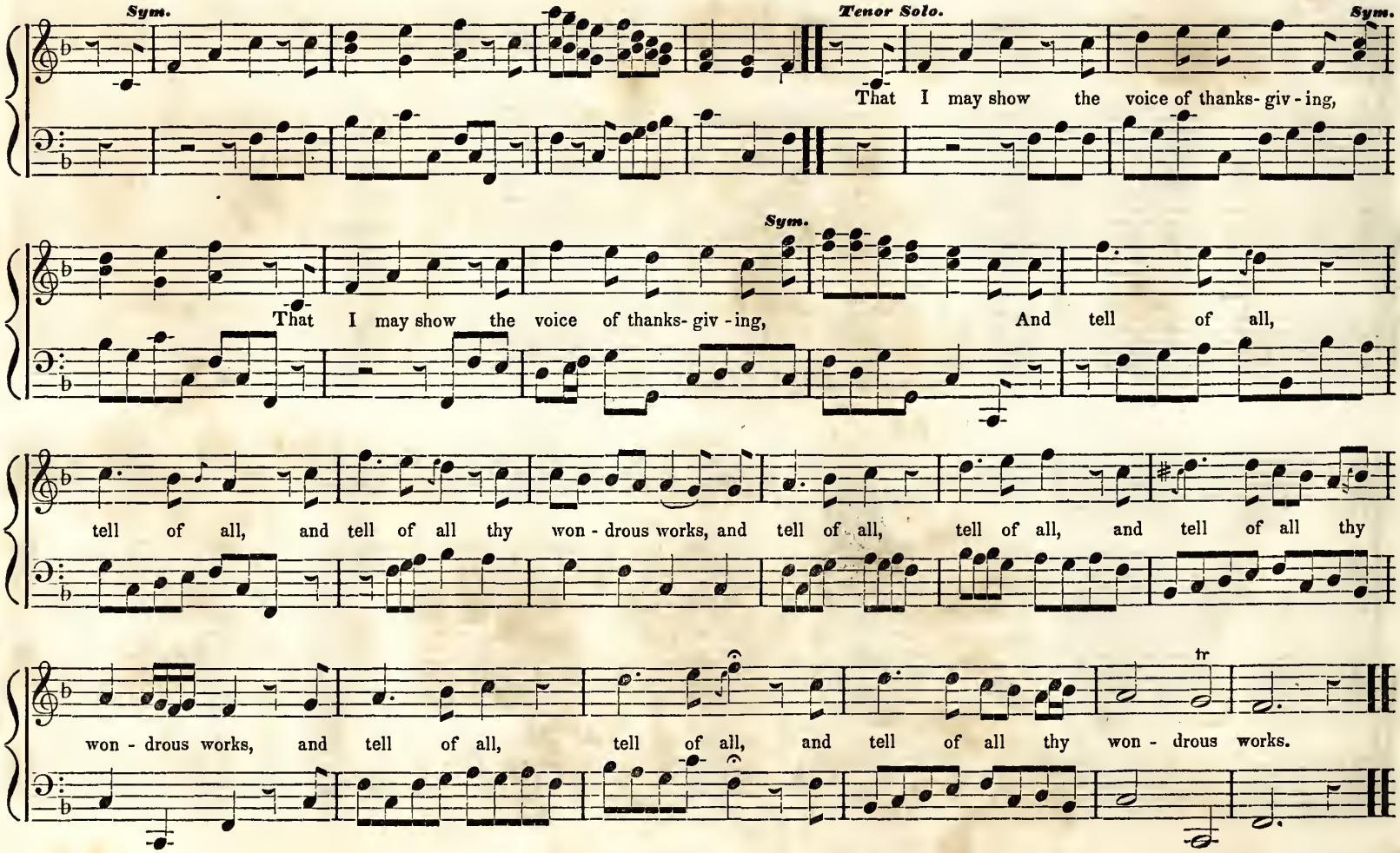
Oh Lord God of hosts, Lord God of hosts. Bless-ed is the man, bless-ed is the man who put-teth his trust, who

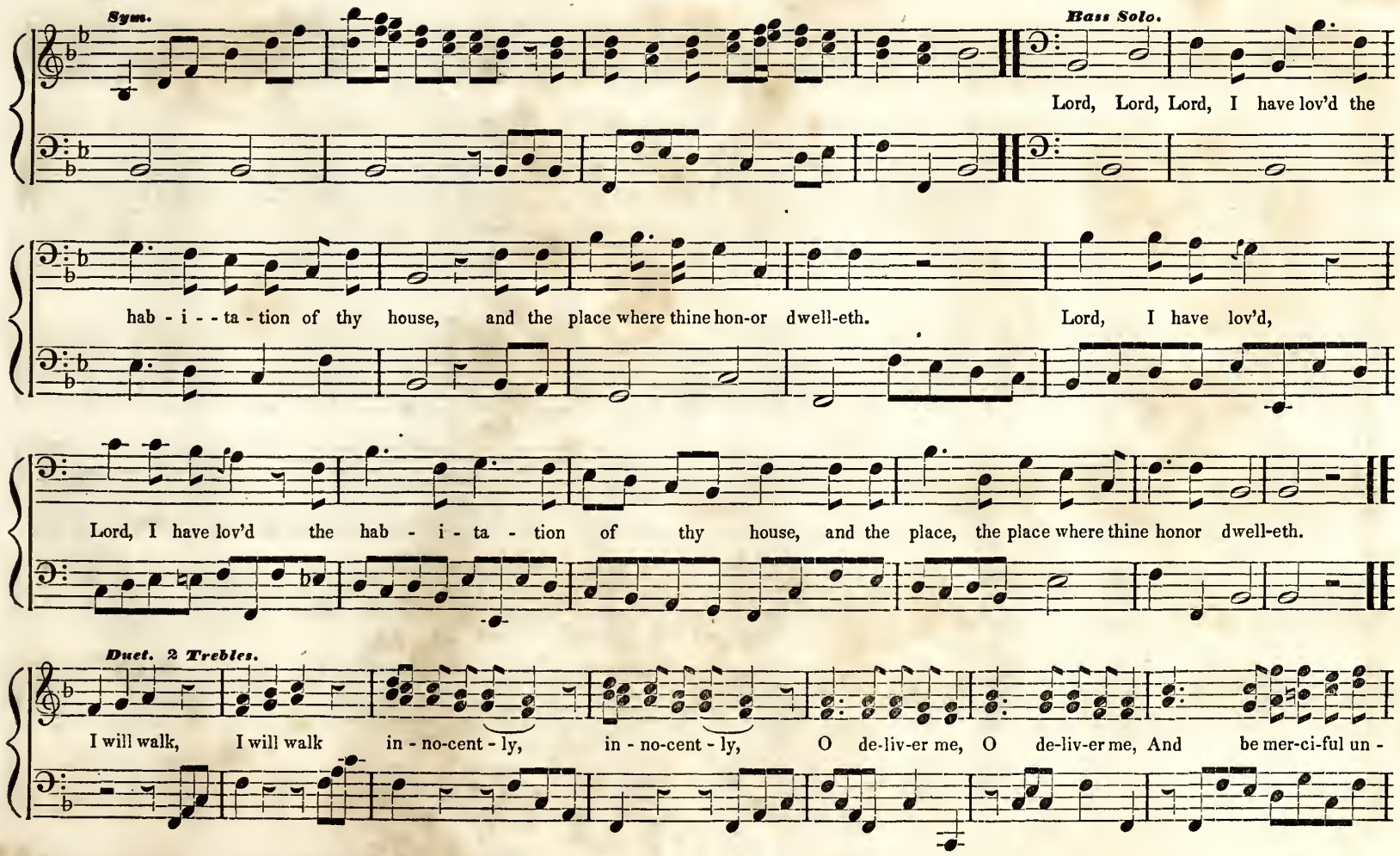
ff *f*

Who put-teth his trust in thee,

put-teth his trust in thee, who put-teth his trust . . . . . in thee, who put-teth his trust in thee.


I'll wash my hands in in - no - cence, I'll wash my hands in in - no - cence, O Lord,
O Lord, and so will I go, so will I go, and so will I go to thine al tar.


Sym.
Tenor Solo.
Sym.
That I may show the voice of thanks- giv - ing,
Sym.
That I may show the voice of thanks- giv - ing, And tell of all,
tell of all, and tell of all thy won - drous works, and tell of all, tell of all, and tell of all thy
tr
won - drous works, and tell of all, tell of all, and tell of all thy won - drous works.


Sym.
Bass Solo.
Lord, Lord, Lord, I have lov'd the
hab - i - - ta - tion of thy house, and the place where thine hon-or dwell-eth.
Lord, I have lov'd,
Lord, I have lov'd the hab - i - ta - tion of thy house, and the place, the place where thine honor dwell-eth.
Duet. 2 Trebles.
I will walk, I will walk in - no-cent - ly, in - no-cent - ly, O de-liv-er me, O de-liv-er me, And be mer-ci-ful un -

Sym.

to me. O be mer - ci - ful, O be mer - ci - ful, O be mer - ci - ful un - - to me.

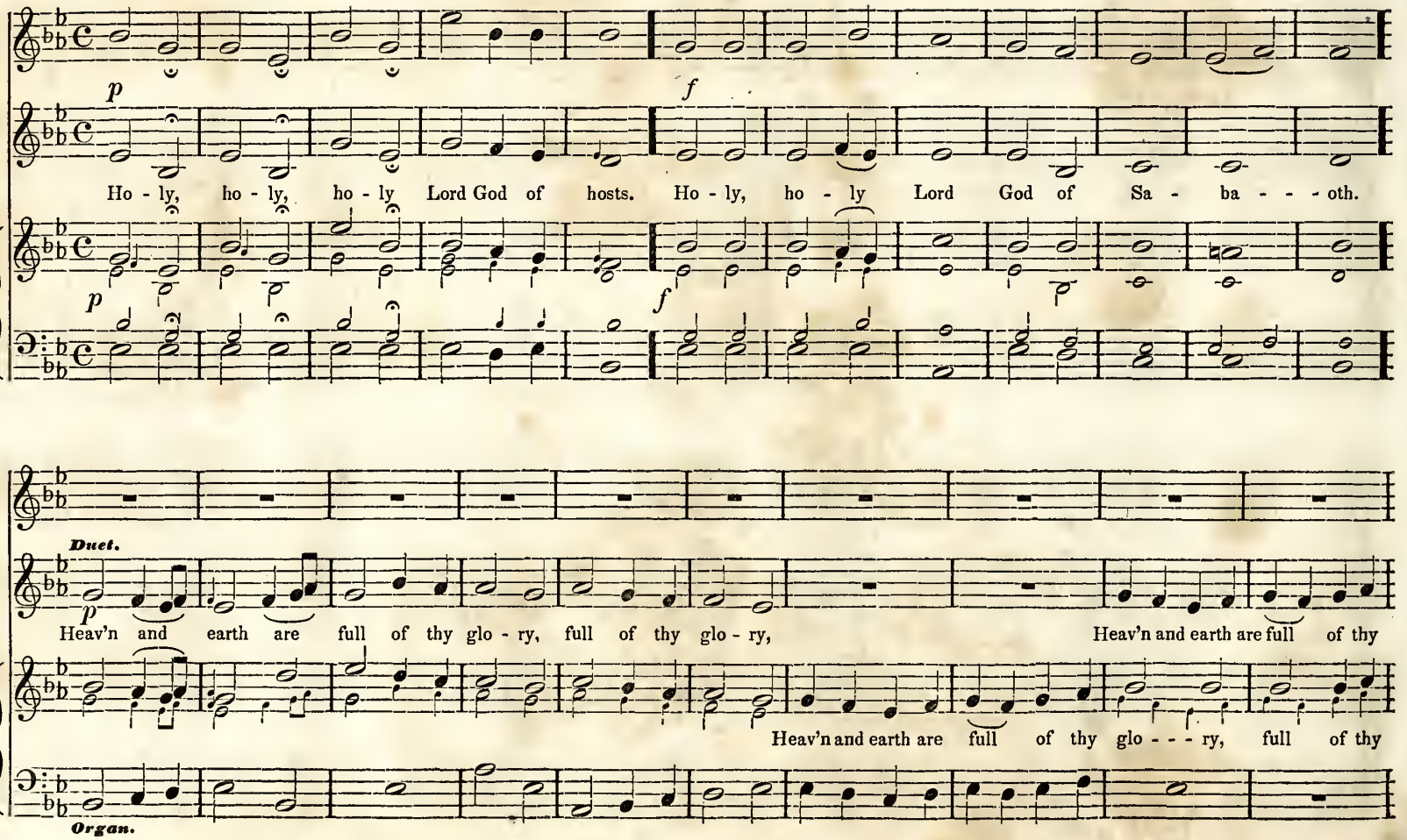
CHORUS.

I will praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord in the con-gre - - ga - - - tion, praise the Lord, praise the Lord in the con -gre -

- - - ga - - tion, I will praise the Lord, I will praise the Lord in the con-gre - ga - - tion, praise the Lord, praise the Lord

in the con-gre - ga - tion, praise the Lord, praise the Lord in the con - gre - - ga - - - tion. Praise the Lord.

Adagio.


p
f
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of hosts. Ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Sa - ba - - - oth.
p
f
Duet.
p
Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry, full of thy glo - ry, Heav'n and earth are full of thy
Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - - - ry, full of thy
Organ.

CHORUS. *f*

glo - ry, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry. Glo - ry be to thee, to thee, Most

glo - ry, Heav'n and earth are full, are full of thy glo - ry.

ff *p* *pp*

High. Glo - ry be to thee, to thee, Most High. A - - men, A - - men, A - - men.

ff *p* *pp*

ANTHEM. Behold my delight.

EXTRACT FROM STEVENS.

Spiritoso.

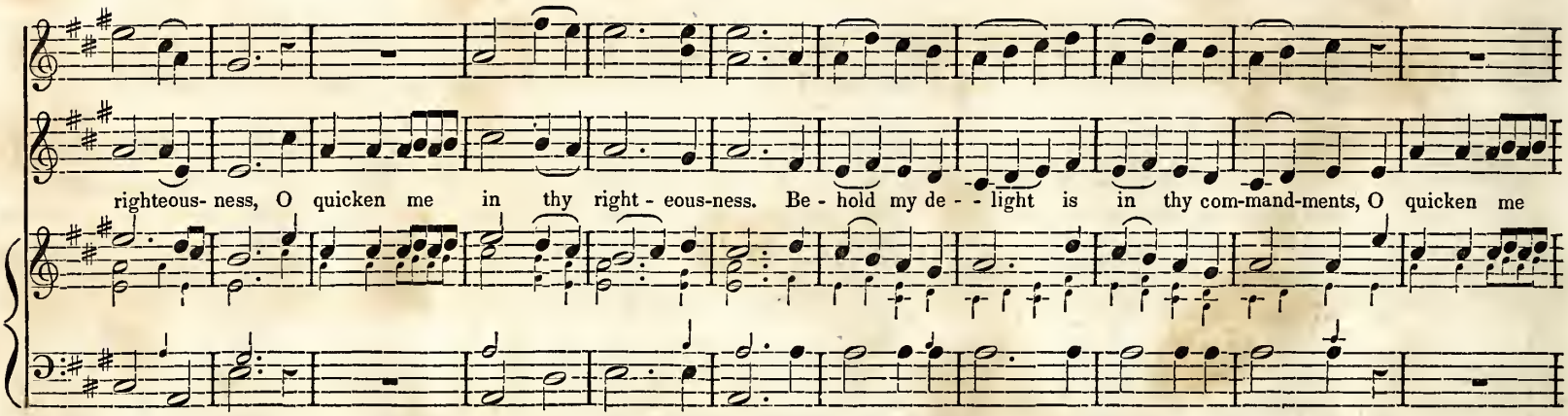
Be- hold my de - light, Be- hold my de - light is in thy commandments, is in. thy commandments, O quicken, quicken

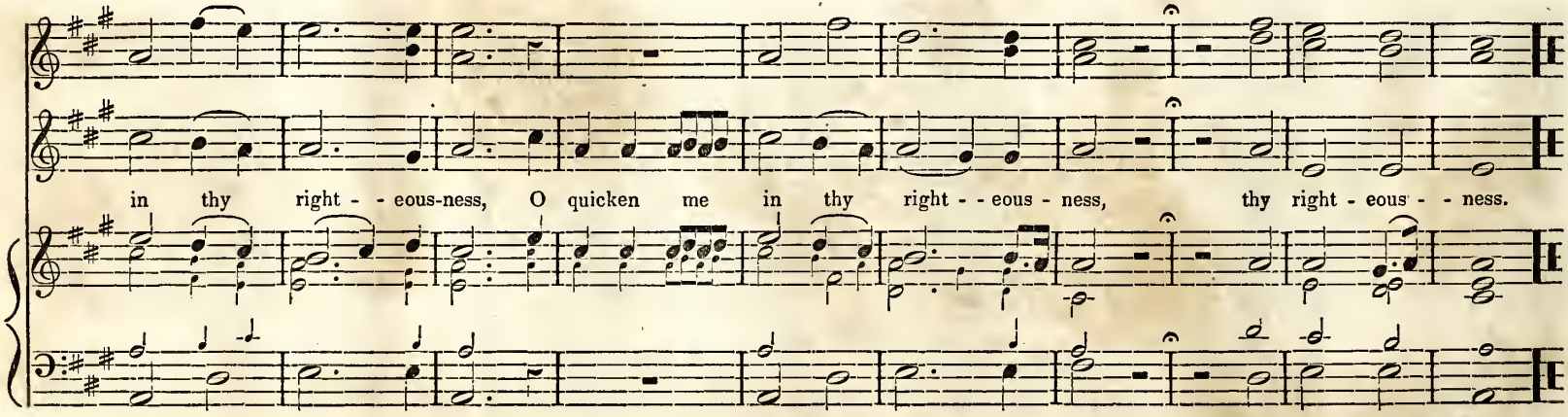
O quicken me, quicken me,

me in thy right-eous-ness, O quicken me in thy right - - eousness, O quicken me, O quicken me in thy right - eous-ness, Be-

hold my de - light, be - hold my de - light is in thy commandments, be- hold my de- light, Be - hold my de - light is in thy com-

mandments, is in thy com-mandments, O quicken, quicken me in thy right- eous- ness, O quicken, quicken me in thy


righteous- ness, O quicken me in thy right - eous-ness. Be - hold my de - - light is in thy com-mand-ments, O quicken me


in thy right - - eous-ness, O quicken me in thy right - - eous - ness, thy right - eous - - ness.

Andante.

p

I will a - rise, and go to my Fa - ther, to my Fa- ther, to my Fa - ther, and will say, will say un - to him.

p

p

Fa - ther I have sin- ned, I have sin- ned,

dim.

p

Fa - ther I have sin - ned, Fa - ther I have sin- ned, and am no more wor- thy to be call - ed, thy son.

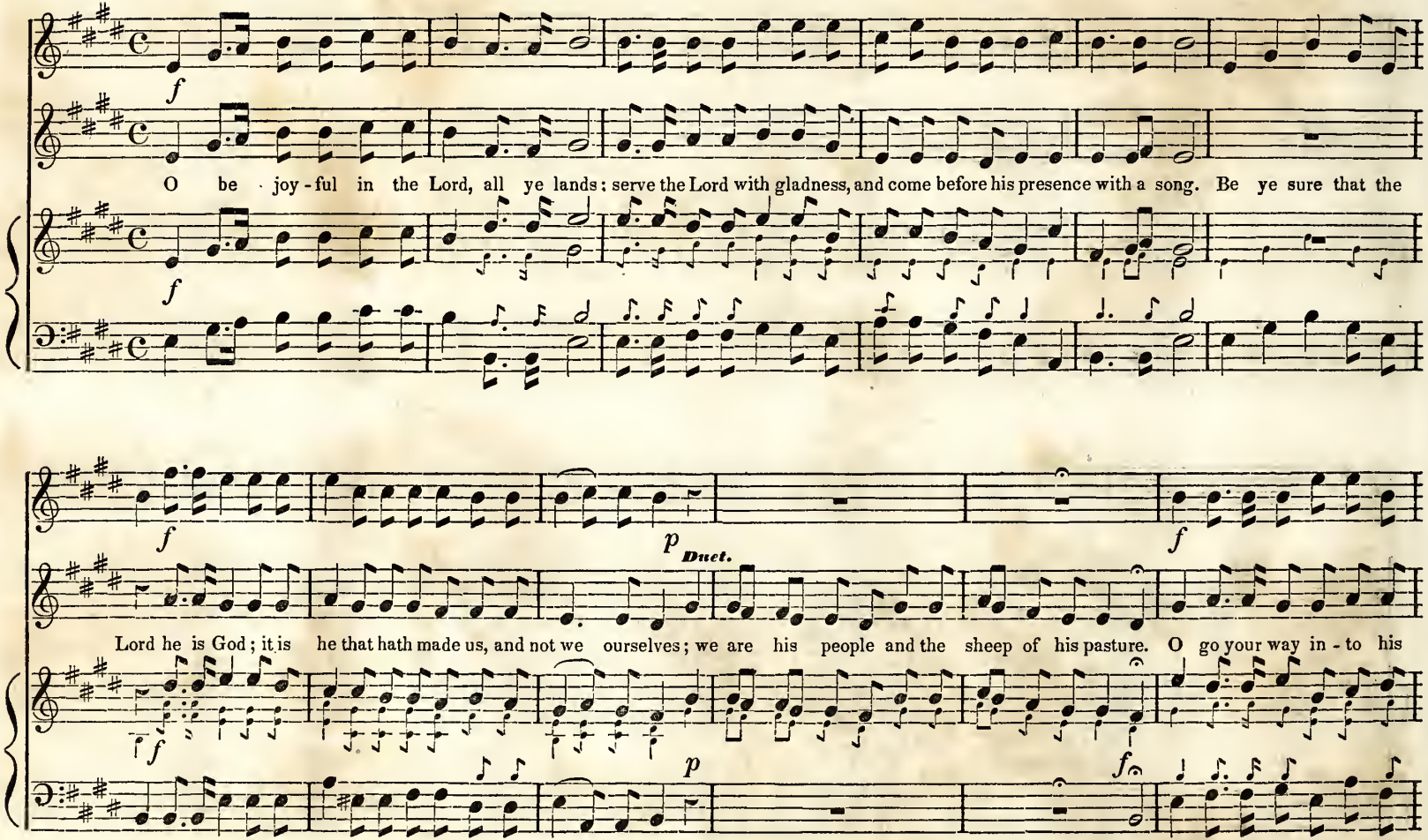
dim.

p

dim.

O BE JOYFUL. (CHORAL ANTHEM.)

COMER.



gates with thanksgiv-ing, and in - to his courts with praise, be thank- ful un - to him, and speak good of his name.

Quartetto Andante. *Semi Chorus.* *Chorus Full.*

p *mf* *f*

For the Lord is gra-cious, his mer - cy is ev - er - last-ing, and his truth en - dureth from gen - e - ra - tion to gen - e - ra- tion.

p *mf* *f*

QUARTETT. "Guide me, O my Lord!"

MELODY BY THE REV. F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

Andante. *cres.* *p* *f*

Guide me, O my Lord! Bid my wait-ing heart re - - joice, Bid my qui - et spir - it hear, thy con- sol - ing voice, Nev - er in the

p *f*

p *p* *pp*

whirl-wind found, or where earthquakes rock the place, Still and gen - tle is the sound Of thy soft - ly whispered grace, whispered grace.

p *p* *pp*

Second Verse.

p *p* *mf* *p*

Guide me, O my Lord! lead me with a fa - ther's care, Thro' a dim and clou- dy land; guide me ev - ery where; Till at last my

p *p* *mf* *p*

f *mf* *p* *pp*

wea - ry feet Reach thy bless-ed mer - cy seat, There with saints and friends to meet, Guide me, O my gra-cious Lord, gra-cious Lord.

f *mf* DIM. *p* *pp*

COMER.

Allegro Spiritoso.

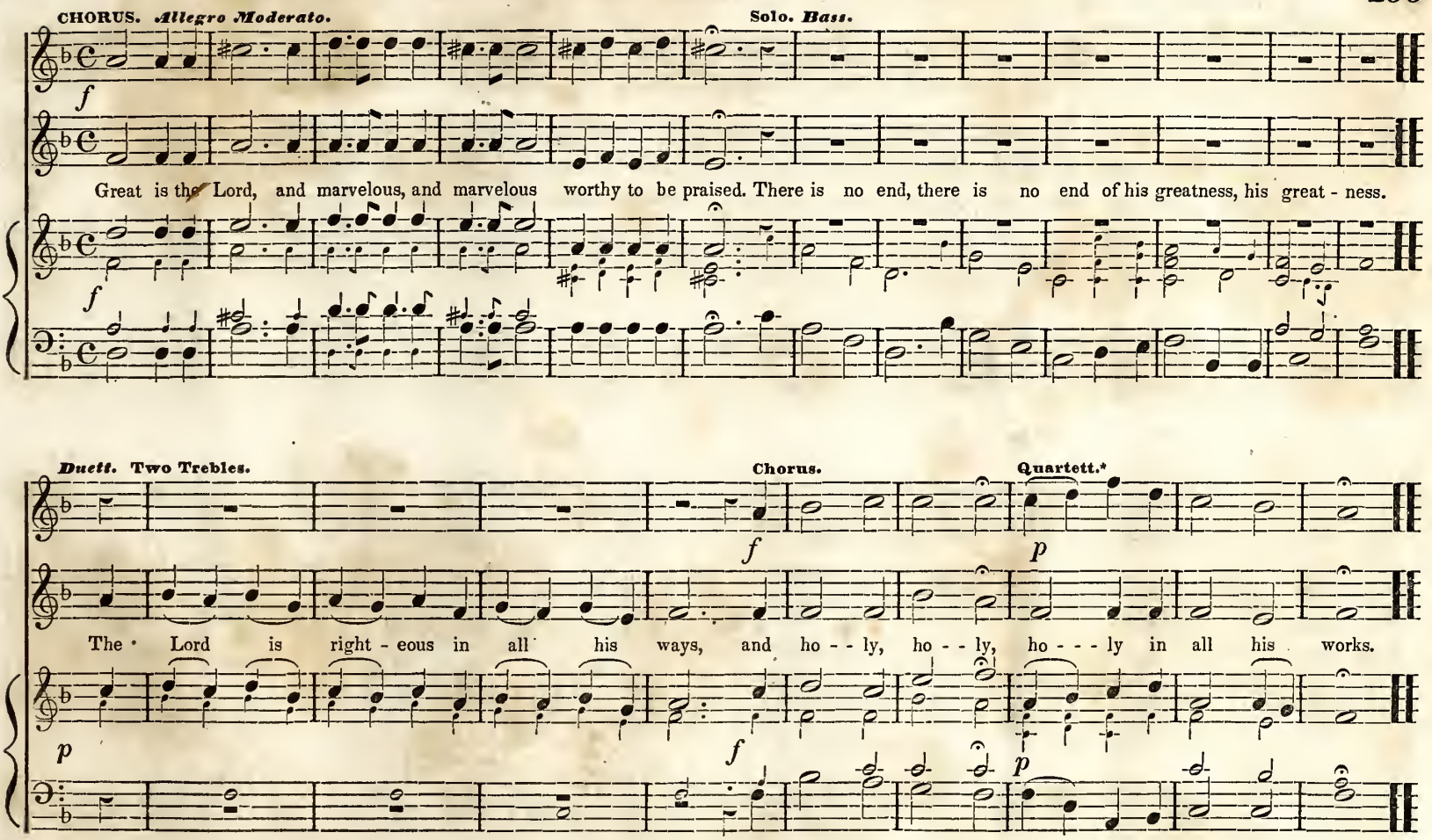
f

I will mag- ni - - fy thee, O God, my King, and I will praise, will praise thy name for - ev - - er and ev - - - - - er.

f

Allegretto. Solo. **For a Treble or Tenor voice.**

Eve - ry day will I give thanks un- to thee, and praise thy name, and praise thy name, thy name for - ev - er and e - - - ver.



* These last three measures may be sung without the organ.

Chorus. ***Allegro con Spirito.***

f

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord, and let all flesh give thanks un - - to his ho - - ly name, his

f

ho - - ly name for - ev - er and ever, for - - ev-er and ev-er, for - ev - er and ev - er. A- men, A- men, Amen. A - - men.

ff

ff

Andante Larghetto.

O Lord, our gov - er - nor, O Lord, our gov- er - nor, how ex - cel - lent, how ex - cel - lent, how ex - cel - lent is thy

name, how ex - cel - lent is thy name, how ex - cel-lent, how ex - cel-lent, how ex - cel-lent is thy name, thy

name in all the world, thy name in all the world, how ex - cel - lent is thy name, O Lord, thy

How ex - cel- lent is thy name,

O Lord, thy name

name in all the world, O Lord, thy name . . . . . how ex - cel- lent, how ex - cel-lent thy name, thy

name, O Lord, in all the world, how ex - cel- lent thy name, thy name, O Lord, in all, all the world.

Chorus. Spirito.

How ex - cel - lent is thy name, . . . O Lord, . . . thy name in all, ... in all the

How ex - cel- lent is thy name, O Lord, how ex - cel -lent in . . . all the

How ex - cel- lent is thy name, O Lord, thy name in all the

How ex-cellent is thy name, O Lord, . . . O Lord, how ex - cel - lent thy name in all the

f

world. O Lord, how ex- cel - lent, O Lord, how ex- cel - lent, how ex-cellent is thy

world, O Lord, how ex-cel-lent, O Lord, how ex- cel-lent,

world, O Lord, how ex - cel - lent, O Lord, how ex - cel - lent, how ex-cel-lent is thy name,

name, thy name, O Lord, thy name in all the world, O Lord, thy name, thy name, O Lord, thy name how ex - cel - lent, O Lord, in all the

in all the world, O Lord, thy name, thy name how excel -lent, how ex - cel - - - lent,

Thy name, O Lord, O Lord,

world. Thy name, O Lord, ... thy name, how ex - cel - lent thy

Thy name, O Lord,

Thy name, thy name,

Andantino 2d Time.

name in all the world, O Lord, thy name, thy name how ex - cel - lent, thy name how ex - cel-lent, O Lord, in all the world.

Andantino.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is with - in me praise his ho - ly name, and for - get not all his ben-e - fits, ben - e - fits.

all thy sin,

Who for- giv - eth

Who for - giv - eth all thy sin, and heal-eth thine in - firm - i - ties, who sa-veth, who sa - veth thy life from de - struc-tion.

all thy sin,

Allegretto.

Our Fa - ther who art in heaven, Hal-low-ed be thy name, Hal-low-ed be thy name. Thy king-dom come, thy will be done, on

earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our dai - - ly bread, and for-give us our debts as we for-give our debt - ors.

T. S.

And lead us not in - - to temp - ta - tion, And lead us not in - to temp - ta - tion, But de - liv - er us from

e - vil, But de - liv - er us from e - vil, For thine is the king-dom, and the pow'r, and the glo - - ry, For

thine is the king-dom, and the pow'r, and the glo - ry, for ev - er, for ev - er, A - - men, A - - - men.

"Ere I sleep for every favor." 8s, 3s & 6. L. MARSHALL.

Andante.

1. Ere I sleep for ev - - - ery fa - vor, This day show'd By my God I do bless my Sa - - vior.

2. Leave me not, but ev - - er love me; Let thy peace, Be my bliss, Till thou hence re - - move me.

3. Thou my rock, my guard, my tow - er, Safe - ly keep, While I sleep, Me with all thy pow - - er.

4. And when - e'er in death I slum-ber, Let me rise With the wise, Count - ed in their num - ber.

"The Lord himself, the mighty Lord." C. M. (DOUBLE.)

M. VERTUE.

Siciliano e Moderato.

Trio. *p*

The Lord himself, the mighty Lord, Vouchsafes to be my guide; The shepherd, by whose constant care, My wants are all sup - plied. In ten-der grass he makes me feed, In

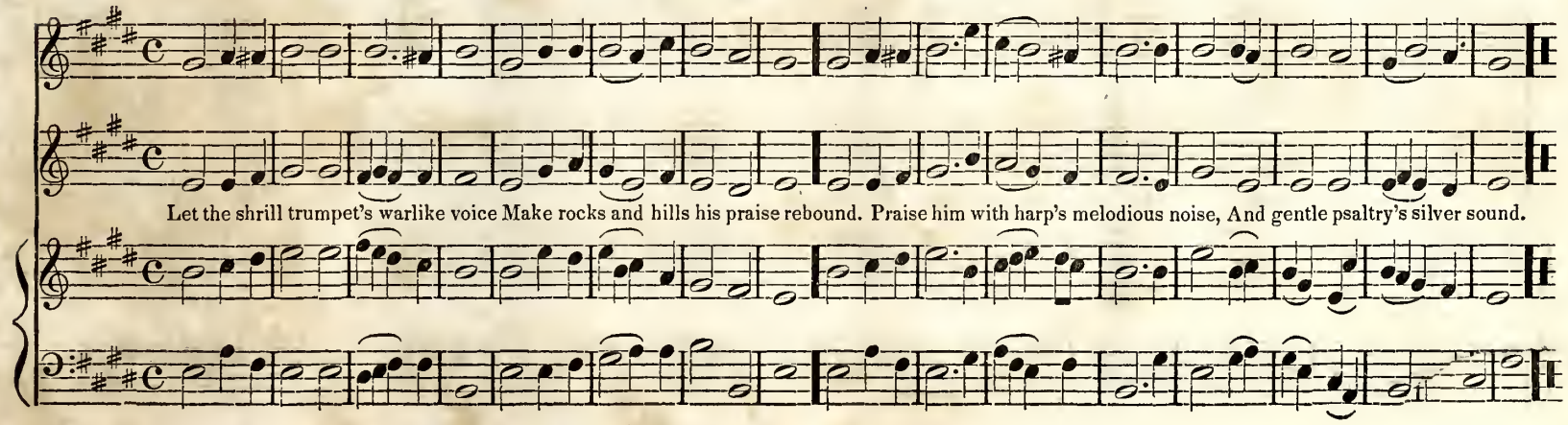
f

ten - der grass he makes me feed, And gently there re - pose, Then leads me to cool shades, and where, Then leads me to cool shades, and where Refreshing water flows.

The Institute, at the request of many of their friends in the country, amateurs, and other lovers of the old New-England melodies, have permitted them to appropriate to their use, the following pages, to be filled with such of the favorite and popular Tunes as they might select from the works of Billings, Holden, Read and others. They are inserted without any interference of the Institute, or any attempt, (however desirable,) on their part to correct the harmony, or make any alterations whatever, believing that those at whose instance they are published desire to see them just as they have always seen and known them, and that almost any changes would to them appear but as blemishes, and defeat altogether the objects of their publication.

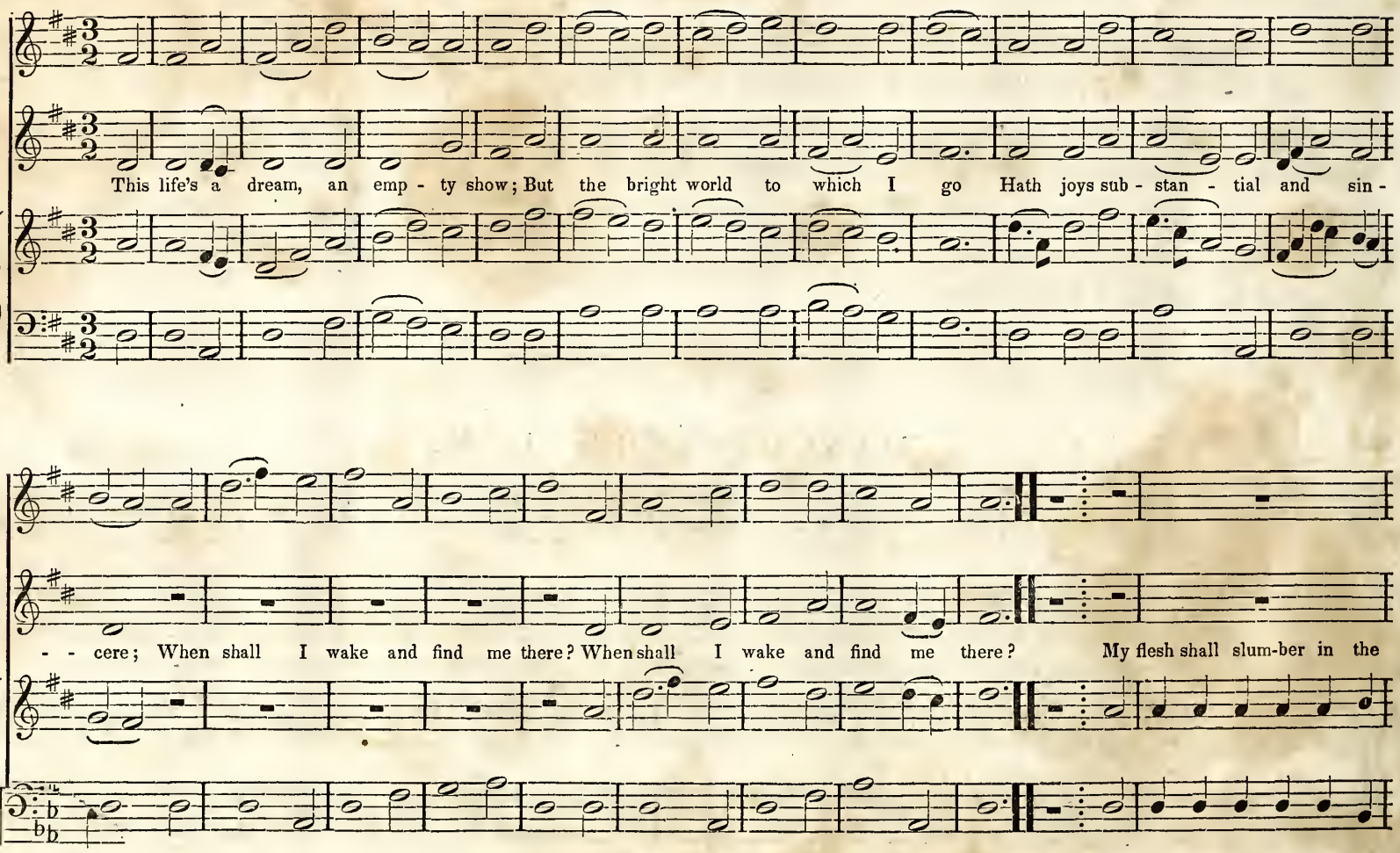
MANCHESTER. L. M.

WM. BILLINGS.



TILDEN. L. M.

BROWN.



Loud.

ground, Till the last trumpet's joy - ful sound; Then burst the bands with sweet sur-prise, And in my Sa - vior's im - - age rise.

WINDHAM. L. M.

D. READ.

Moderato.

Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there, But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav-el - ler.

ARNHEIM. L. M.

S. HOLYOKE.

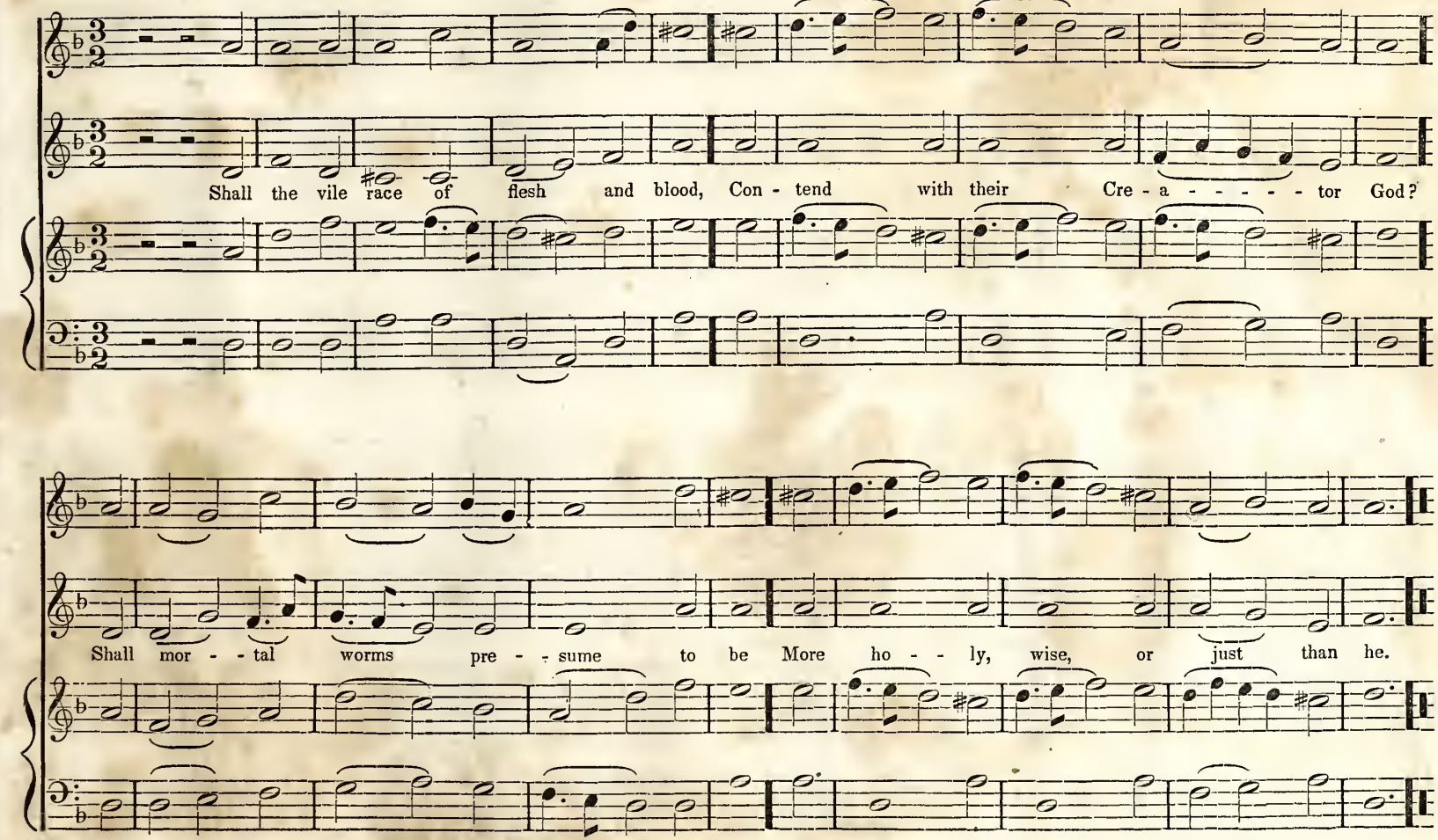
All ye bright armies of the skies, Go, worship where your Savior lies; An - gels and kings before him bow, Those gods on high, and gods be - low.

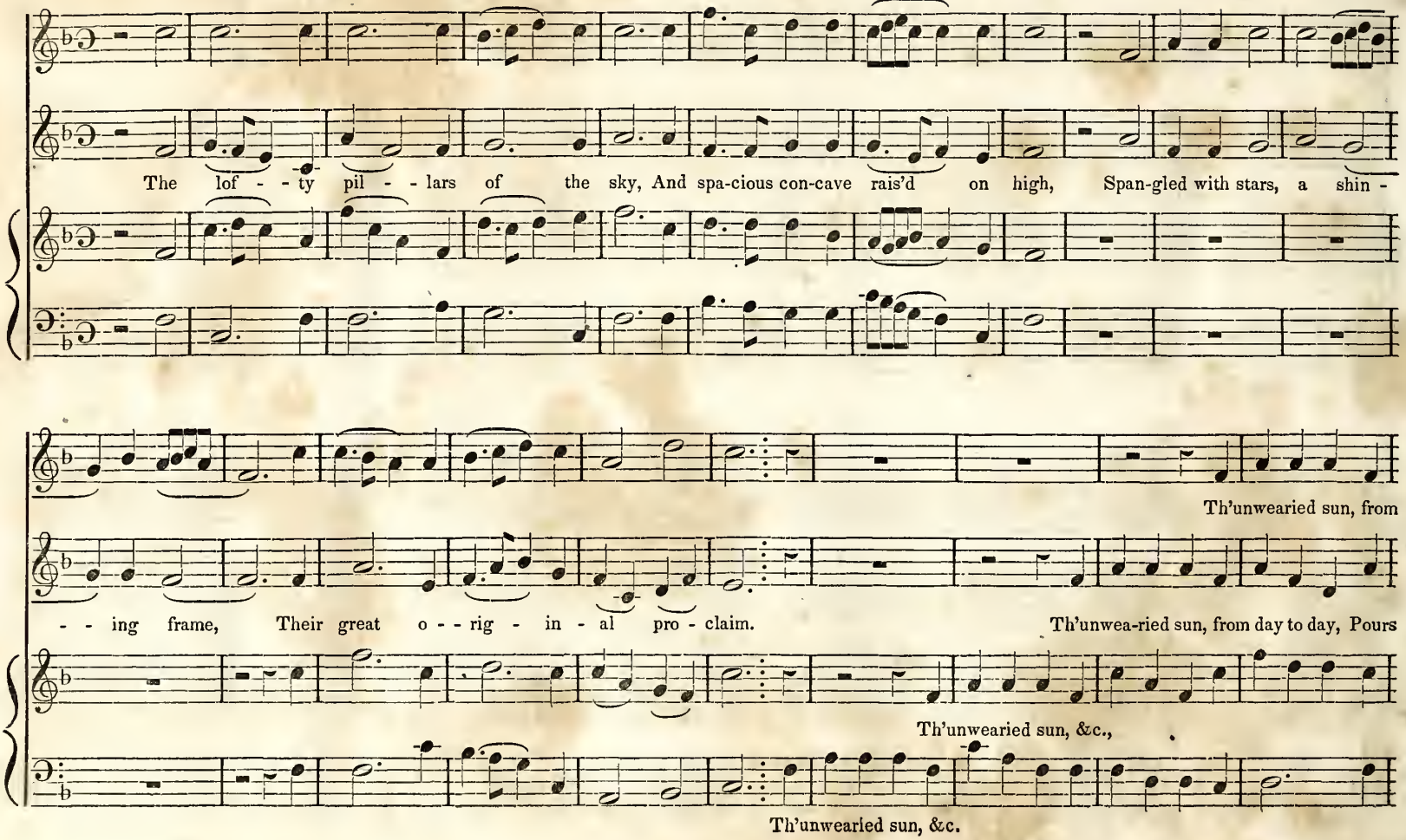
MORTALITY. L. M.

D. READ.

Slow.

Death, like an o - ver-flow-ing stream, Sweeps us away; our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flow'r, Cut down and wither'd in an hour.


Shall the vile race of flesh and blood, Con - tend with their Cre - a - - - - - tor God?
Shall mor - - tal worms pre - - sume to be More ho - - ly, wise, or just than he.


The lof - - ty pil - - lars of the sky, And spa-cious con-cave rais'd on high, Span-gled with stars, a shin -
Th'unwearied sun, from
- - ing frame, Their great o - - rig - in - al pro - claim.
Th'unwea-ried sun, from day to day, Pours
Th'unwearied sun, &c.,
Th'unwearied sun, &c.

And, &c.,

knowledge on his gol - den ray, And pub - - lish - es to ev - ery land, The work of an Al - migh-ty hand.

And, &c.,

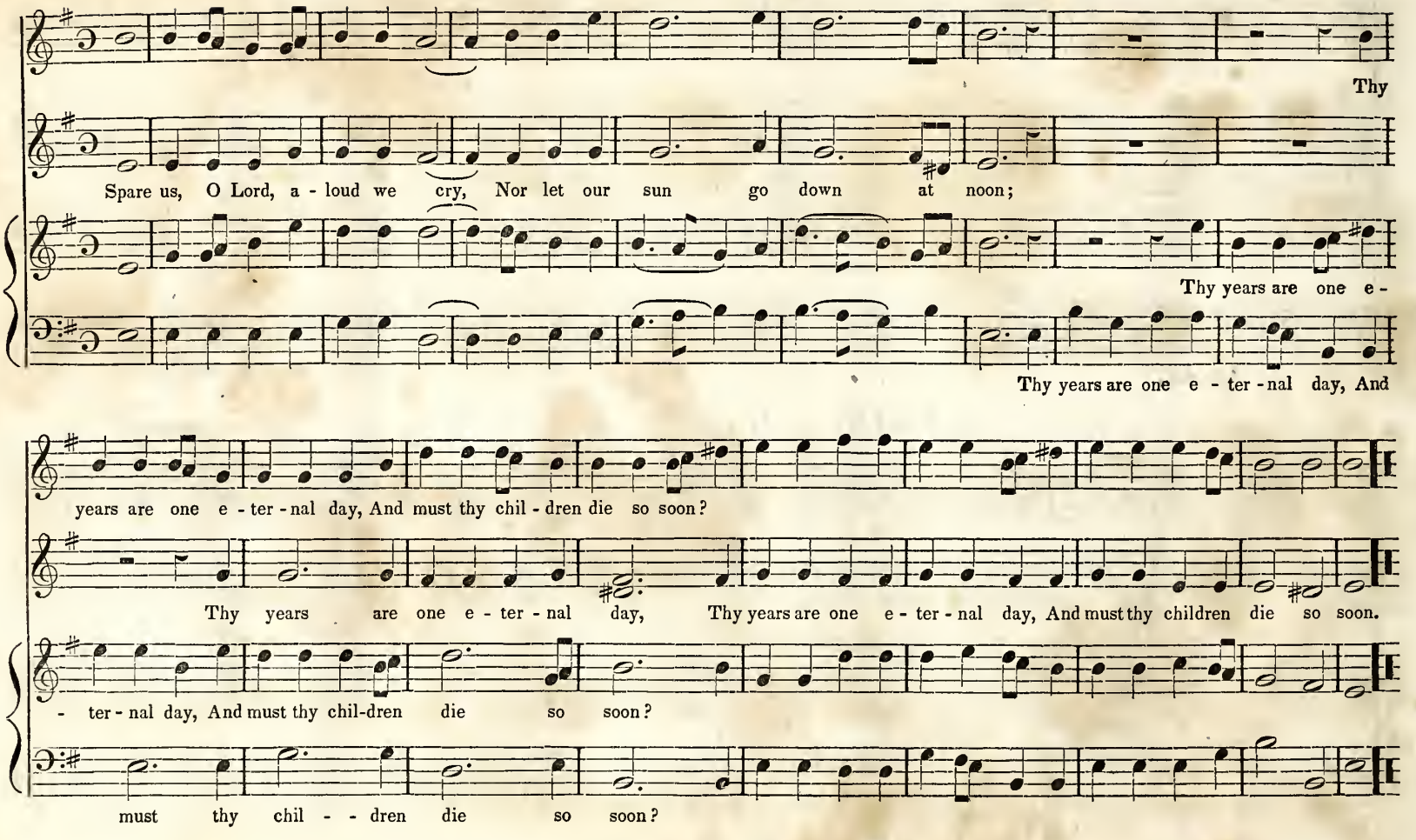
PARIS. L. M.

BILLINGS.

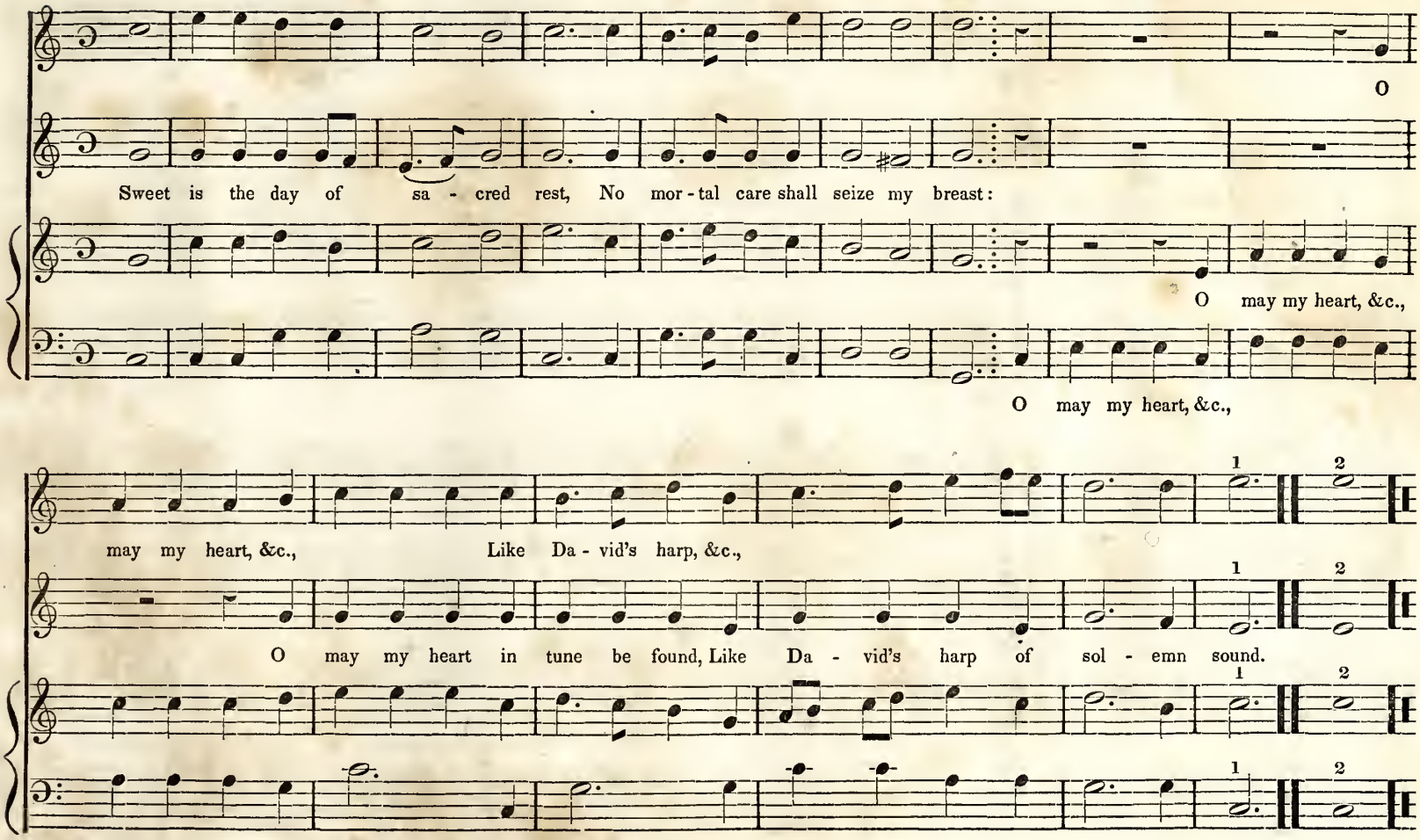
Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise Our hearts and voi-ces in his praise; His nature and his works in-vite To make this du-ty our de-light.

COMPLAINT. L. M.

PARMENTER.

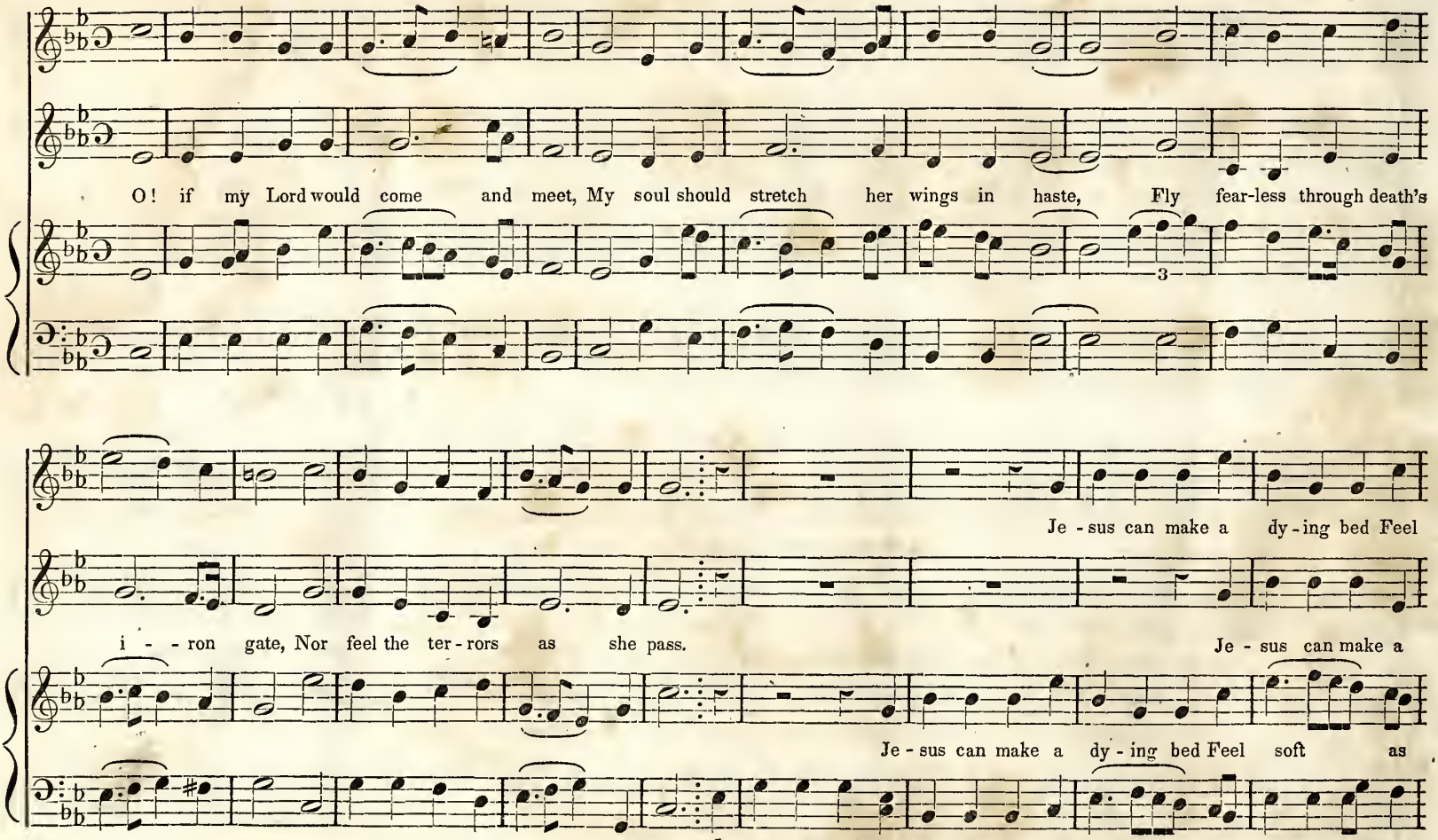


DEVOTION. L. M.


O
Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal care shall seize my breast:
O may my heart, &c.,
O may my heart, &c.,
may my heart, &c., Like Da - vid's harp, &c.,
O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound.
1
2

ALL SAINTS NEW. L. M.

HALL.



soft as downy pil-lows are, While on his breast I lean, While on his breast I lean, I lean my

dy-ing bed Feel soft as downy pil-lows are, While on his breast I lean my head, I lean my

downy pil-lows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there, . . While on his breast I

are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there, While on his breast I

head, And breathe my life, And breathe my life out sweet - - ly there, And, &c.,

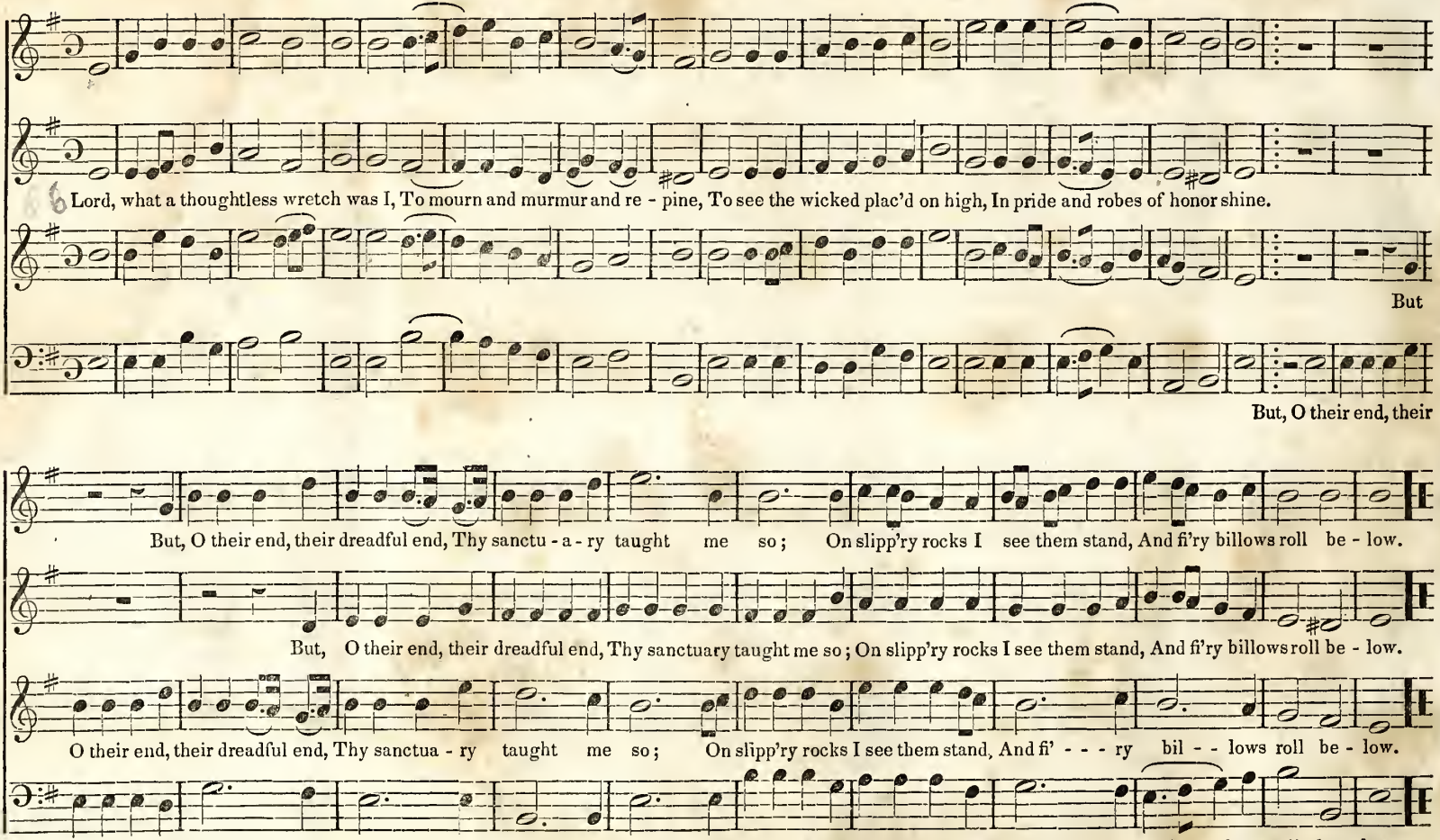
head, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe my life, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.

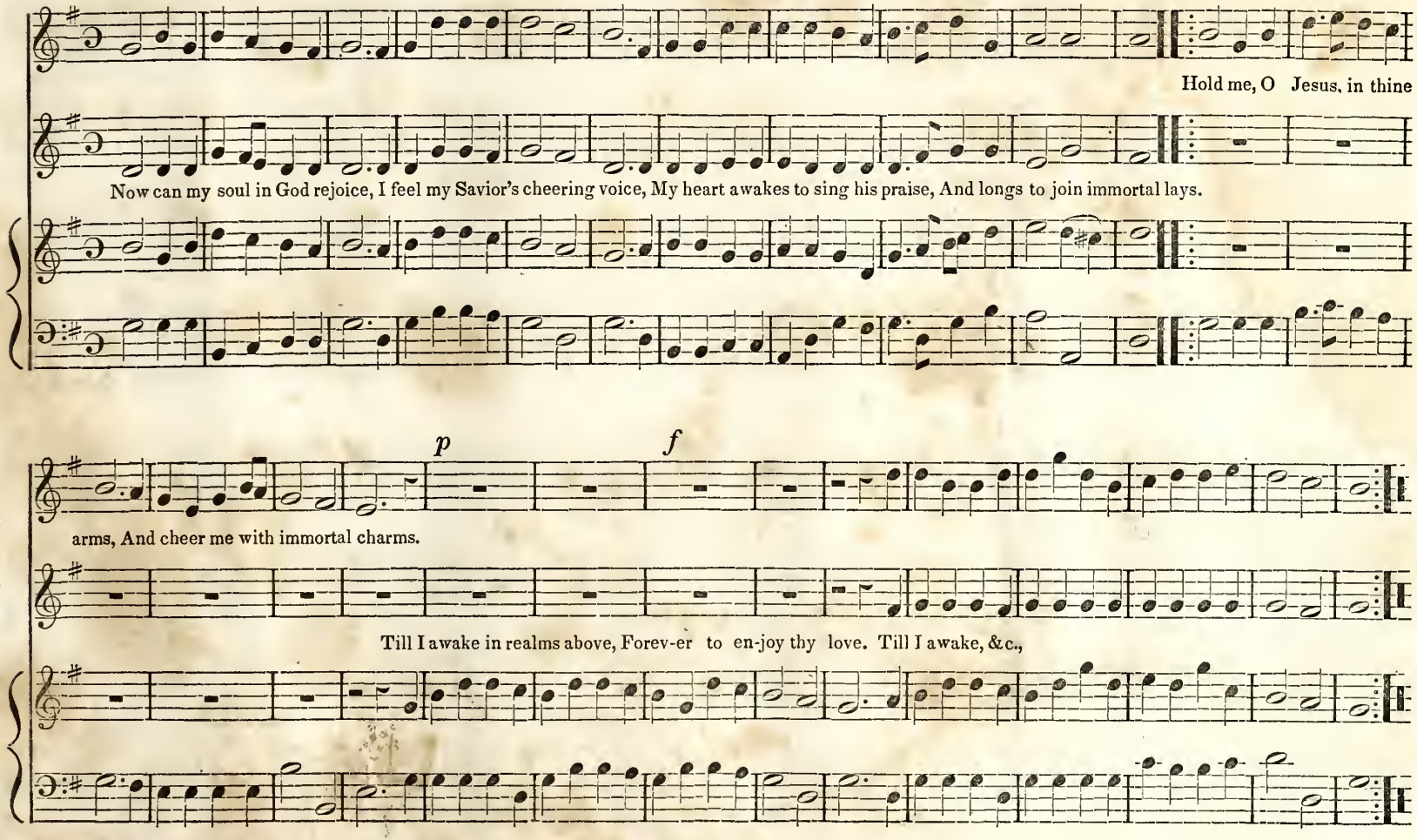
lean, I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there, And, &c.,

lean, I lean my head, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe, &c.,

GREENWICH. L. M.

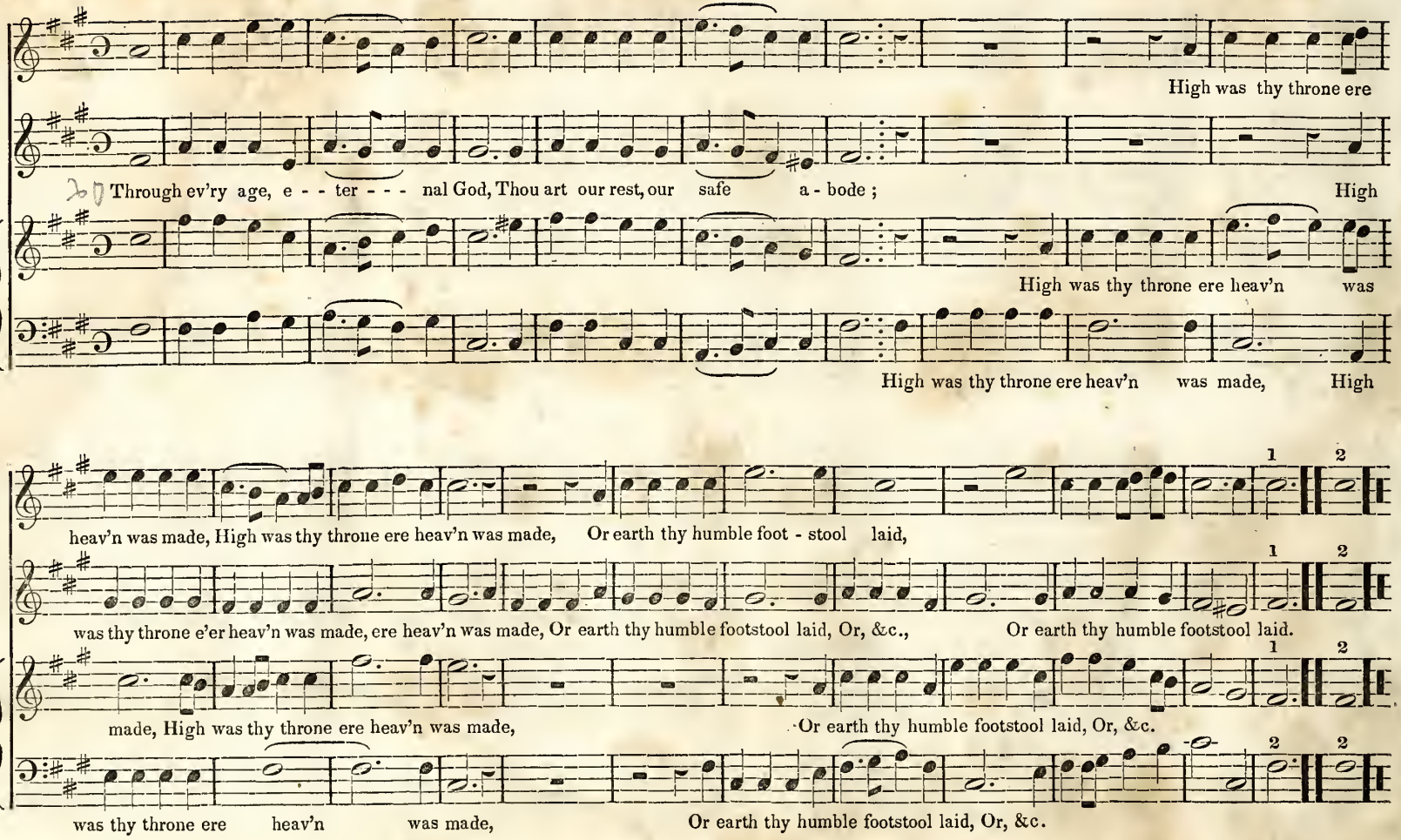
D. READ.

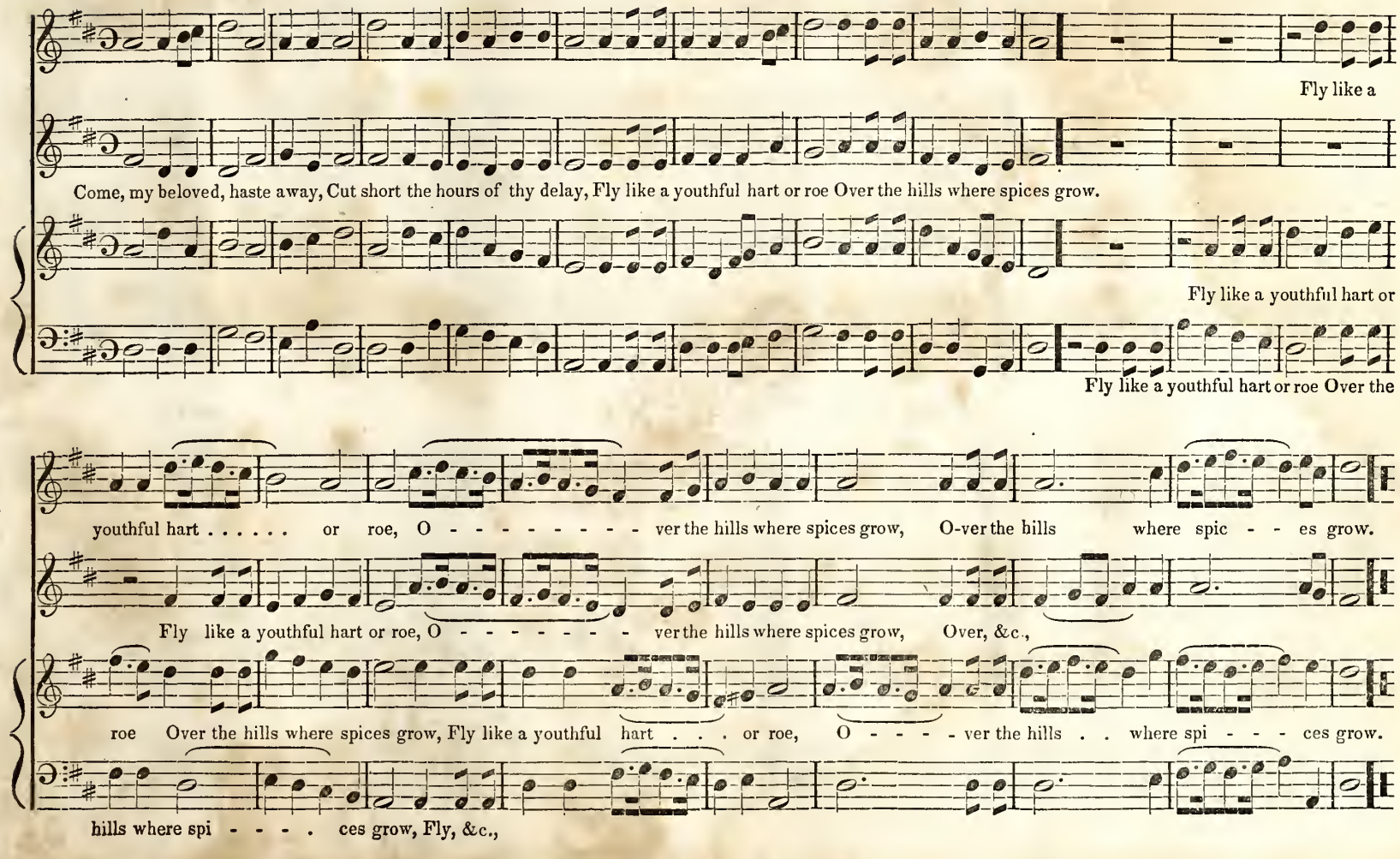



Hold me, O Jesus, in thine
Now can my soul in God rejoice, I feel my Savior's cheering voice, My heart awakes to sing his praise, And longs to join immortal lays.
p
f
arms, And cheer me with immortal charms.
Till I awake in realms above, Forev-er to en-joy thy love. Till I awake, &c.,

STRATFIELD. L. M.

GOFF.




Fly like a
Come, my beloved, haste away, Cut short the hours of thy delay, Fly like a youthful hart or roe Over the hills where spices grow.
Fly like a youthful hart or
Fly like a youthful hart or roe Over the
youthful hart . . . . . or roe, O - - - - - - - - - ver the hills where spices grow, O-ver the hills where spic - - es grow.
Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O - - - - - - - - ver the hills where spices grow, Over, &c.,
roe Over the hills where spices grow, Fly like a youthful hart . . . or roe, O - - - - ver the hills . . where spi - - - ces grow.
hills where spi - - - . ces grow, Fly, &c.,

CHESTER. L. M.

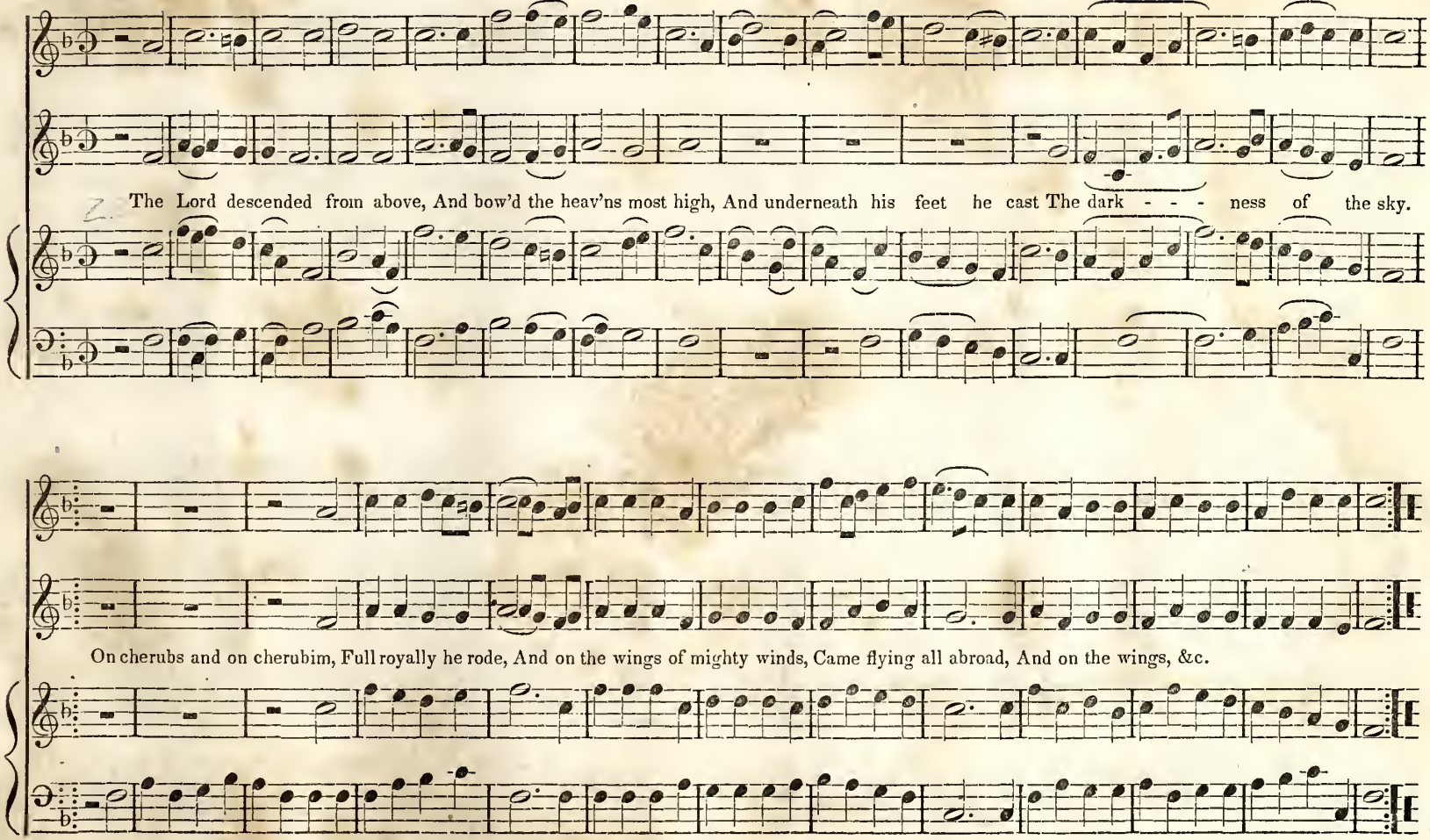
BILLINGS.

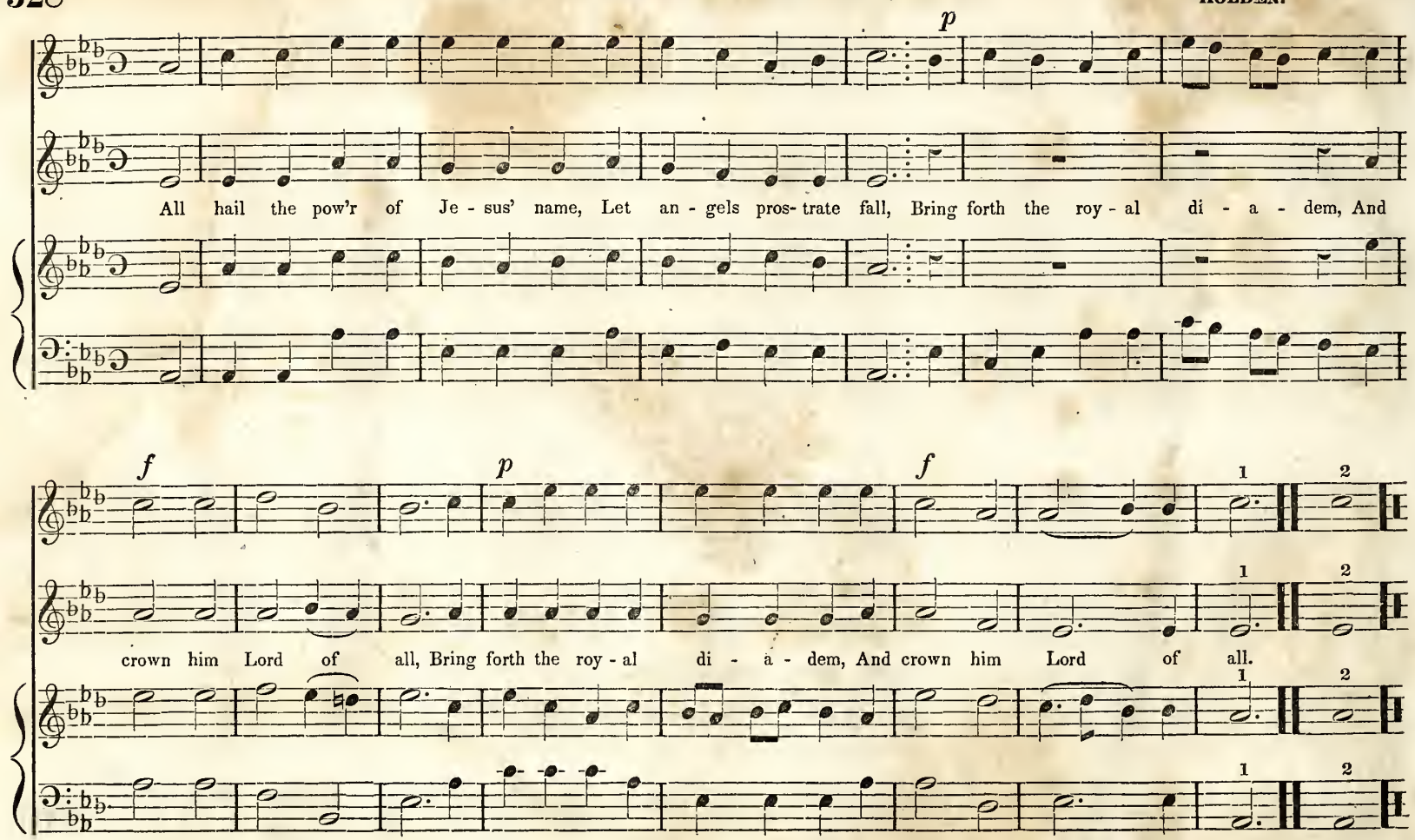
Let tyrant's shake their i-ron rod, And slav'ry clank her gall- ing chains; We fear them not; we trust in God: New England's God for - ev - - er reigns.

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.

Why do we mourn depart - ing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.


2. The Lord descended from above, And bow'd the heav'ns most high, And underneath his feet he cast The dark - - - ness of the sky.
On cherubs and on cherubim, Full royally he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad, And on the wings, &c.


p
All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros- trate fall, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
f
p
f
1
2
crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign; In - fi -nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.

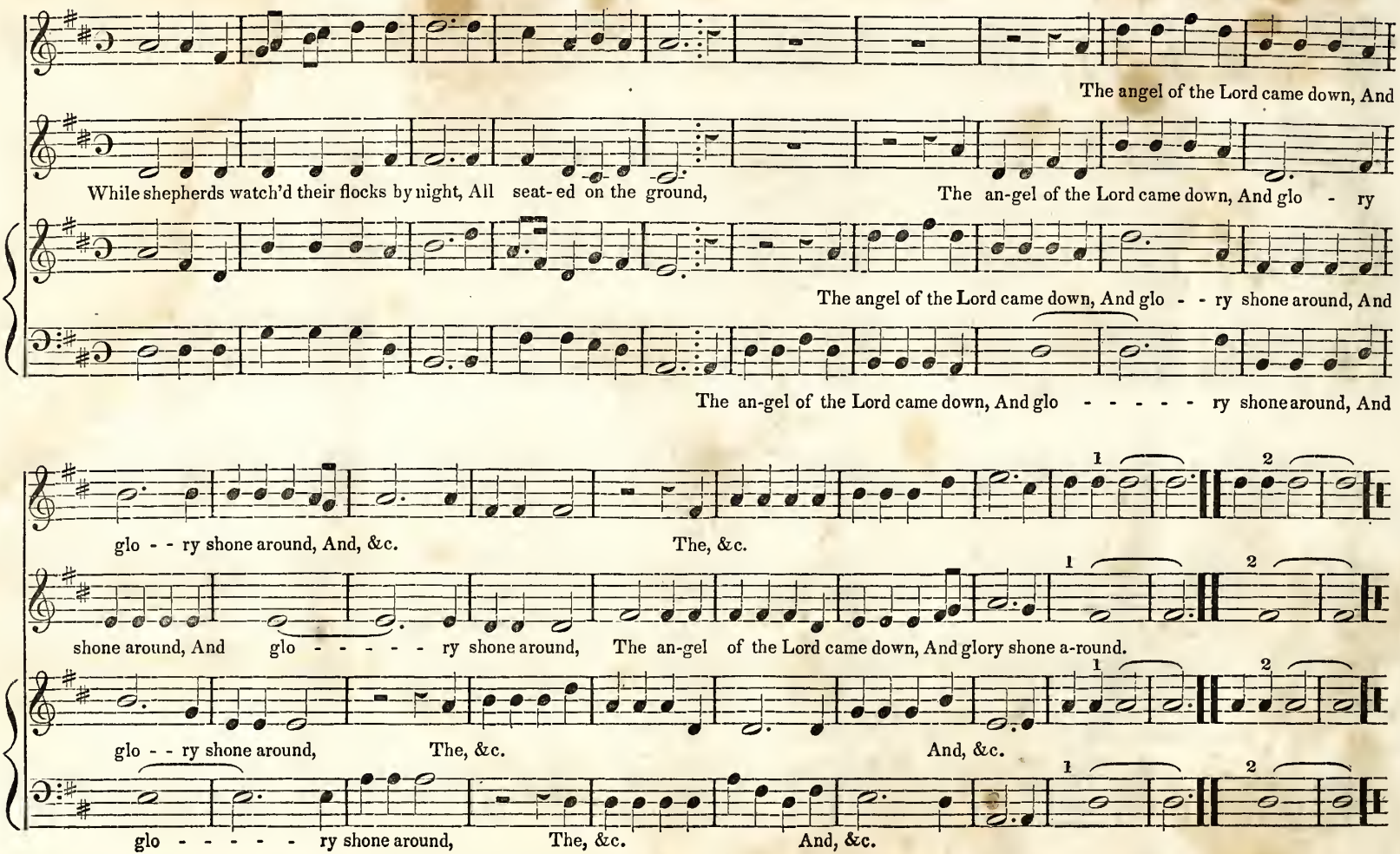
p *f*

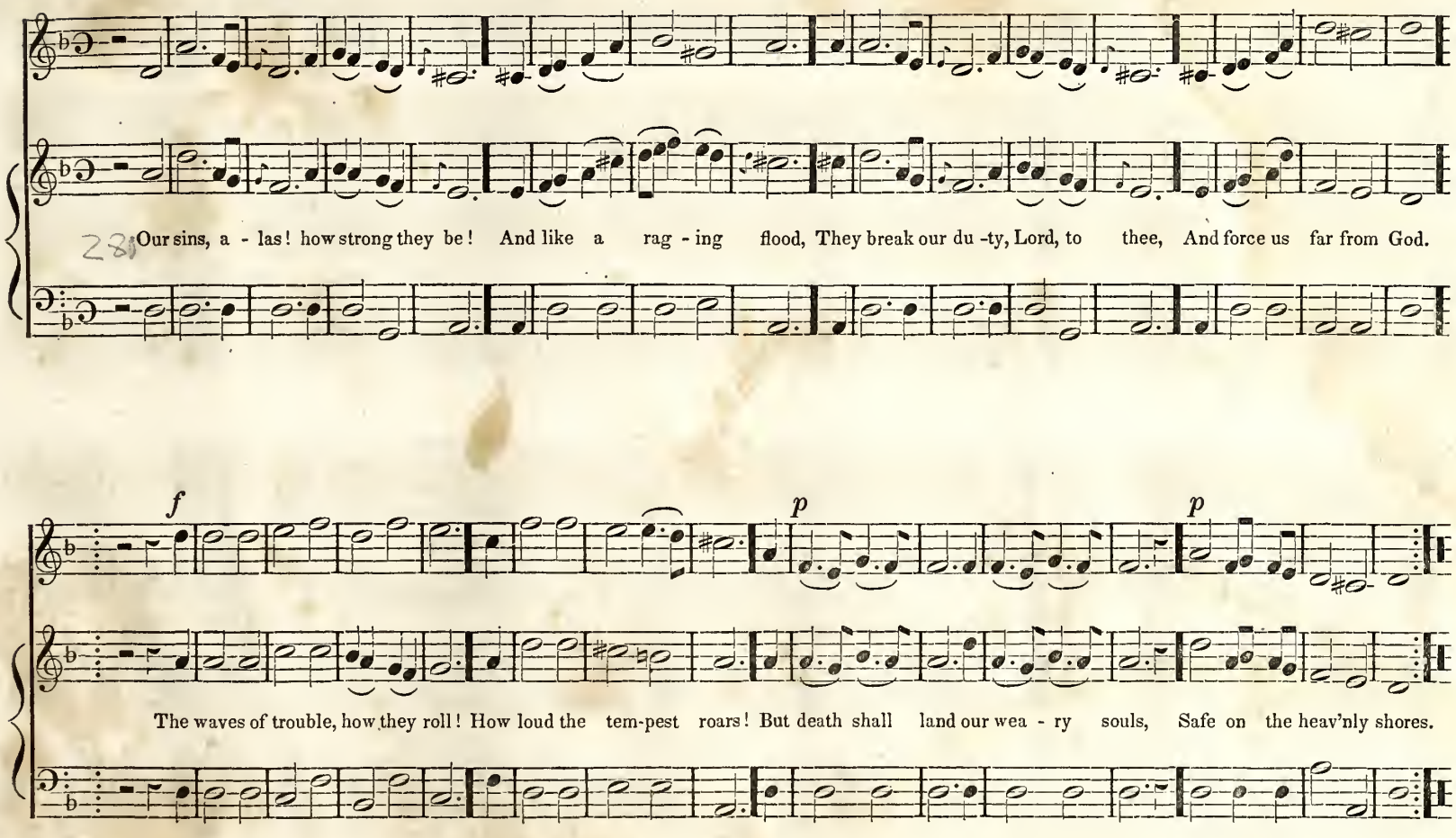
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan roll'd be-tween.

Sweet fields be-yond the swell - ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv- ing green;

SHERBURNE. C. M.

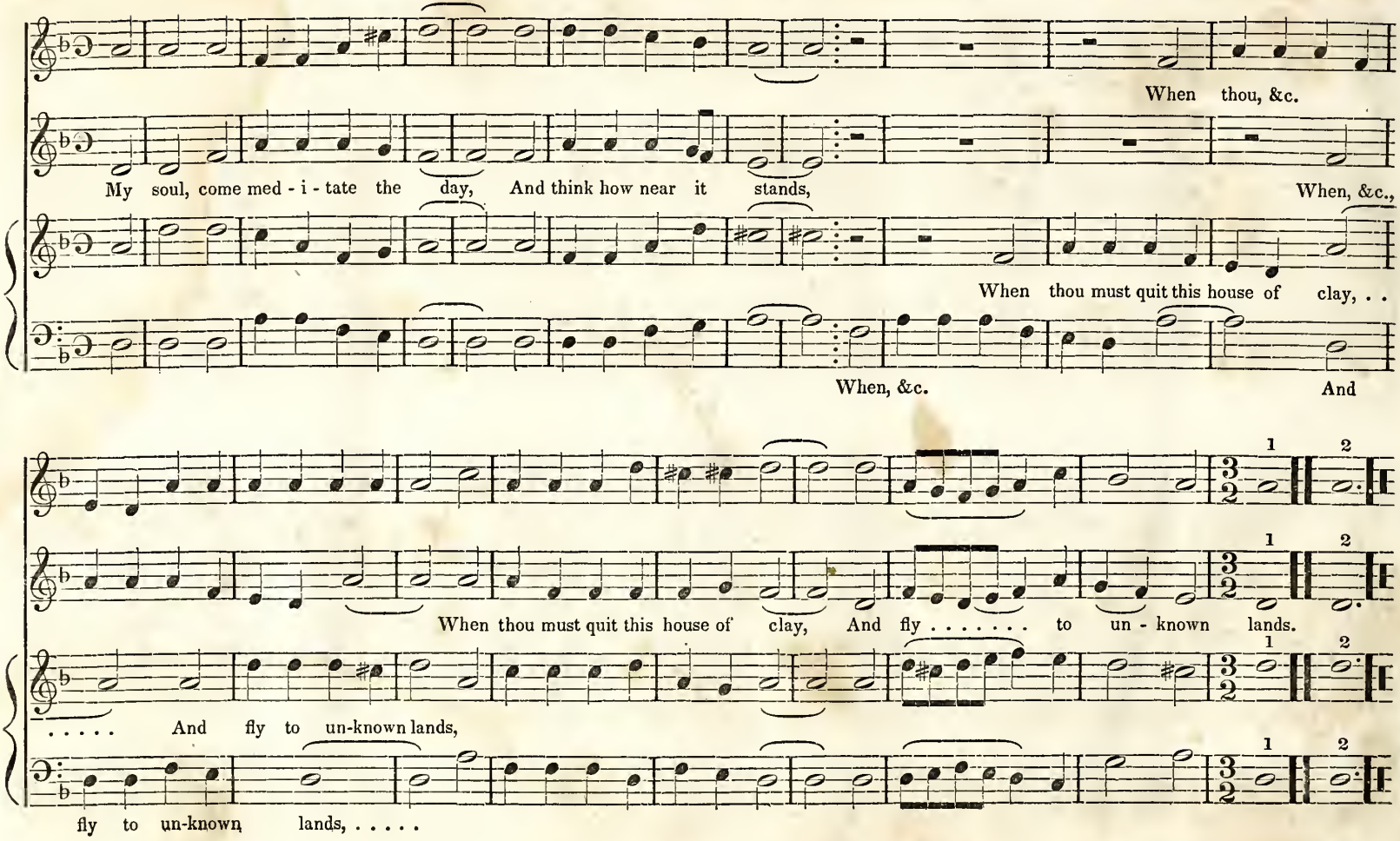
READ.

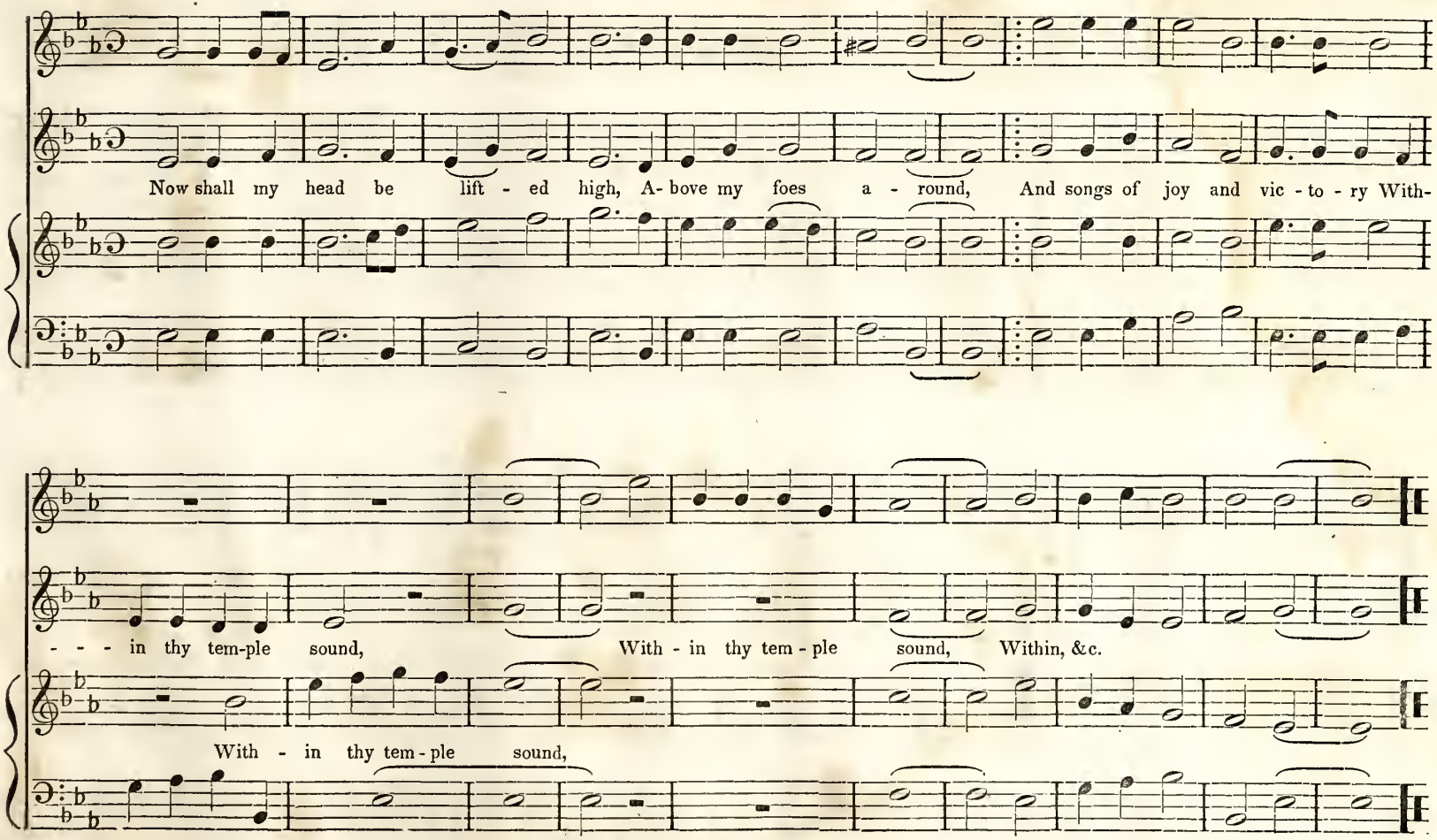



Our sins, a - las! how strong they be! And like a rag - ing flood, They break our du -ty, Lord, to thee, And force us far from God.
f
p
p
The waves of trouble, how they roll! How loud the tem-pest roars! But death shall land our wea - ry souls, Safe on the heav'nly shores.

HOLLIS. C. M.

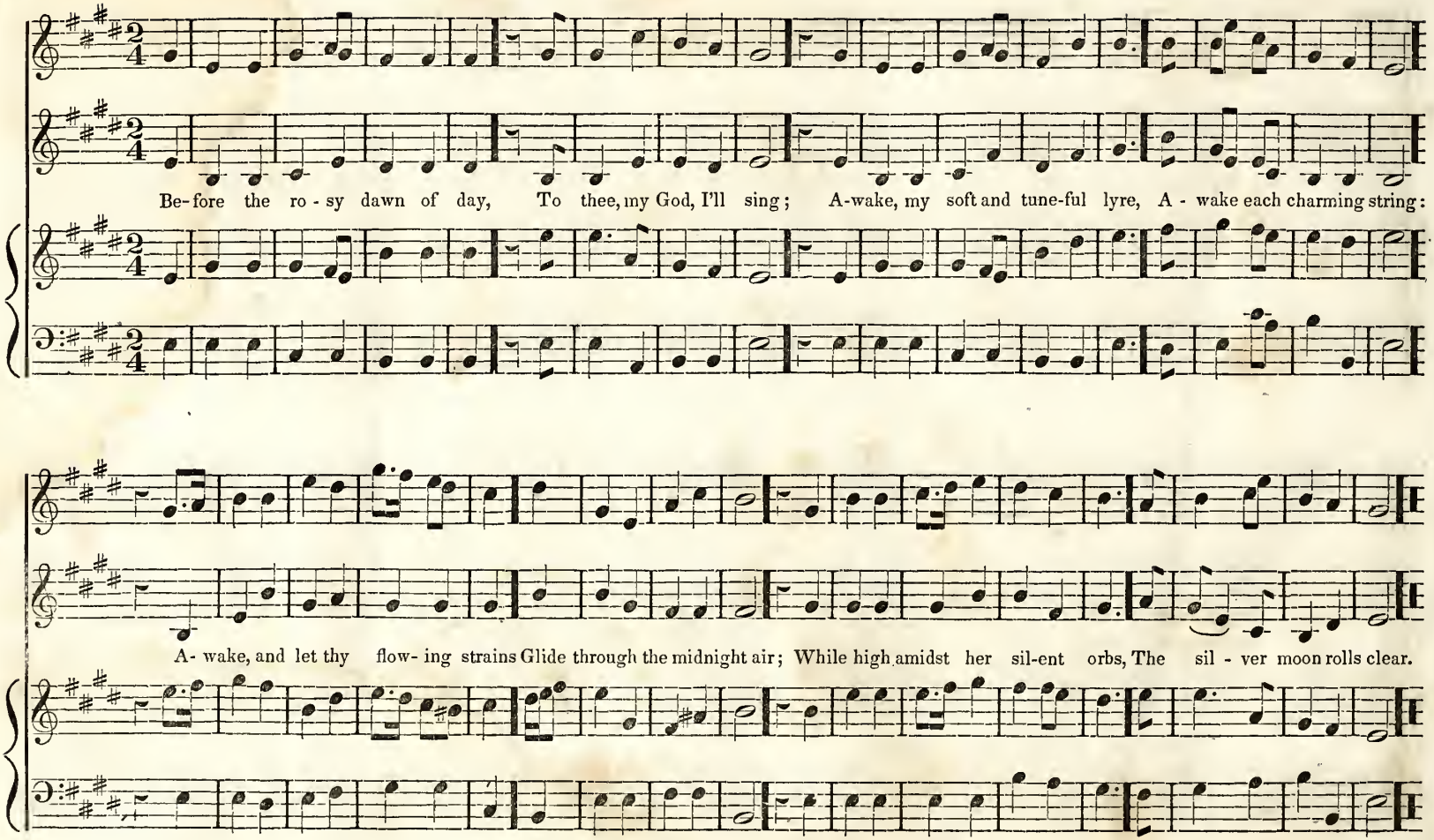
HOLDEN.

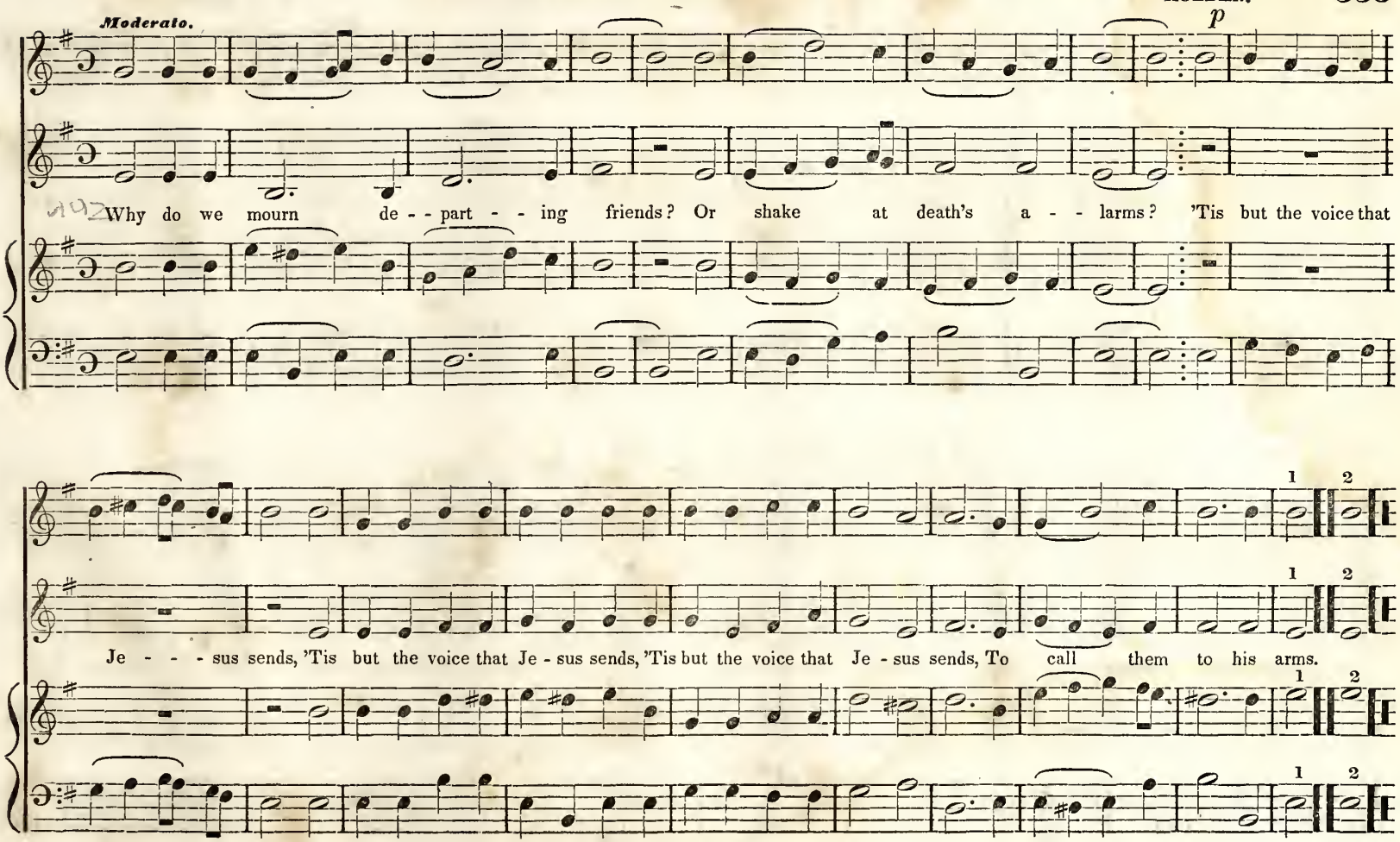



Now shall my head be lift - ed high, A- bove my foes a - round, And songs of joy and vic - to - ry With-
- - - in thy tem-ple sound, With - in thy tem - ple sound, Within, &c.
With - in thy tem - ple sound,

ENFIELD. C. M.

S. CHANDLER.




Moderato.
p
Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends? Or shake at death's a - larms? 'Tis but the voice that
Je - - - sus sends, 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.
1
2

WINTER. C. M.

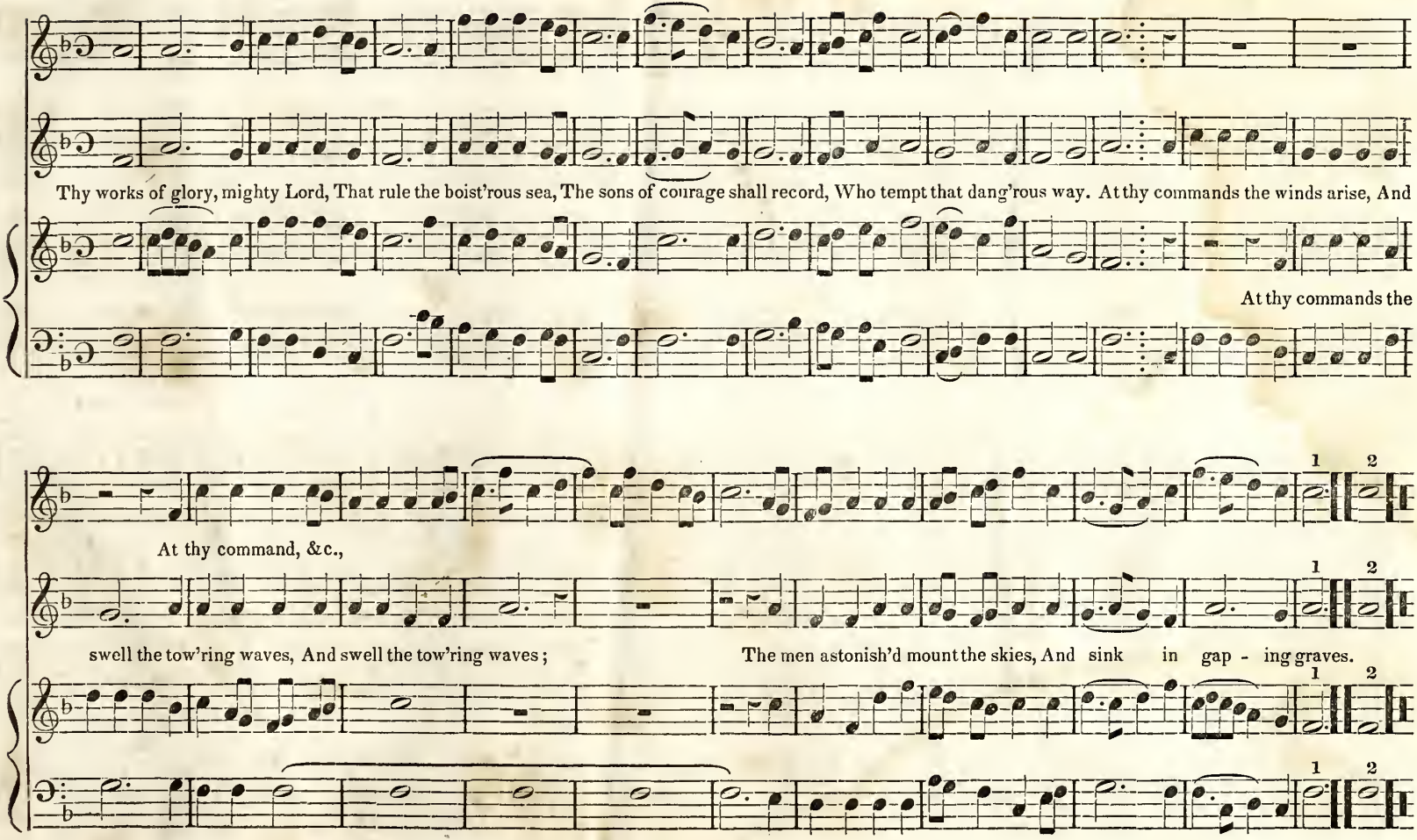
READ.

His hoa-ry frost, his flee - cy snow, Descend and clothe the ground; The li - quid streams for - bear to flow, In i - cy fet-ters bound.

LEBANON. C. M.

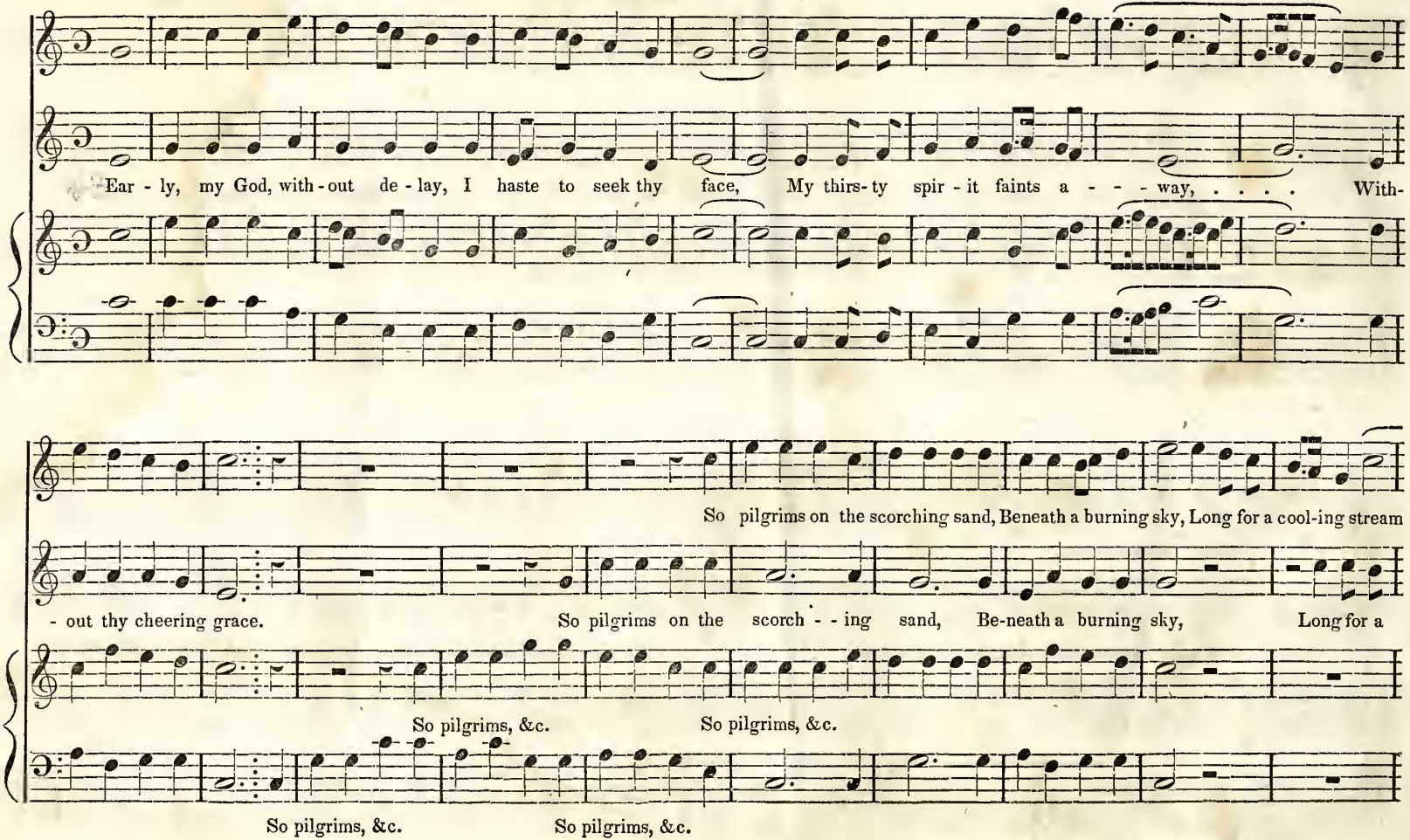
BILLINGS.

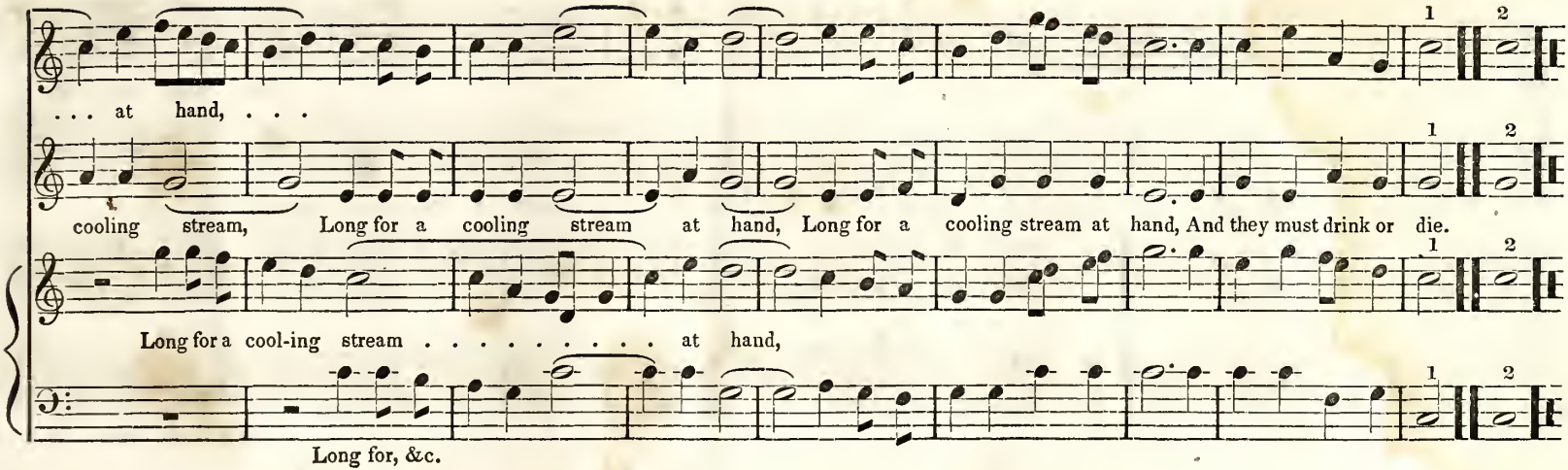
Death with his warrant in his hand, Comes rushing on a - main; We must o - bey the sum-mons then, Re - turn to dust a - gain.


Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rule the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt that dang'rous way. At thy commands the winds arise, And
At thy commands the
At thy command, &c.,
swell the tow'ring waves, And swell the tow'ring waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

MONTGOMERY. C. M.

MORGAN.





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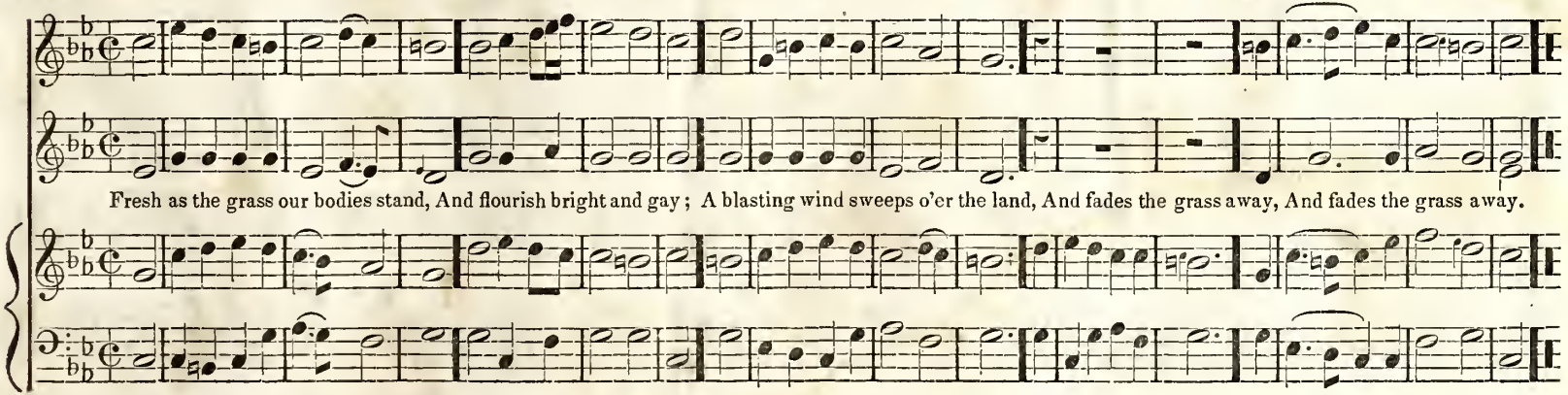

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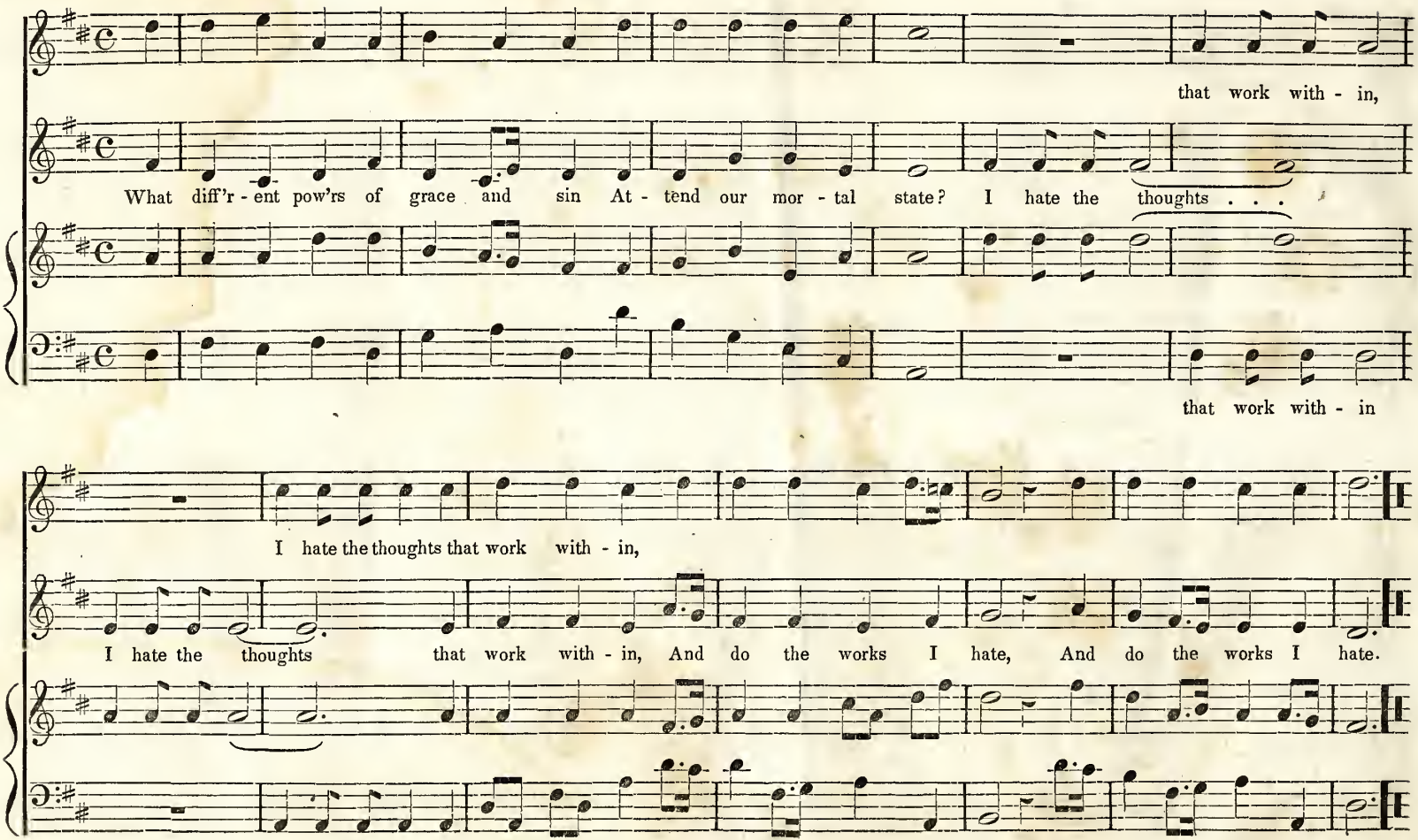
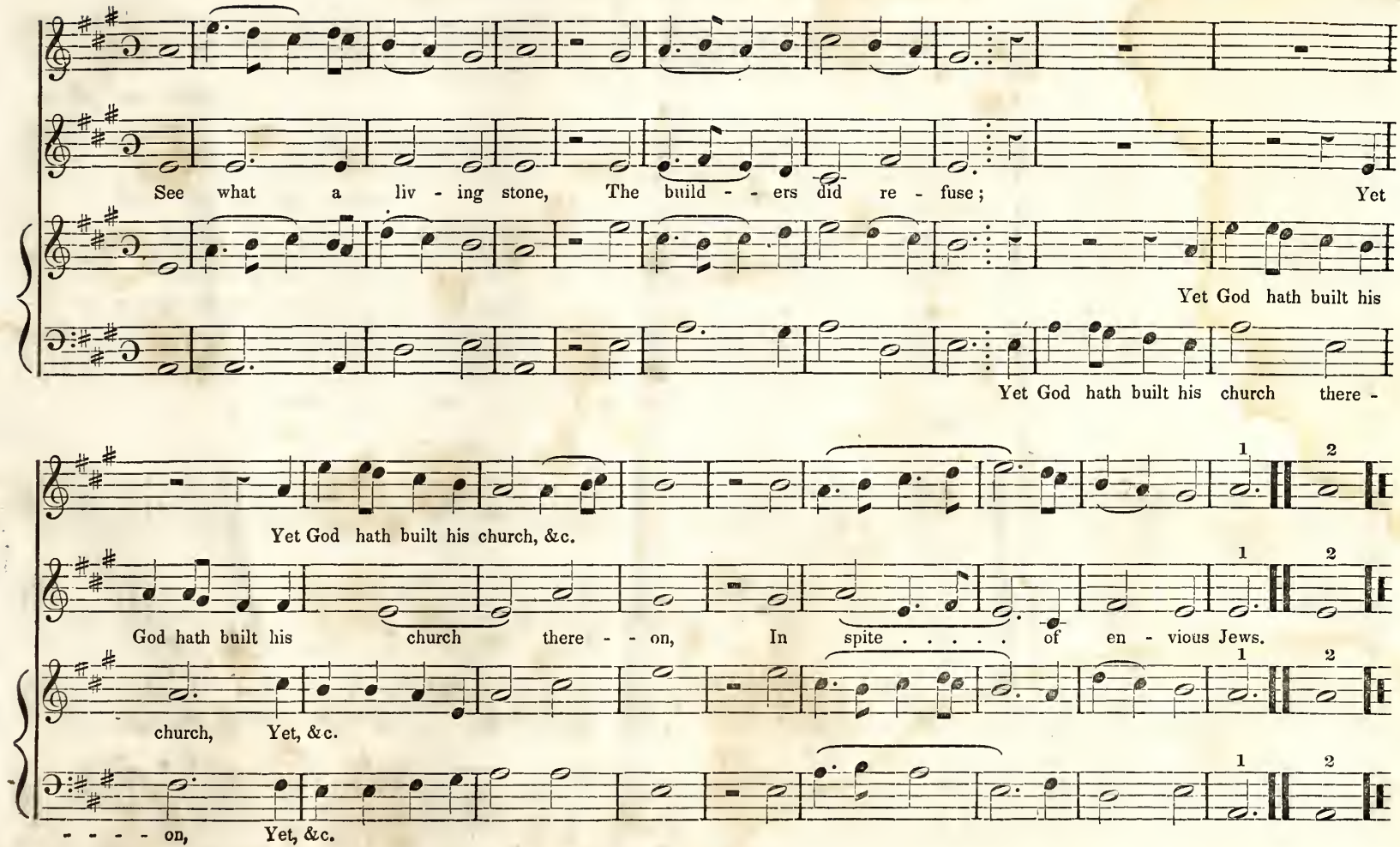
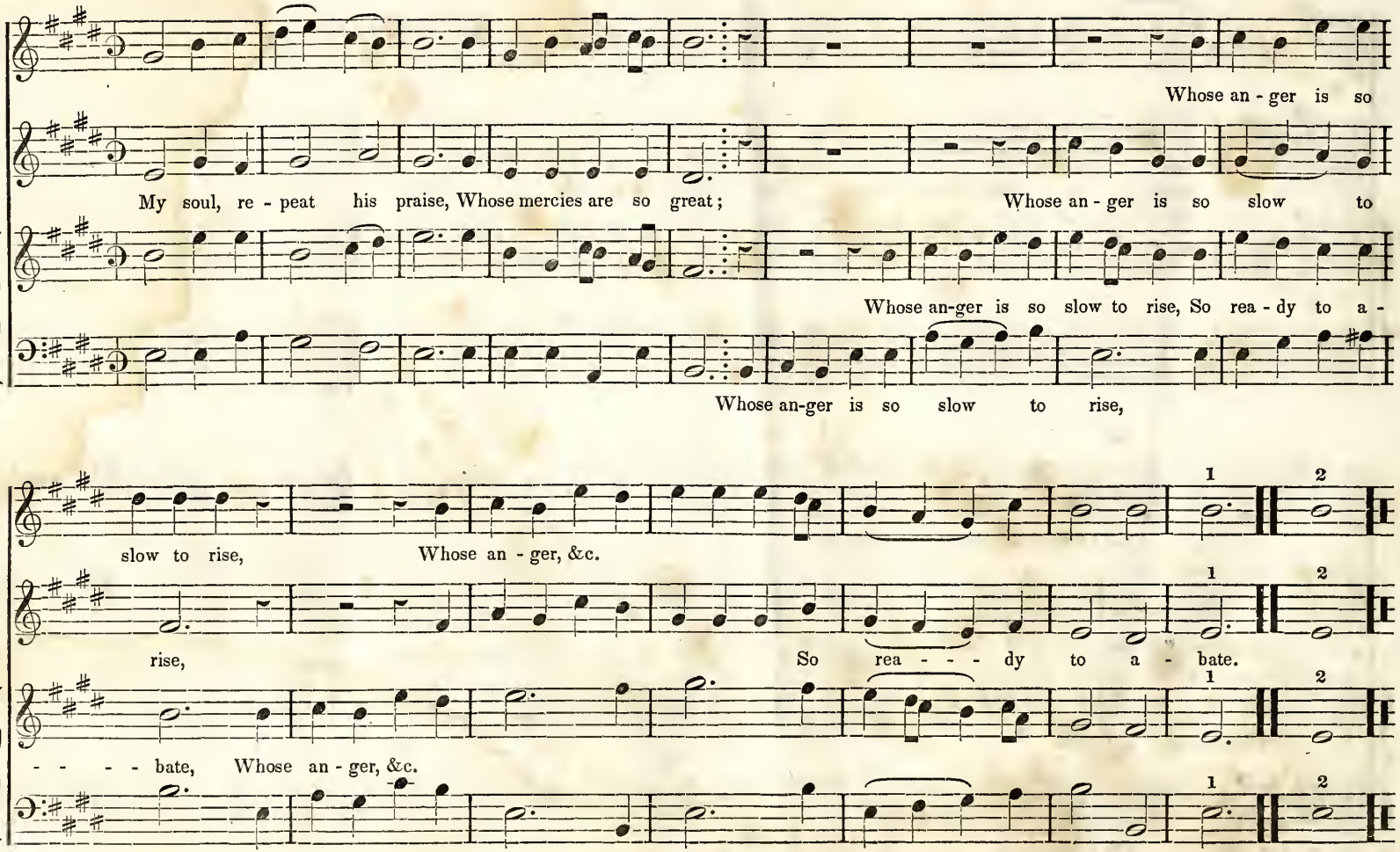



See what a liv - ing stone, The build - - ers did re - fuse; Yet
Yet God hath built his
Yet God hath built his church there -
Yet God hath built his church, &c.
God hath built his church there - - on, In spite . . . . . of en - vious Jews.
church, Yet, &c.
- - - - on, Yet, &c.

YARMOUTH. S. M.

KIMBALL.



LISBON. S. M.

D. READ.

Welcome, &c.

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise: Welcome, to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - - joic - - ing eyes.

Welcome, &c.

Welcome, &c.

LENOX. H. M.

EDSON.

Ye holy throng, &c.

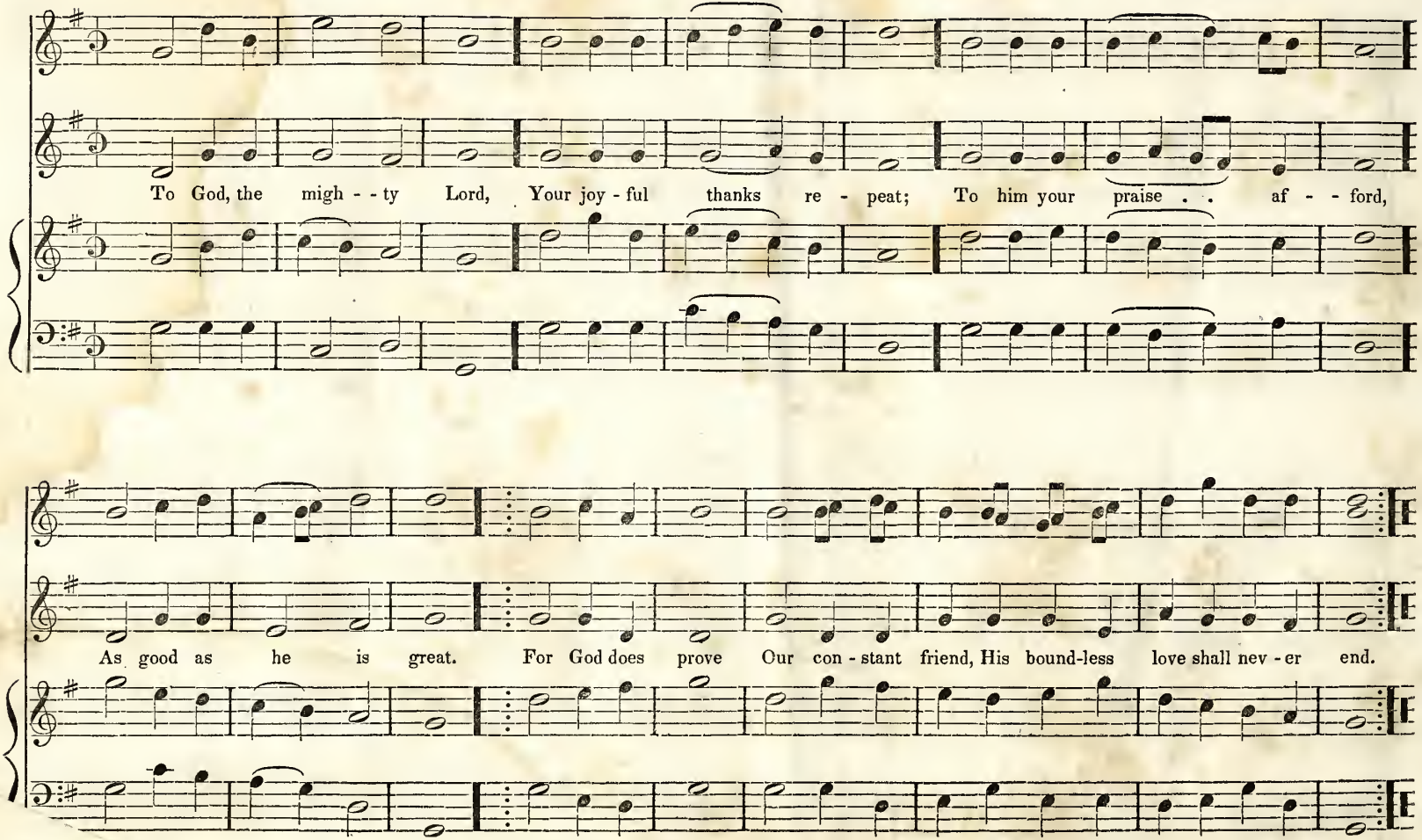
Ye tribes of Adam join With heav'n and earth and seas, And offer notes divine To your Creator's praise. Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light Begin the song.

Ye holy throng Of angels bright, Ye holy, &c.

Ye holy throng Of angels bright, Ye holy, &c.

AMHERST. H. M.

BILLINGS.



p

2. How the poor sai - lors stand a - maz'd and trem - ble, While the hoarse thun - der, like a bloody trumpet, Roars a loud on - set

1. When the fierce north wind, with its ai - ry for - ces, Rears up the Bal - tic to a foam-ing fu - ry, And the red lightning

3. Such shall the noise be, and the wild dis - - or - der, If things e - ter - nal may be like those earth-ly, Such the dire ter - ror,

f *p* *f*

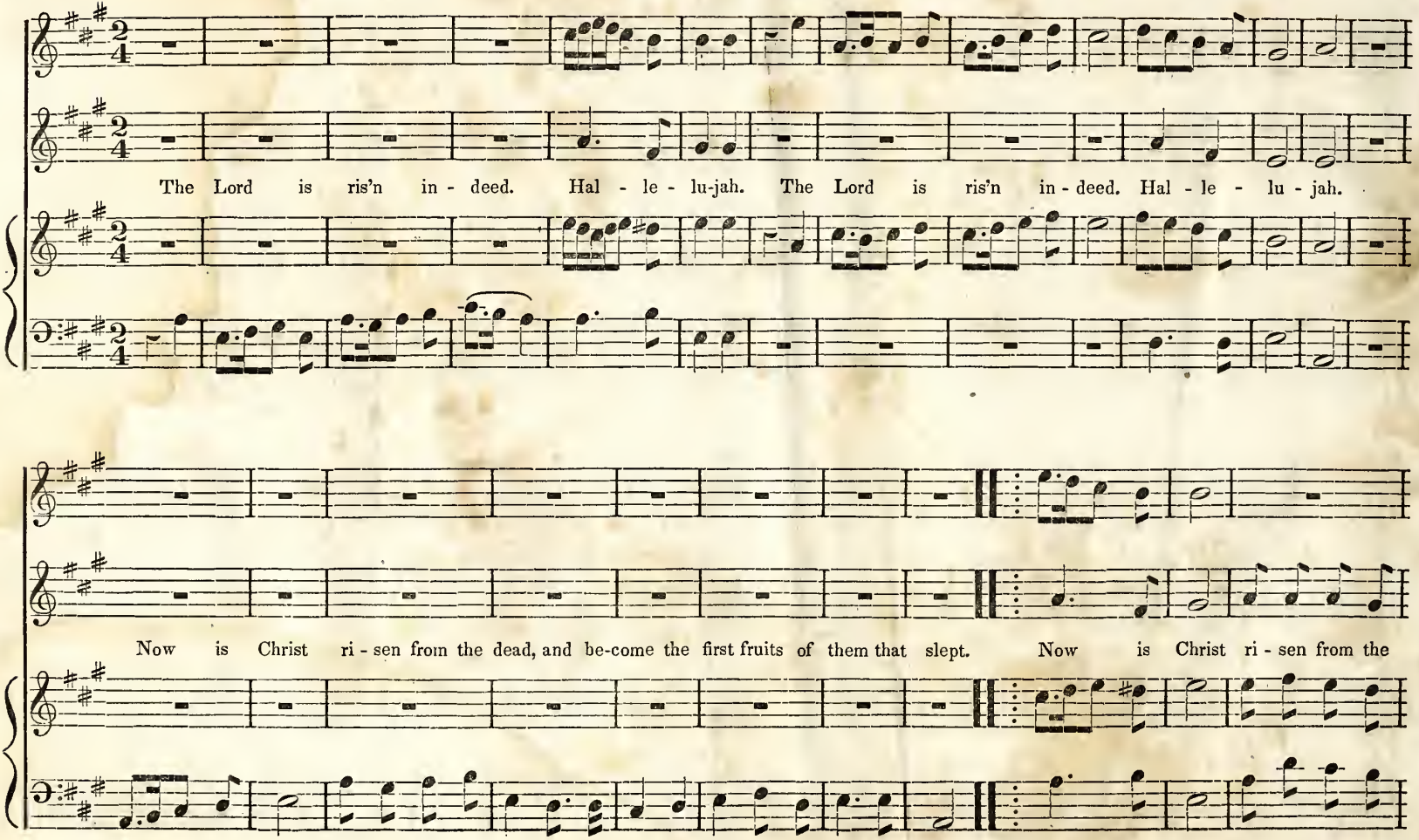
to the gap-ing wa - ters, Roars a loud on - set to the gap - ing wa - ters, Quick to de - vour them.

with a storm of hail, comes, And the red light-ning, with a storm of hail, comes Rush - - ing a - main down.

when the great Arch- an - gel, Such the dire ter - ror, when the great Arch - an - gel, Shakes the cre - a - - tion.

ANTHEM FOR EASTER.

BILLINGS.



dead, and be - come the first fruits of them that slept. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - - lu - - jah.

p

And did he rise? And did he rise? . . .

And did he rise? did he rise? Hear, O ye na-tions, Hear it, O ye dead.

And did he rise? And did he rise?

And did he rise? . . . And did he rise? . . . . . .

He rose, he rose, he rose, he rose, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, And triumph'd o'er the grave.

Then, Then, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then first hu-man-i-ty tri-umphant past the

crystal ports of light, And seiz'd e - - ter - nal youth. Man all im-mor- tal hail, hail, Heaven all lav- ish of strange

gifts to man. Thine all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss. Thine all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss.

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